

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

MAY • 25¢

...e they are—all the programs and stars you voted your favorites in Radio and Television!



SPECIAL ISSUE—



AWARDS WINNERS!





For
Texture
that Clings!
Fragrance
that Beckons!

Make this outstandingly
different face powder
your choice!

Lest you forget—

There's a
Cashmere Bouquet
Cosmetic for Almost
Every Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK

Creamy, clinging—in
8 fashionable shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM

For radiant, "date-time"
loveliness—a bedtime
beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER

A shower of spring flowers!

HAND LOTION

Caressable hands in
just seconds!



Cashmere
Bouquet
Face Powder

IN 6 "FLOWER-FRESH" SHADES

Only 25¢

So there's nothing new in face-powder? One is
pretty much like the other? Wait! You *haven't* tried
Cashmere Bouquet with . . .



1 A texture and cling like pure, pure velvet!
Puff it on . . . oh, so gently . . . and see
how it lasts! It feels—and looks—a part of your
complexion! Artfully hides tiny blemishes, too!



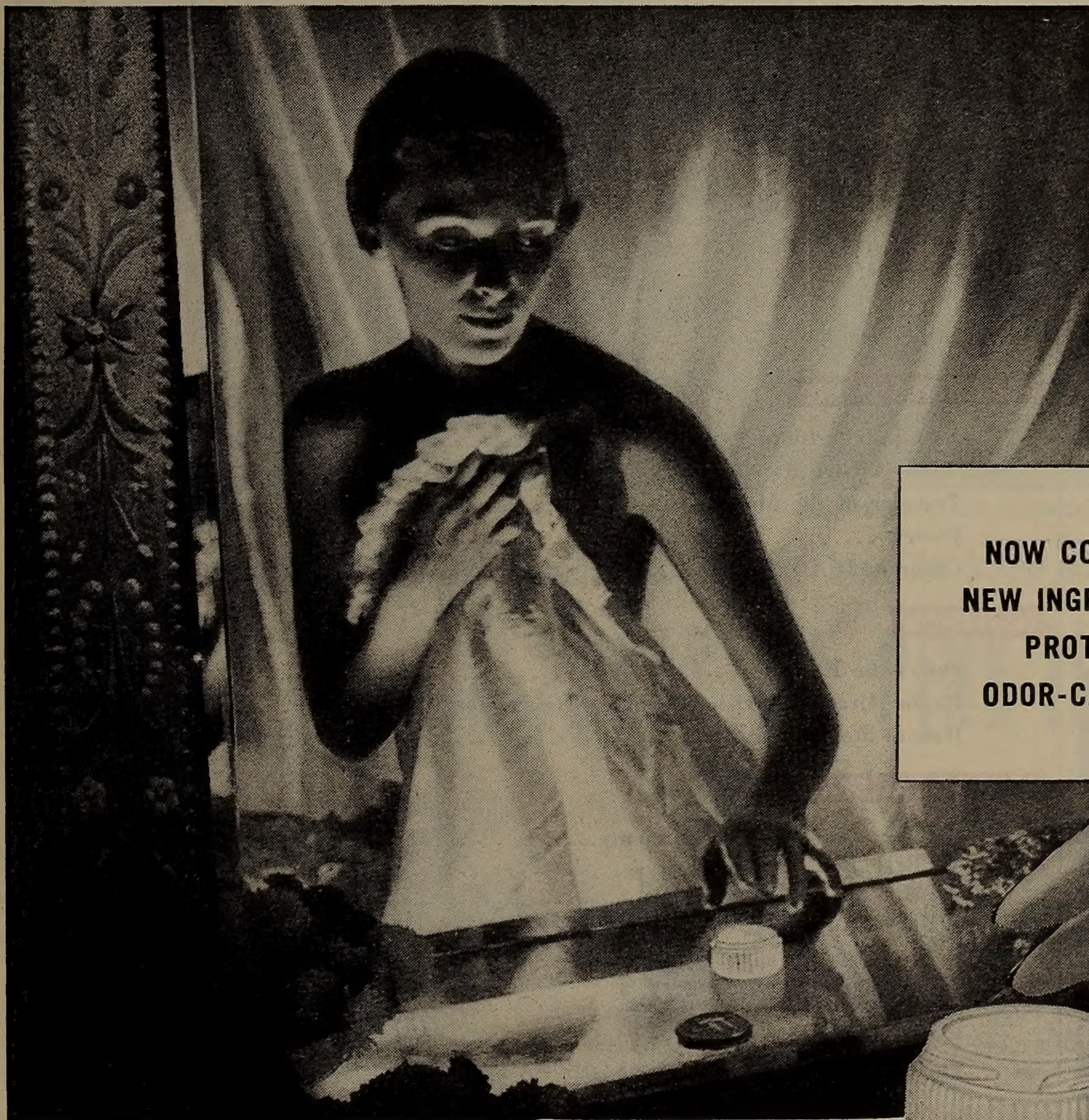
2 An exciting "fragrance men love" that
comes only from a secret wedding of the
world's rare perfumes!



3 Then last, but not least, 6 wondrous
"Flower-Fresh" shades to choose from!
Be you blonde, brunette or titian . . .
there's a Cashmere Bouquet color to complement
and flatter your own natural skin tones!

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING
NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT
PROTECTS AGAINST
ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

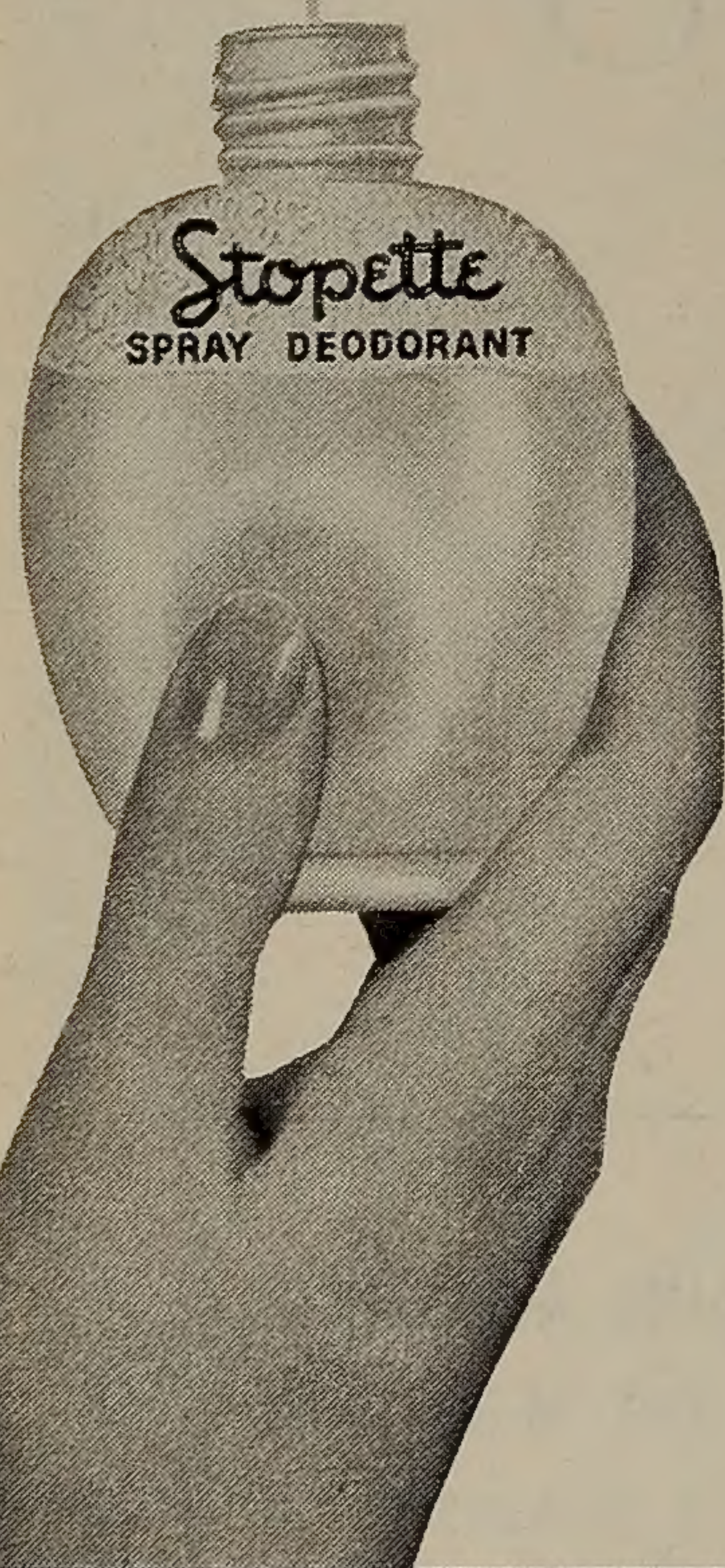


Mum's protection grows and GROWS!
Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Poof! There goes perspiration!



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now *spray* perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!
2 sizes: 2¼ oz. \$1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



MAY, 1950

RADIO MIRROR TV AND TELEVISION

VOL. 33, NO. 6

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SEE HOW PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIVES YOU THE SLIM YOUNG LINES, THE SUPPLE, SLENDERER SILHOUETTE FOR SPRING.

Hollywood designers tell American women how to have slim, trim figures with

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE



OLEG CASSINI, designing genius of Hollywood fame: "The 1950 fashions require you to be smoothly slender from waist to thighs. PLAYTEX does that—it's the girdle of the 1950's!"

HOWARD GREER, famous Hollywood designer: "PLAYTEX allows complete freedom of action, gives a woman a figure that can be revealed—supple and slim from waist to thighs."

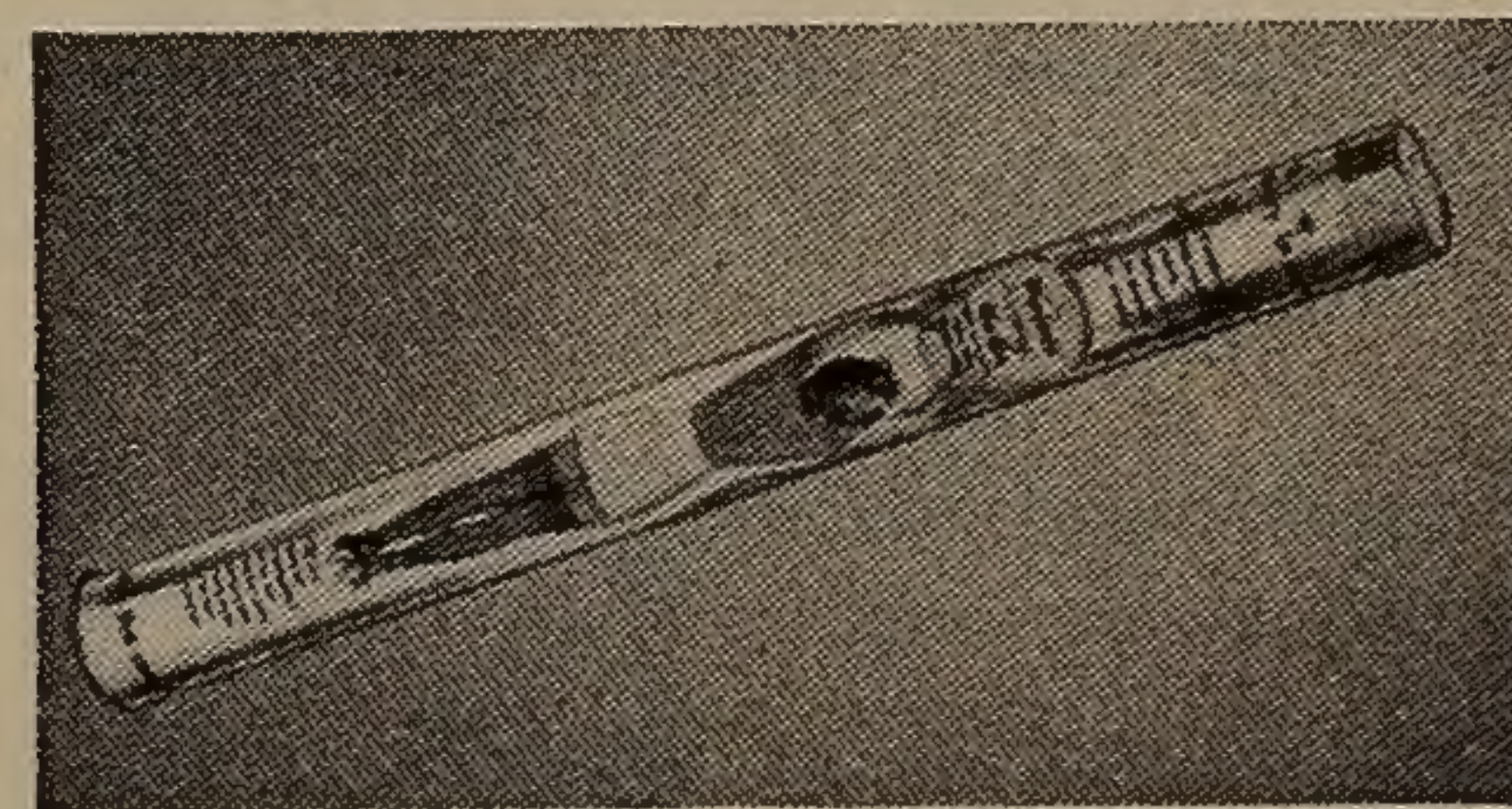
IRENE, Hollywood's fabulous designer: "When you wear PLAYTEX, your silhouette is slender and supple, with smooth, youthful lines. And it's invisible under clothes."

Nowhere in the world is a woman's figure so noticed as in Hollywood. Nowhere is the *look of youth* so important.

That is why famous Hollywood designers hail PINK-ICE. They say no other girdle slims so naturally, fits so invisibly under all clothes.

Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a seam, stitch or bone—PINK-ICE moulds you smoothly, allows complete freedom of action, washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel.

See how subtly PINK-ICE controls your figure. You'll want panty *and* garter styles—to keep you slim for spring.



In **SLIM** shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES \$3.95 to \$4.98

In **SLIM** silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large. Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

Which Twin has the Toni?



Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith, Nevada. "Toni is the *one* wave that never frizzes my hair—but always leaves it *soft and natural looking*," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which one she is? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Isn't it wonderful? Now for only one dollar you can get a wave that's marvelously soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—a gentle-action formula especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels and behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again!
What better proof of Toni quality!

"Now daddy calls both Mummy and me his Toni Twins," says Barbara Wiltgen of Evanston, Illinois. "Everywhere we go people say our hair is so soft and pretty and natural-looking . . . guess that's why daddy's so proud of us and our Toni waves!"



Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Eleanor, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.

NEW!
**TONI MIDGET
SPIN CURLERS**



For perfect neckline curls
far easier—far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles.
Winds short, wispy ends closer to the
head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget
SPIN Curlers and tube of Toni
Creme Shampoo. \$1.50 value only \$1.33

Coming Next Month



Nona From Nowhere: Meet her
in the June issue of Radio Mirror

What is so rare as a day in June? We'll venture an answer to that which doesn't include the month's blue skies and balmy breezes: a copy of Radio Mirror the day after its appearance on the newsstands. Speak to your newsdealer now—ask him to set aside a copy for you on Wednesday, May 10, the day the June issue goes on sale. You won't want to miss any of the features that are scheduled, particularly Joan Davis' happy marriage contest. As you know from reading the When A Girl Marries feature, Joan is deeply concerned with the problems of living, especially with those which affect marriage. In her contest, Joan invites your ideas on what constitutes a happy marriage. There are worthwhile rewards for those of you who send in the best letters. Next month, another daytime serial feature in which you will meet the people in the Nona From Nowhere drama, will appear. There'll be color pictures and a story on the characters in this drama which has won a big following since its debut on the air a few months ago.

Other coming attractions: color pictures of Pepper Young's family; an inside account on busy Bill Slater by the woman who knows him best—Mrs. Bill Slater; and advice on how to make a grand slam by Grand Slam's mistress of ceremonies, Irene Beasley (and who should know more about it than she?). You'll also find your regular favorites—Daytime Diary, the Bonus Novel (based on The Brighter day), Nancy Craig, Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some Sense, etc. Keep the date in mind—it's Wednesday, May 10, when the June issue will be available on your newsstand.



Dumb is the Word for DORA

Away now to some Secluded Spot for a big, Romantic Evening with her new-found Romeo. That's what she Thinks!

Instead, She's going to be Dumped back on her own Doorstep in no time Flat. Two hours with her in the movies have Cooled this Casanova off for Keeps! She's off his List forever...and she won't know Why.

Dumb certainly is the word for Dora...and for thousands of other Women who take their Breath for Granted. Don't Be One of Them.

Nothing puts you in a worse light with a man than halitosis (bad breath). Unfortunately, you your-

self, may not know when you have it, so why take chances of offending ... *ever*?

It's so easy to put your breath on the agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic... *not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.*

Before any date where you want to be at your best, never omit this *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution against offending.

It's almost your passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

have a
"party hair-do"
 all day long



with
Gayla
HOLD-BOB*
 bobby pins

Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—
 of course you feel glamorous when
 you're ready for a party! Now keep
 that "party look" all day long with
 Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy
 to open. Hold better! Gayla HOLD-BOB
 sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos
 lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.



More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB than all
 other bobby pins combined!

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
 © 1950 G. P. I. N. Y. N. Y. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU—AND *Perfume*



"Perfume was never meant to be worn only on special occasions," says TV star Eloise McElhone, who has made perfume a vital part of daily living. Her mood is her fragrance guide.

Eloise appears on WNBT's *Leave It To the Girls*,
 7 P.M. Sun.; ABC's *Think Fast*, 8 P.M. Sun.; Du-
 Mont's *Eloise Salutes the Stars*, 7:30 P.M. Tues.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

To stay as sweet as you are
—make perfume part of your
every-day beauty routine

Perfume was never meant to be worn only on special occasions. Every woman should wear it daily.

If you're under the impression that you must be a certain type to wear a particular perfume, you are wrong. The only yardstick is your own taste. Even if you like the fragrance Mrs. Jones always wears, don't buy it for yourself, unless you feel the perfume expresses your personality.

Lovely Eloise McElhone is one girl who has made perfume a vital part of her daily life. And, she'd never think of wearing the same fragrance all the time. No matter which of the three TV shows she is appearing on—Leave It to the Girls, NBC, Eloise Salutes the Stars, DuMont, or Think Fast, ABC—her mood is her perfume guide. And she's learned that no perfume can possibly last throughout the day without being refreshed. So, whenever she retouches her lipstick, she does the same for the perfume. This is easy enough since she always carries a small flacon in her purse.

Like most women, Eloise puts perfume on her wrists, in the crook of her elbows and behind her ears but, for a little excitement, she suggests applying it to the nape of the neck.

Learn how to test a fragrance when you are making a selection. Don't allow the salesgirl to show you more than three perfumes at one time. Your sense of smell just can't take it! The best test is to touch the perfume to your inner wrist. Then, allow the alcohol to evaporate before sniffing. Perfume reacts differently, according to your body chemistry.

Meticulous women, like Eloise, buy their perfume accessories, such as powder, toilet water, sachet and soap, all in the same fragrance. This gives a wonderful matching effect.

The best general rule you can follow when applying perfume is to use it directly on the skin. Never apply perfume to fabric. The fragrance becomes stale and unpleasant.

Eloise McElhone, one of TV's feminine favorites, takes her perfumes seriously. Why not follow her lead?

By DORRY ELLIS

FILM GLUES ACID TO YOUR TEETH !

Tooth decay is caused by the acid that film holds against your teeth. This acid is formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat.

PEPSODENT REMOVES FILM ! HELPS STOP DECAY !

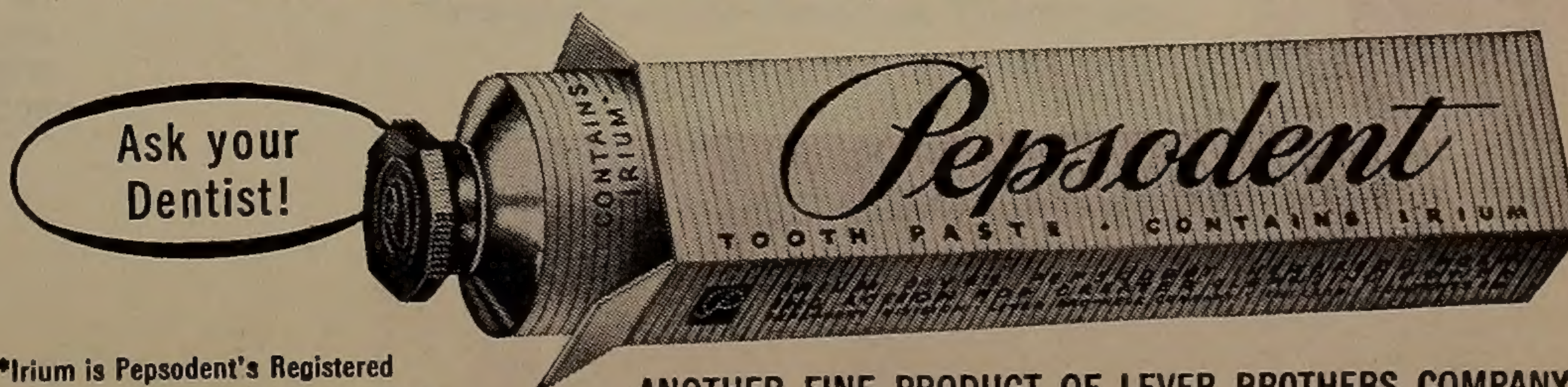
When you use film-removing Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. It also removes the dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.



FILM NEVER LETS UP !

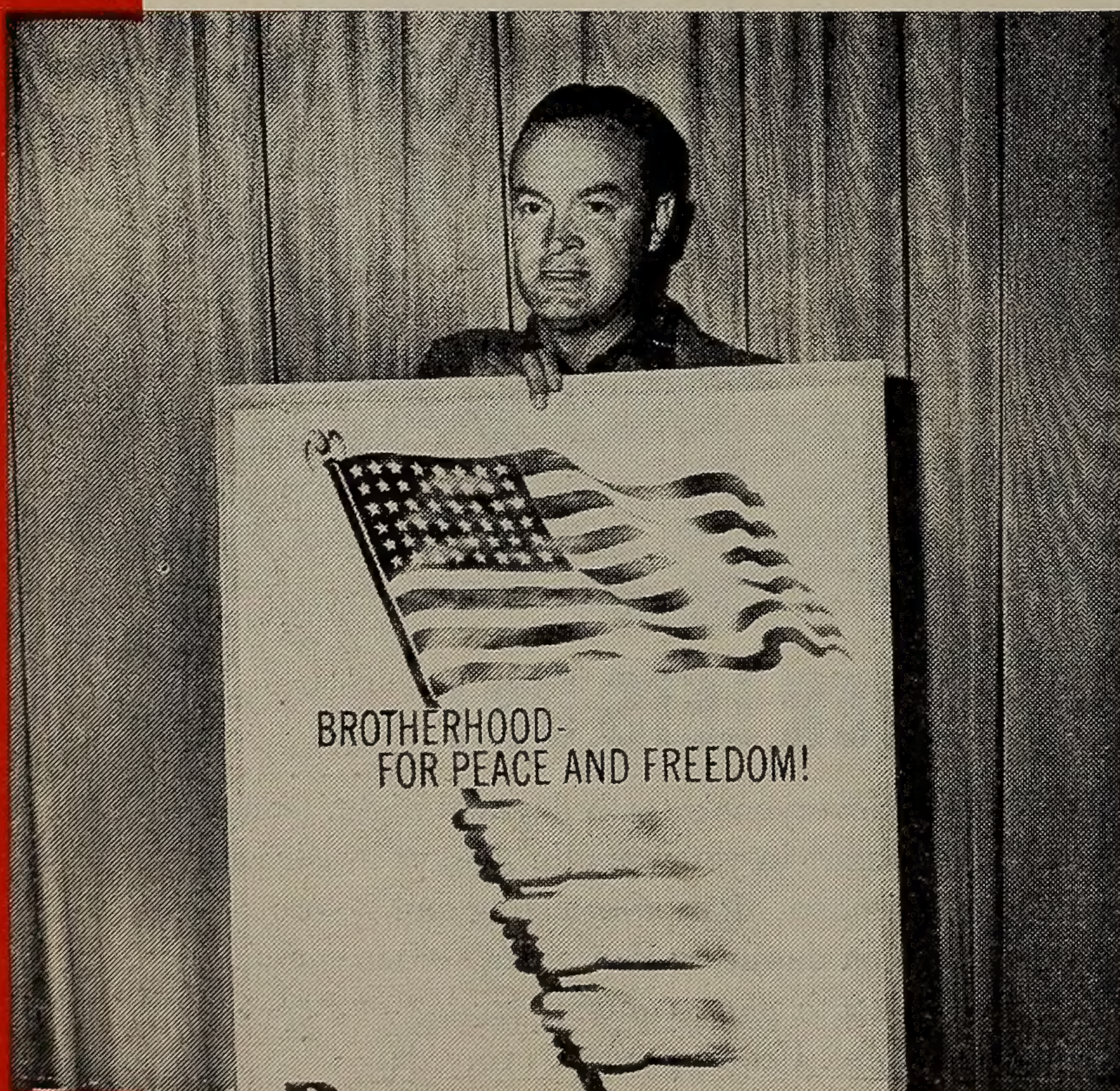
Film is forming on everyone's teeth day and night. Don't neglect it. Don't let decay start in your mouth. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



Serious moment in a comedian's life. Wholeheartedly behind Brotherhood Week, Bob Hope spreads gospel of tolerance.

WHAT'S NEW

In what this writer considers to be an astute move, the advertising agency handling *We, The People* has just named emcee Dan Seymour, Program Editor. Seymour, who has been with the show since 1943, is probably the one man who not only knows the show itself, but, perhaps even more important, its audience. Watch for bigger and better human interest stories on *We, The People*.

Rumor around Hollywood has it that Walt Disney has just nixed a million dollar offer to use shorts over a two-year span on television.

CBS is really nailing its talent these days. Latest is comedian Alan Young who has been signed to a five-year radio and TV contract by the web. Young's first assignment under this contract will be a thirty-minute TV series which has yet to be scheduled.

It is with a certain amount of fear and trepidation that Sam Edwards, "Dexter" of *Meet Corliss Archer* fame, swings into his second flicker episode. According to Edwards, his first encounter with the silver screen was a complete fiasco. "I invested

BY DALE

Van Heflin, August Busch Jr., Andy Russell, Ken Murray, Lloyd Nolan, Boris Karloff, Jack Mulhall, Billy Gilbert, Walter Abel and Charles Korvin fête Ken Murray Show.



FROM COAST TO COAST

in a tailor-made suit and a fresh haircut and reported to the studio. First they put a mask on my face, pulled a hat down over my eyes, turned up my coat collar and parked me in the back seat of a sedan. Then they made a long shot of the car in the dead of night. That took care of me and my tailor-made suit!" With the ominous shooting title of his second venture being, "The Sun Sets at Dawn," Sam wonders whether he'll find himself in a "repeat performance." It could happen to "Dexter," but shouldn't to Edwards.

* * *

Chip-off-the-old-block: Star Joan Davis' daughter, Beverly Wills, is the voice of Joan's conscience on her Leave It To Joan program. And it was all Beverly's idea.

* * *

A paradoxical situation has blossomed in the relationship between TV and the movies. While most of the leading film companies expressly forbid video appearances by their contract players, these same studios are dangling lucrative screen pacts before top TV stars. An example in point is Ed Wynn. Wynn made his last picture in 1933, and then became filmtown's forgotten man. Now that he has become (Continued on page 15)



Col. Park Holland, C.O., 85th Air Depot Wing, greets Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond on their European Theatre tour.

TONI TWINS

Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft-Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"The first time we tried Toni Creme Shampoo something wonderful happened to our hair," say beautiful blonde twins Alice and Alva Anderson of Evanston, Ill. "Our hair was so marvelously soft... as if we actually washed it in rain water. Its softness made it so much easier to manage."

That's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo... *Soft-Water Shampooing!* Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- Leaves hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather make hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin



By JOAN DAVIS

The problem of Mrs. F. P., whose letter was printed in February RADIO MIRROR, was that her husband devoted all of his spare time to music, none to her. In the opinion of the judges, the most interesting letter in answer to Mrs. F. P. was sent in by Mrs. Nathalie Michaud, of Newport Beach, California, to whom RADIO MIRROR's check for twenty-five dollars has been sent. Here is her letter:

Dear Mrs. F. P.:

How lucky you are! You are needed. You have many friends. You have work to keep your mind and hands busy. You are young. You have a home, and a husband of whom you are fond. You write well which shows your capability of intelligent thinking; and you have tried to study the subject which is close to your husband's heart, which shows understanding. These are just the few things that are evident in your letter, and there must be many more things that you are, or have, or can do.

All of life is a compromise and before any of us can be emotionally mature we must learn this. If you will consider the terrific compromise that your husband has had to make in not being able to pursue his musical career, it should be easier for you to see that your task is not half as difficult. Out of the multitude of people who are artistically creative, only a comparative few are destined to reach great heights; those who fall by the way, undiscovered, suffer emotionally, for an artist's world is a thing apart. To your husband, being alone with his music is like the quenching of a terrible thirst, and if you can understand this it should help you to accept your compromise as he has had to do.

If it seems to you that you are unnecessary in his life, you should comfort yourself with the reassurance that probably the only thing that helps him to accept things as they are is the knowledge that he has your strength and en-

WHEN A GIRL

couragement on which he can depend. If you take this away, your artist husband would become lost.

How proud you must be that you have work that you can do. There is no greater balm for a troubled heart than a busy mind and hands.

All about you there is a dreariness that far surpasses yours. Seek to discover where you can help others for in doing this lies the secret of true happiness. Cultivate and cherish your friendships. They are among the most fulfilling things in life. Find a hobby of your own to occupy your spare time.

Making a break as you speak of it in your letter wouldn't require courage; it would only be turning your back on your problem and admitting defeat. But it does take a courage of which you can be proud to face things squarely. It is much better to fight a problem and win than to quit and never know whether you could have won.

MRS. N. M.

I am nineteen, out of school and working as a plumber's apprentice. I earn sixty dollars a week, out of which I bring home fifty-three dollars. I have always turned over my money to my mother and she gave me back spending money and carfare. I considered this all right until—and then comes trouble.

I recently became engaged to a very sweet girl. After keeping company for a year, I thought it only right I should announce my good intentions in the form of an engagement ring. This I did, without informing my mother. I had talked a little of a ring at home, but my mother discouraged it to the extent that I knew she would never give me the money for the ring. I did tell my girl's mother, though, and both her parents approve. There is no real talk yet of marriage, but we would like to start saving. I have tried to discuss these plans with my mother, but she always becomes angry and walks away. I'm willing to pay board of twenty dollars a week and

When A Girl Marries, with Mary Jan Higby as Joan Davis, is heard M.-F. at 5:00 P.M. EST

MARRIES

my own expenses. But she demands thirty-five dollars out of fifty-three and I still have to pay carfare, union dues and tuition. My father makes well over two hundred dollars a month and our home is paid for.

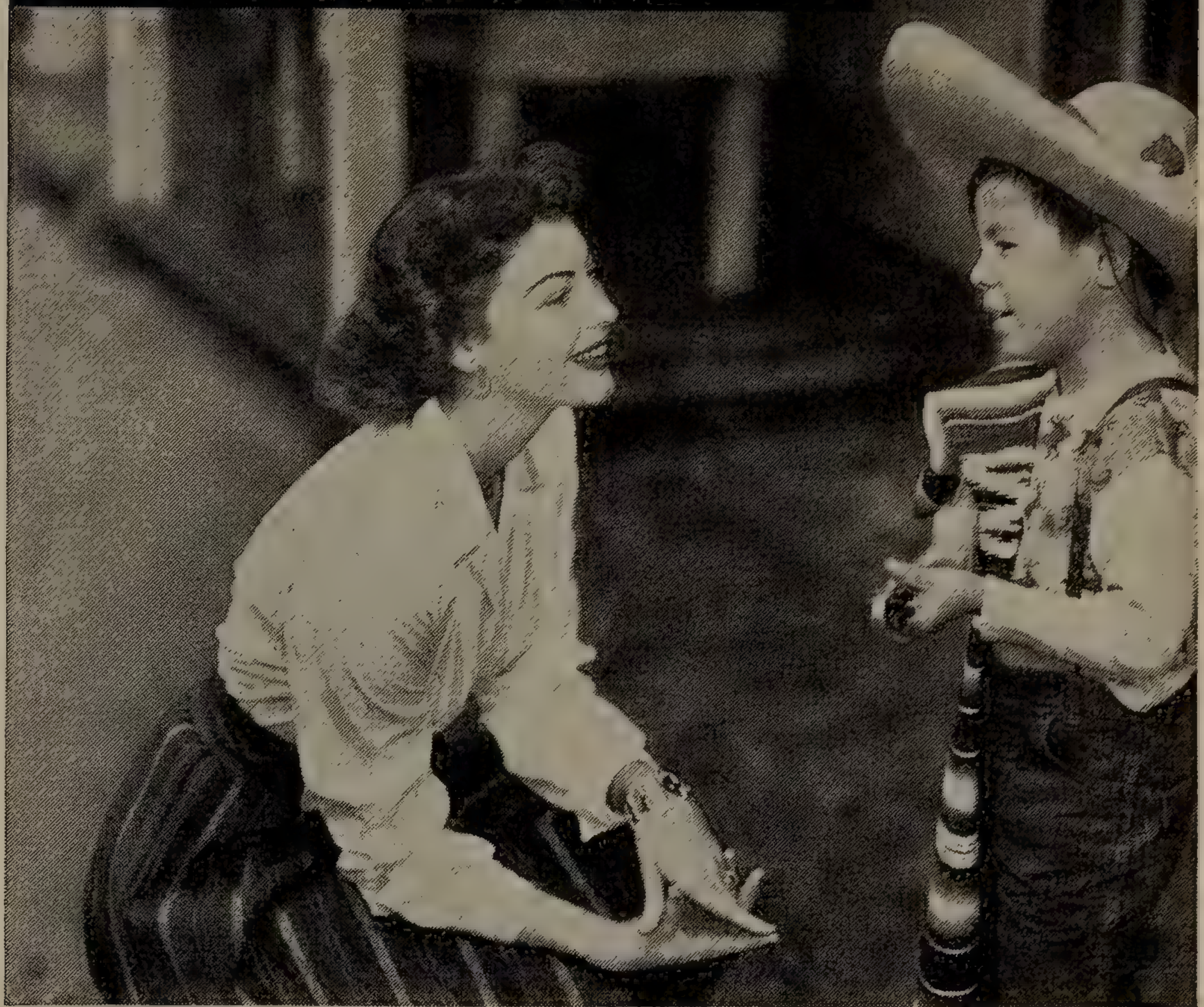
If mother had ever given me any reason to think she loves me, maybe I could forgive some things, but all she can think of is my money. My father drinks to excess and almost never speaks to me. I have been looking for a room because I don't feel that I can stand it for much long- (Continued on page 97)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another \$25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than April 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

AVA GARDNER Co-Starring in "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production



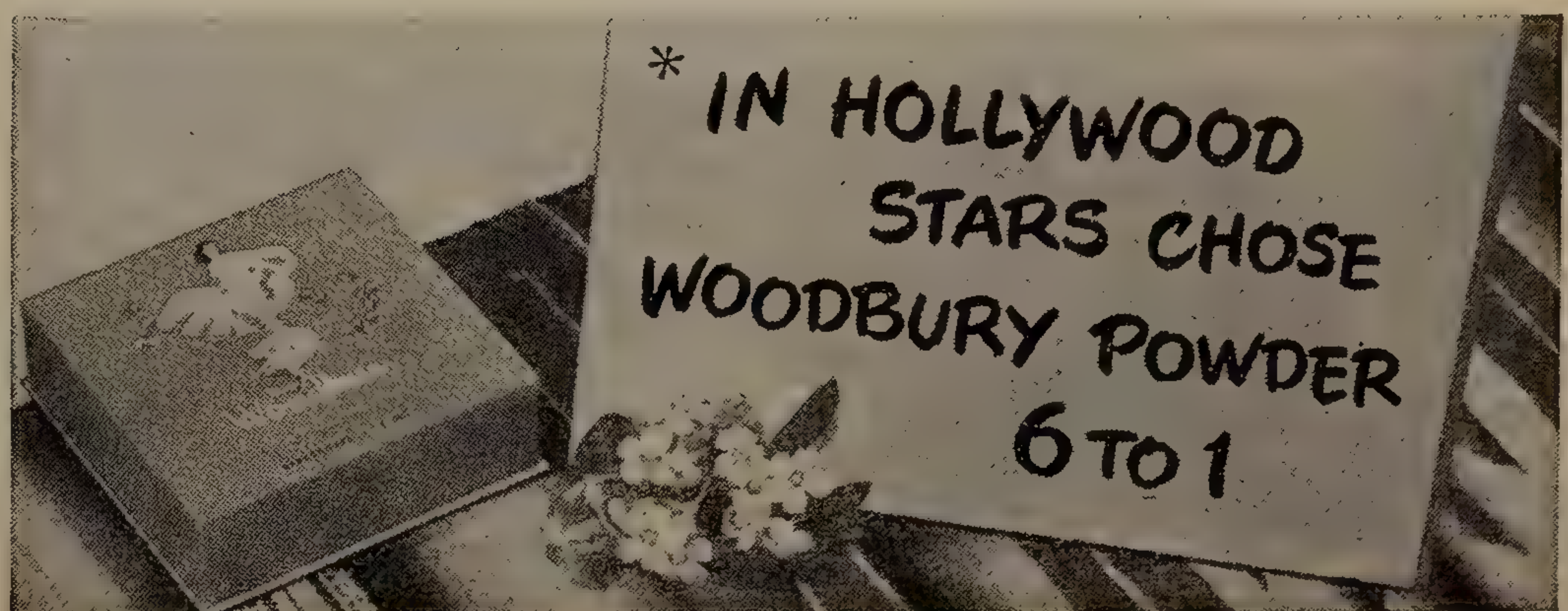
Don't look now...

You're shopping in Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter just outside Hollywood. But wait. See who's chatting with that little señor? Here's your chance to steal a good, long look at Ava Gardner! She won't think you're rude... stars expect to be admired. That's why she uses flattering Woodbury Powder (in Brunette) on her lovely complexion!



there's
Ava Gardner...

Ava is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



2 years' research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES proves that using Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.



The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop decay!



ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!



Economy Size 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

Welcome Travelers, em-
ceed by Tommy Bartlett,
is heard M-F at 10 A.M.
EST on NBC. The sponsor
is Procter and Gamble.



If ever a family as a unit could be termed "beautiful" I would attach that adjective to the McNallys, lately of Hartford, Connecticut, and now residing in Phoenix, Arizona. From the youthful-looking, attractive Dad and Mother to little five-month-old Gerald, the McNallys appeared to me to be the epitome of serene happiness. No one would know that Francis J. McNally bore the burden of a continuing series of illnesses and heart-wrenching misfortunes. When I met them at our NBC microphone at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman they were on their way to Phoenix, leaving behind them in Hartford a story of tribulations that wiped out their liquid assets, but they did take with them the warm best wishes and prayers of hundreds of Hartford-ites who hope that their hard luck would cease and a new life would begin for them in the Arizona sunshine.

The McNallys were called a "rheumatic" family by Connecticut doctors. Four-year-old Michael has been hit twice by the fever that is the leading killer of children. Patricia, six—Joyce, three—and Kathy, two—have shown definite symptoms of the disease. Only

Michael and Gerald have been untouched. Mrs. McNally has been in the hospital seven times in seven years while her husband has suffered recurring attacks of pneumonia and ear infections which have left him deaf. Mumps, measles and rare stomach ailments have dogged the youngsters.

More than once the pretty slim, young mother and the tall, good-looking twenty-nine-year-old father had to pool their remaining bits of optimism, courage, and good humor to bring their family through seven difficult years of grief and sickness.

When the doctor suggested the family leave for Arizona, the McNallys found such a venture next to impossible. Seven years of illness had taken all savings and put them in a deep financial hole. Mr. McNally scraped up enough for a train trip but that meant disembarking in Phoenix penniless, without house or work. It was their parish priest who urged them on . . . to place their fate in the hands of God for the sake of their children.

The people of Hartford, when they heard the McNally story, swamped the little family with offers of help. Instead



This is 2630 West Melvin St. in Phoenix, Arizona, where the McNallys enjoy year-round sun. L. to r., Mrs. M., Gerry, Michael.

MONTH

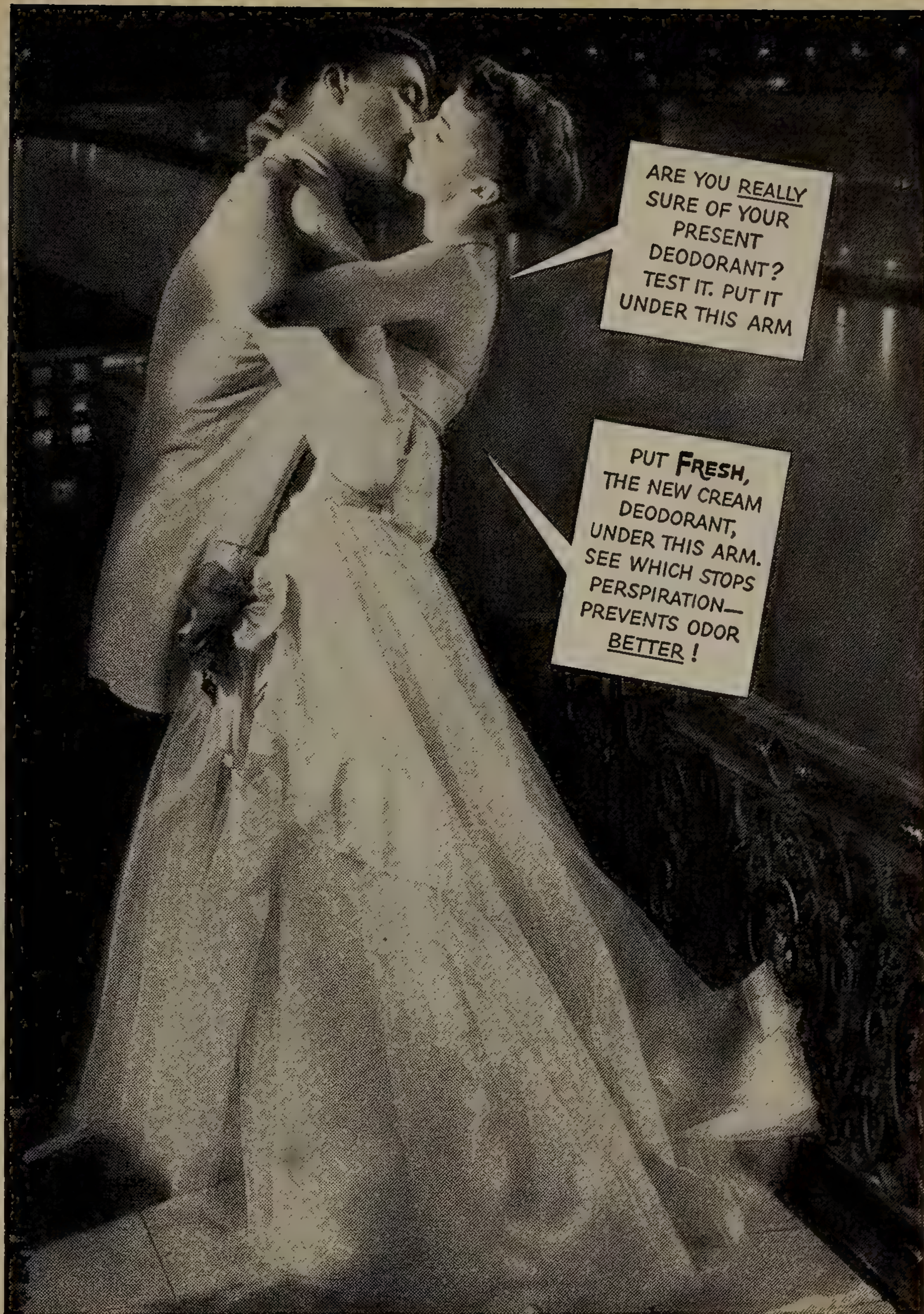


Kathy, Francis J. McNally, Patricia and Joyce. The McNallys were called a "rheumatic" family by doctors in Connecticut

of accepting the financial aid, however, Mrs. McNally asked them only for their prayers and best wishes. "I think these people are most kind and my husband and I are grateful," she said. "We don't want to take their hard-earned money because we are confident we will make out all right. All it takes is courage and faith in God"—and the McNallys have that in abundance. She then urged the thoughtful people to give their money to the Cardiac Crusade fund campaign. "In that way," she explained, "they will be helping not only our children but their own and others', too."

The McNallys arrived in Phoenix on schedule and literally hundreds of their new neighbors who had heard their story on Welcome Travelers over KTAR were on hand to meet them at the train.

The McNallys found their home—well furnished, well situated, near church and school. The climate is ideal. Daddy found his job and is making wonderful progress. The Air Force veteran put it this way: "When you think it all over, we're pretty lucky. We've had our troubles, yes, but we're all together and a new dawn is breaking."



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed.

Perhaps tonight.

Be sure then, that you are always lovely to love; sweet and alluring. *Never* uncertain. So many lovely girls depend on Fresh Cream Deodorant because it is completely effective—stops odor—stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh is different from any other deodorant you may have tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective.

Test Fresh against *any* other deodorant—creams, messy liquids, hit-or-miss sprays or powders. You'll never change to another once you've begun to use Fresh Cream Deodorant.



New! Here is a Fresh Cream Deodorant in a handy new tube for those of you who find a tube more convenient.

This is probably how Toronto listeners see CKEY sports director Joe Crysdale.



Meet Joe Crysdale, the man of many CKEY (Toronto) moments. As CKEY Sports Director, Joe Crysdale is in touch with the entire sport world and sooner or later brings the various sport celebrities before his microphone—or the microphone before the celebrities. It's all the same to Joe. Seven days a week he's busy as a beaver on sports in and out of the studios.

Joe Crysdale was born in Toronto on February 17, 1918. He thought nought of radio until he entered a contest at CKOC, Hamilton, in 1939 and, to his utter amazement, won it. CKOC gave him a job which he held for two years until he moved to CKEY (then CKCL).

Joe has been voted top announcer in many Canadian contests since then, and his position in Toronto sports today is unequalled. During the winter, the local columnists rave about his rebroadcast hockey and in spring they praise him for his coverage of International Baseball.

Joe is past president of Club 580, Canada's original teenage show—he held the honor for five and a half years. At present, he is busy with his daily program, Joe Crysdale and Company, on which he interviews top sports celebrities.

Joe covers golf and boxing actualities and, of course, every November he broadcasts the traditional "Santa Claus Parade" for the kiddies and the shut-ins.

He's a popular man in Ontario, is CKEY's Joe Crysdale. That's probably due to his belief that "it's not what you do on the air that really counts; it's your activities off the air."

CRYSDALE and COMPANY



This is how the cameraman sees Joe with Toronto's baseballers. Top sportsmen like these guest on Joe's show.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 9)

a top TV personality, those same studios are fighting to get him back. According to reliable sources, Warners has the inside track, with the opus "We're Working Our Way Through College."

Man-chasing comedienne Vera Vague is dumb like a fox. Away from radio, Vera—Barbara Jo Allen in private life—raises nearly fifteen thousand varieties of orchids. During Christmas her white orchids retailed for twenty-five dollars each in New York!

Comic Edward Everett Horton joins the TV line-up in a series which is as yet untitled. All action will take place in a mythical hotel which has Horton as its manager. Each week the show will present a guest comedy act, a short dramatic sketch, and a musical vignette. Viewers should find Horton a welcome addition to ABC-TV's programming.

Many free-lance movie stars are heading for Puerto Rico these days since a report circulated in Hollywood that Ed (Duffy's Tavern) Gardner is going to produce TV movies there. According to insiders, Gardner, whose Thursday night broadcasts are coming from Puerto Rico this season, plans to invest a tidy sum in the making of these films.

Mutual's Adventures of The Falcon is providing an unusual opportunity for especially talented student actresses. With the cooperation of major colleges and universities throughout the country, the producers of The Falcon have arranged to feature weekly, in a minor role, an outstanding student-actress. Teeing off in this experiment will be Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, and New York's Fordham University.

Who's afraid of television! The late Tom Breneman's Hollywood restaurant recently acquired a new electrical sign reading: American BROADCASTING Company. Filmtown snicker concerning the display was: "Any TV station would be proud to have made last year what that sign cost ABC!"

Sorry, wrong number! On a recent broadcast of The Goldbergs, "Molly" mentioned the "Goldberg's" Bronx telephone number. Quite by accident, the phone number mentioned in the script was a real one, and it wasn't too long before Gertrude Berg received an irate call from the party owning the phone saying that by actual count he had received 121 calls as a result.

Due to heavy New York commitments—CBS-TV Ban Against Crime and Broadway's Detective Story—Ralph Bellamy will not be able to trek West to star in the film version. Being considered for the lead in the film are Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Dana Andrews and Humphrey Bogart.

Ever wonder how a weather man feels when the climatic conditions he forecasts fail to come true? Clint Youle, NBC's meteorologist, press-agented a terrific storm on one recent TV show. Next day dawned bright and balmy, with the result that a character wearing a big black moustache faced the cameras that night, and in easily identifiable tones announced, "I'm substituting for Clint Youle."

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

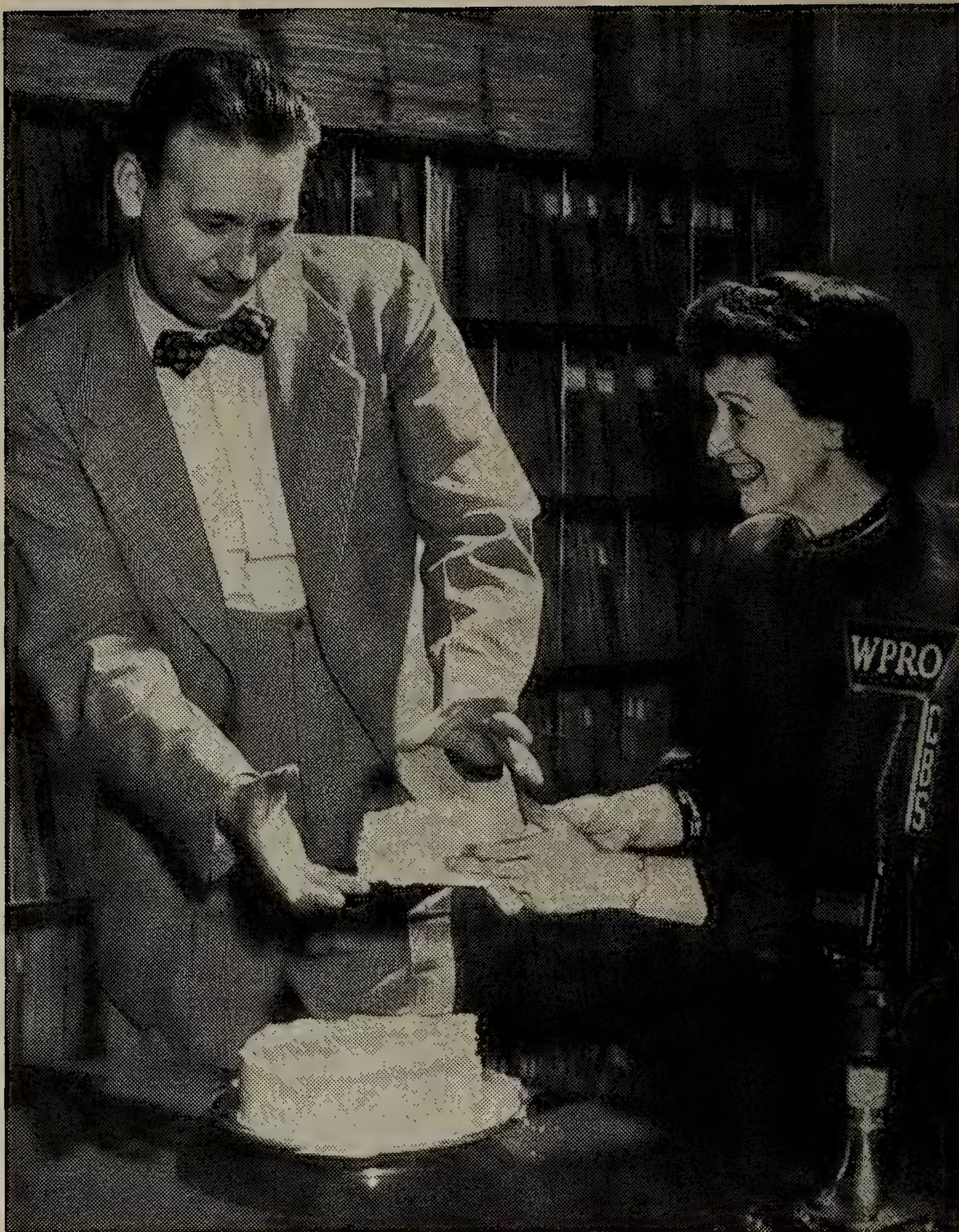
Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's cream shampoo with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

- 1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable... first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

Baker's Bailiwick



Ann Baker's tested cake recipes are favorites with WPRO's staff; her Homemaker's Institute is popular with Providence housewives.

When night-club star, Kay Thompson, heard her cue-line and smiled her "Thank you, Ann, and good morning, everyone," southeastern New England housewives settled back for another "celebrity-session" on WPRO's Homemaker's Institute.

The girl who introduced Kay Thompson was the director and originator of The Homemaker's Institute, Ann Baker. Bringing her listeners fresh, informal chats with "visiting firemen" is just one of the entertaining and informative features of Ann's 10 A.M. daily program on WPRO, Providence. She packs this quarter-hour visit in the homes of her wide audience with everything from meal-planning ideas and economical food-buys to style and Hollywood news.

About half of each day's program is given over to information on food-buying and the planning of economical menus. During the rest of the time, Ann brings her fans up to date on the latest in home-decoration, style and fashion, news from movie-land and—as in the case of Kay Thompson—brief, interesting visits with people of note in almost every field of activity. Ann has a specially warm welcome for local

girls and boys who have "made good in the big city."

Miss Baker keeps her fans constantly aware of their own talents, which she urges them to develop and use for both pleasure and the possibility of added income. The director of The Homemaker's Institute is a believer in the idea that "age is a state of mind—and no one need take a back seat because of it." As a matter of fact, every one of her WPRO programs highlights the "value of a plan; and the worth of a smile."

Ann Baker brings her home-maker listeners a wide field of experience. She was the dietitian on the faculty of The Rhode Island School of Design, for which post she prepared at Cornell University. Later, Ann became fashion and bridal consultant for one of Rhode Island's larger fashion stores.

Some years ago, a leading Rhode Island banking institution, observing rising food costs and the resulting difficulties facing the housewife in her efforts to "make ends meet," decided it was a community responsibility to help those women with economical food-planning and shopping ideas. Out of this decision came the bank's sponsorship of The Homemaker's Institute.



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.



You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



DRY SKIN! "Before I started using Noxzema, my skin was very dry," says pretty Margaret Jeffrey. "Now my complexion looks so much softer, smoother! Noxzema is my regular night cream and beauty aid."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● If you want a more alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin,*externally-caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here's news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a *greaseless* skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, *medicated* formula that helps heal such blemishes . . . helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface . . . helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. **4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them.

This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a

greaseless cream. And secondly, it's Noxzema's *medicated formula*—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor's new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don't see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That's how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.



Blemishes!* "I was troubled with annoying facial blemishes*," says Dorothy Johnson. "My girl friend advised Noxzema. In a very short time it helped my skin look softer, clearer."

Protective Cream!

"Ever since I've used Noxzema as my powder base I've found my dry skin looked so much softer and smoother. Noxzema's wonderful!" says Mary Proctor.



Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream is the favorite beauty aid of scores of actresses, models, and nurses. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are used yearly! At all drug and cosmetic counters. **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**

ARLENE McQUADE



Arlene "Fuzzy" McQuade appears as Rosalie on *The Goldbergs*.

Her real name is Arlene McQuade, but most of her friends call her Fuzzy. She also answers to another name, Rosalie, her character name in the CBS radio-TV serial, *The Goldbergs*.

Twelve-year-old Arlene's primary love is acting, but she also plays the piano. In addition, she is adept at tap dancing, juvenile ballet, and is regarded by her singing teacher as one of her most promising young pupils. She likes to paint and has turned out work in water colors, oils, pastel and charcoal and she has designed blouses which were merchandised by a clothing firm.

Her nickname, Fuzzy, stemmed from her childhood habit of playing constantly with fuzz-covered blankets and animals. Fuzzy, or Arlene, started taking singing lessons when she was three. Six months later, her teacher took her to Madge Tucker, who with Milton Cross was assembling a radio program called *Coast-to-Coast on a Bus*. This was the first of many air shows in which Arlene has appeared.

Her first stage appearance was in "Violet," in 1945; her most recent was in "Summer and Smoke," in 1948.

A novel charm bracelet, Fuzzy's favorite, records this theatrical progression. Each time she appears in a play, a little gold disk giving the date and the character part is added to the bracelet.

Those who have watched Fuzzy rehearse for an air or stage show often have commented on the youngster's calmness and lack of tension.

Says Fuzzy, "I don't see why anybody should get all tensed up or have to repeat lines twenty times. If it's that hard to act, I always feel they shouldn't be acting at all."

Here's High Adventure at Lowest Cost!



A GREYHOUND AMAZING AMERICA TOUR!

Treat yourself to travel adventure along America's romantic highways, not only during your vacation—but often, on gay weekends, holidays, time off—whenever you get the urge!

Because they cost so very little, Greyhound Expense-Paid Tours will set you free as the breeze to go where you please... for any length of time to any of the Nation's playgrounds, great cities, lively resort areas.

Amazing America Tours are not conducted... you can travel alone, in a twosome, or with a group. But Greyhound assures your fun and your funds by providing all transportation, hotel accommodations, itineraries, special sightseeing, and entertainment... all planned in advance at no extra charge. Fill out coupon below, and write for the tour that takes your fancy!

GREYHOUND



WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL FOLDER!

Greyhound Information
Center, 105 W. Madison,
Chicago 2, Illinois.

Please send me a free
folder about the tour in
which I am interested.

MY TOUR PREFERENCE: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____



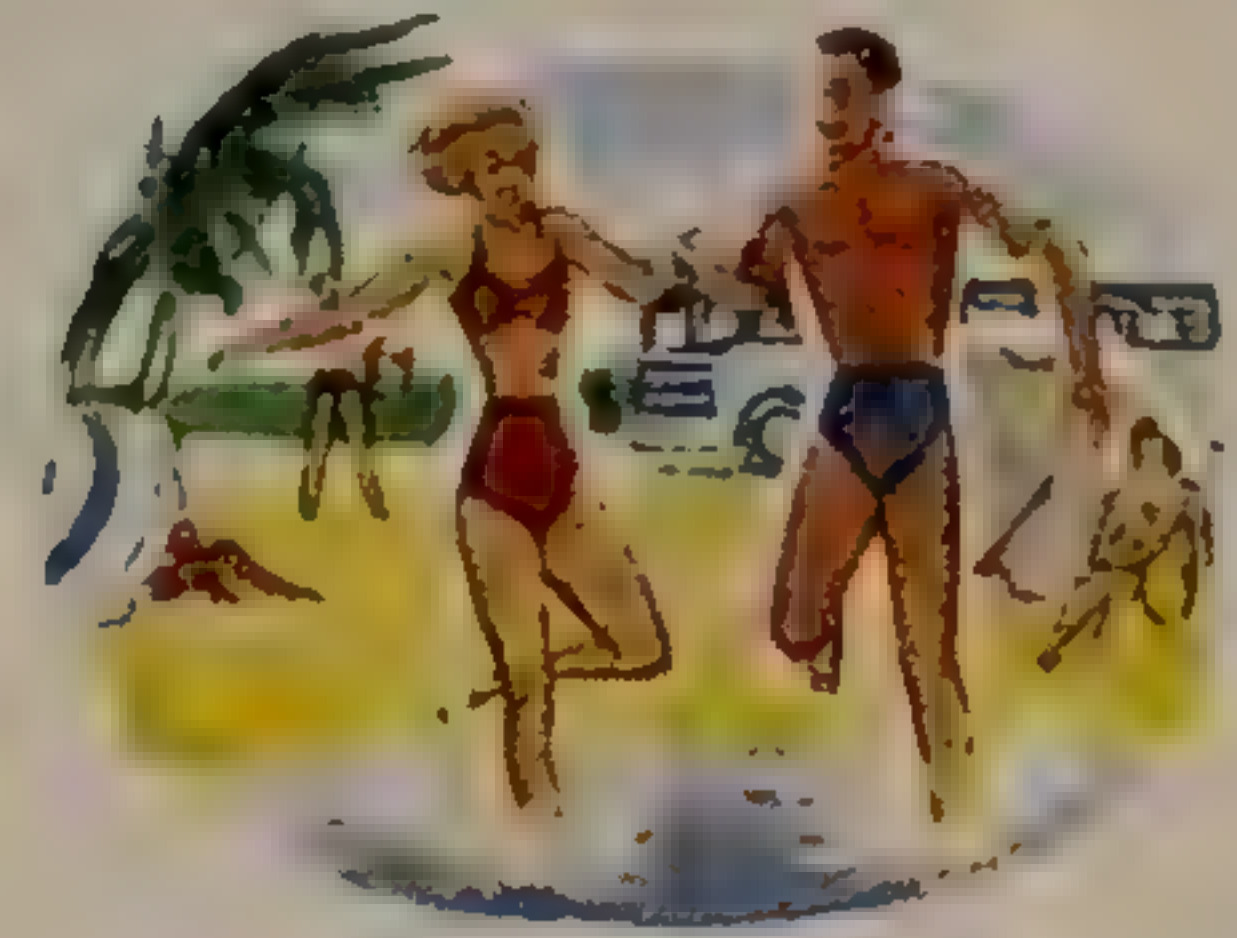
NEW YORK CITY

Four gay days of sightseeing
at famous spots,
three nights at \$1855*
smart hotel.



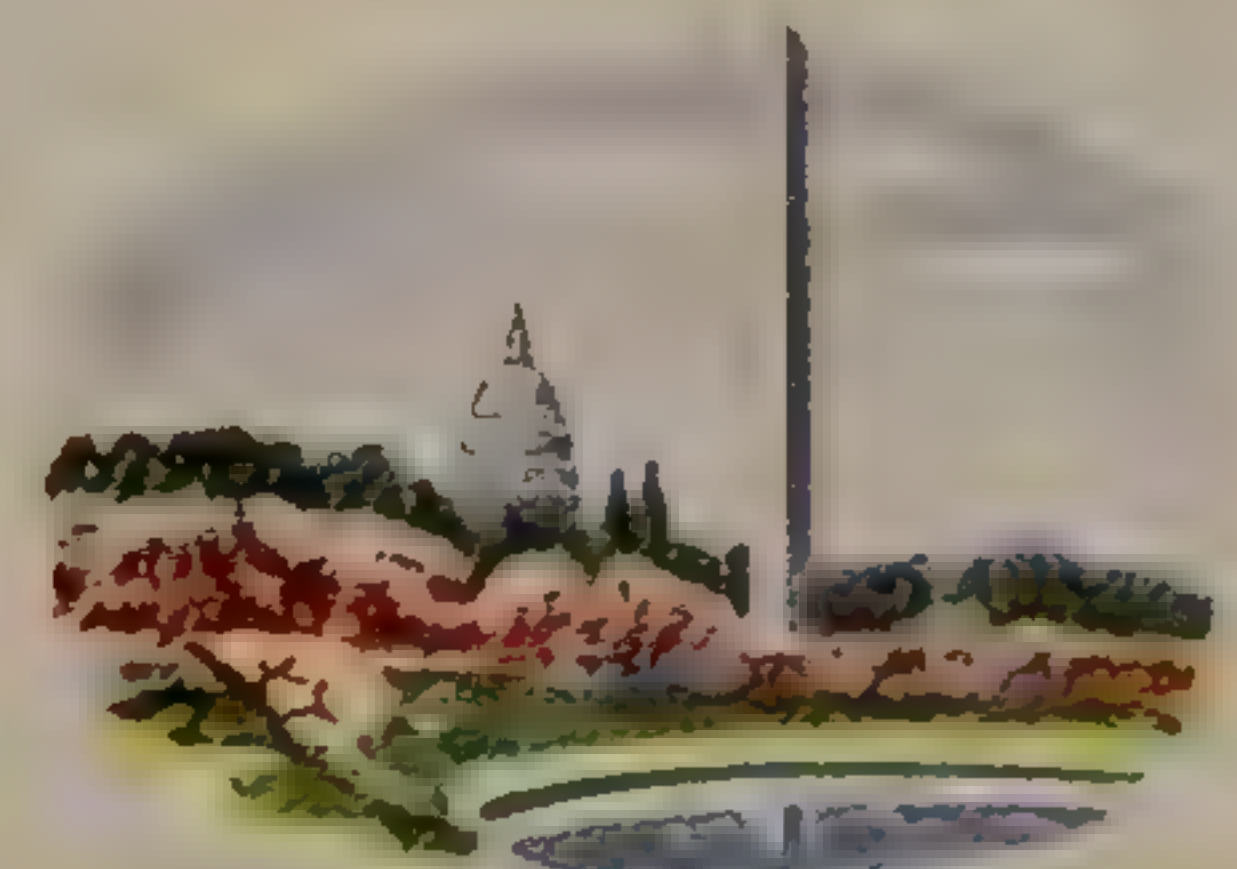
CALIFORNIA

Spend 3 wondrous days at
Yosemite, enjoy 6
meals, 2 nights at \$3450*
rustic lodge.



FLORIDA

Eleven-day adventure all
through Sunshine
State! Ten nights \$8105*
at fine hotels.



WASHINGTON

Four dramatic days of his-
toric tours at Na-
tion's Capital, 3 \$1975*
nights' hotel.

Boston, 4 Days.....\$24.00*

Los Angeles

4 Days.....\$14.00*

Miami, 6 Days.....\$33.85*

Colonial Virginia

6 Days.....\$40.45*

San Francisco

4 Days.....\$16.25*

Chicago, 3 Days.....\$12.00*

New England Circle,

7 Days.....\$46.55*

Detroit, 3 Days.....\$12.10*

Denver, 3 Days.....\$13.00*

Salt Lake City

3 Days.....\$ 8.50*

Havana, 4 Days.....\$60.70*

(Includes round trip fare by bus

and airplane from Miami to Cuba.)

Mexico City

8 Days.....\$65.15*

*To these prices, add Grey-
hound round-trip fare from your
home town.

Note: Except where shown, prices
do not include meals, or trans-
portation to point where tour be-
gins. U.S. tax extra. Prices in-
clude double-room (per person)
hotel rates. All prices subject to
change.

LARRY HAINES



Larry Haines is heard as Ralph Munson on CBS' Young Dr. Malone.

Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

Cashmere Bouquet
is actually milder for
all types of skin—
than most other leading
toilet soaps!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

—In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!

Now — At the Lowest Price In History!

Although Larry Haines acts in many radio shows, he is best known for his portrayal of Lefty on Rosemary, Gil on Pepper Young's Family, and Ralph Munson on Young Dr. Malone.

Larry always wanted to become an actor. He thinks he must have gotten the notion while he was still a very young fellow in Mt. Vernon, New York, where he was born and raised. He was one of the luckier kids in his neighborhood, because he always had enough pocket money to be able to go to the movies as often as he wished—which was very often. He got his first acting experience by describing and acting out the pictures he'd seen for the benefit of the other kids in his gang who couldn't afford the movies.

Determined to be an actor at all costs, Larry gave up college before he was graduated and went to work for radio station WWRL. He worked very hard, appearing on many dramatic shows for which he received no money. When he felt that he had learned enough to try his wings, one by one he auditioned for all the major networks in New York City—and has never been idle since.

In 1943, Larry married his wife Gertrude, whom he had known in high school, but, oddly enough, had never dated in those days. He's a sports enthusiast and claims he would much rather meet a celebrity in the sports world than the most famous stage, screen, or radio figure. He played football and basketball himself in high school and has never gotten over his admiration of great athletes, so naturally, what spare time he manages to have is spent largely in attending football and basketball games.



POETRY

MATURITY

I tried to make a sculpture
Of the virtues you had shown—
A perfect, shining idol
To be kept upon a throne.

But what I thought was marble
In reality was clay.
And it cracked beneath my chisel
To my heart's complete dismay.

But experience brings wisdom,
With contentment in its girth;
The years have taught this sculptor
The frailties of earth.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

THE OPEN DOOR

Poor old house with Spring
Now breathing through your eaves
All bundled up asleep
Knee deep in winter leaves.
With this dejected key
I'll make you come alive,
Rejuvenate your pulse,
Unleaf your cluttered drive.
I'll make the warm blood course
Along your furnace veins
And clear your blurry vision
Of months of dreary rains.
I'll tear apart the nets
The spiders carefully wove
And scare the mice away
From underneath the stove.
And while I'm armed with mop
And scrubbing on the floor
I'll ditch my silly pride
And open wide the door.
The breezes will intrude
And crickets send their call
And wisps of children's voices
Echo in the hall.
But in the midst of dishes,
My fingers shaking foam,
A neighbor voice will shout
Is anybody home?

—Bernice Ames

PERSONAL TOUCH

Whenever I must send a gift
To someone whom I care for,
I think about the things he likes
And what he has a flair for.
I go to every store in town
And shop and shop, undaunted—
And then I choose and send the gift
That I have always wanted.

—Lydell Stearns

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in
each month by readers. Limit poems
to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO
MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street,
New York 17, N. Y. Each poem should
be accompanied by this notice. This
is not a contest, but an effort to pur-
chase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.



the NEW SHAPE *is the* NEWS

The new-shape lantern sleeve is news because it's the most enormous you've seen in years. Puffed widely and softly, it lends important "top heaviness" to the silhouette. Emphasizes this year's slim, straight look by dramatic contrast. Yes, there's an *idea* behind the design.

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, has an idea behind the design! Wrapped, this discreet-shape box might be bath salts, note paper, candy. No one could guess you were carrying sanitary napkins . . . no more need you wonder if anyone's guessing! And *another* appreciated Modess exclusive, the new box is tactfully pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store's counter!

- Same fine quality Modess napkins
- Same price—you don't pay for these two new extras
- Regular, Super, and Junior Modess sizes



*Only Modess comes in the new-shape,
secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!*



Singer Margaret Phelan gets the bird. She recently acquired a new title when she was crowned Queen of the Poultry Show.

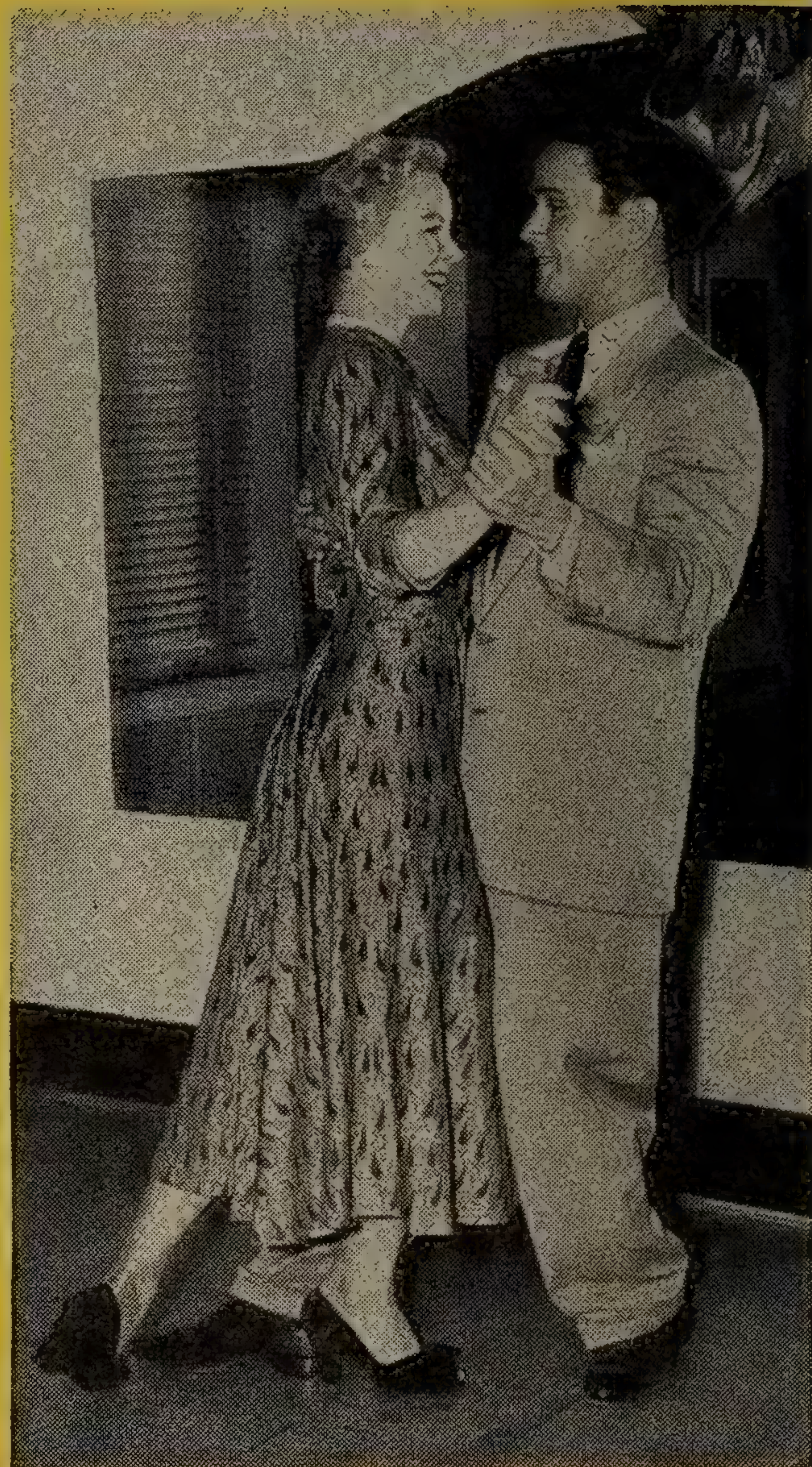


By BOB POOLE

The Bob Poole Show is heard M.-F., 11:15 A.M. and 3 P.M. over MBS stations including WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; WLOE, in Leaksville, N. C.

Bill Farrell's rise to vocal stardom is, if nothing else, a typical American story. It started with little William Fiorelli (his real name) shining shoes on the corner while singing and playing harmonica with his shoe-shine pals in order to attract customers. His story continues with a succession of jobs which consisted of delivering newspapers, selling magazines and working as a pin-boy in a bowling alley—all typical American pursuits. Through it all, though, Bill continued to attend school and keep right on singing and playing. He mastered the harmonica,

FACING the



Songstress Evelyn Knight learned some tricky steps from Ricky Fernandez when she went to Fred Astaire's

piano and bass; and eventually played after school with a four-piece dance group.

Bill's first break came at an Italian block party in his native Cleveland. It was on the Feast Day of the Blessed Virgin. Bill played with his little group and timidly sang one number that convinced him, his girl friend and his neighbors that vocalizing was his special talent. When the band broke up for the new school term, Bill decided to pursue a vocal career instead. He took club-dates around town until, one day, he was signed for an appearance at Buffalo's Chez Ami. There, it was, that

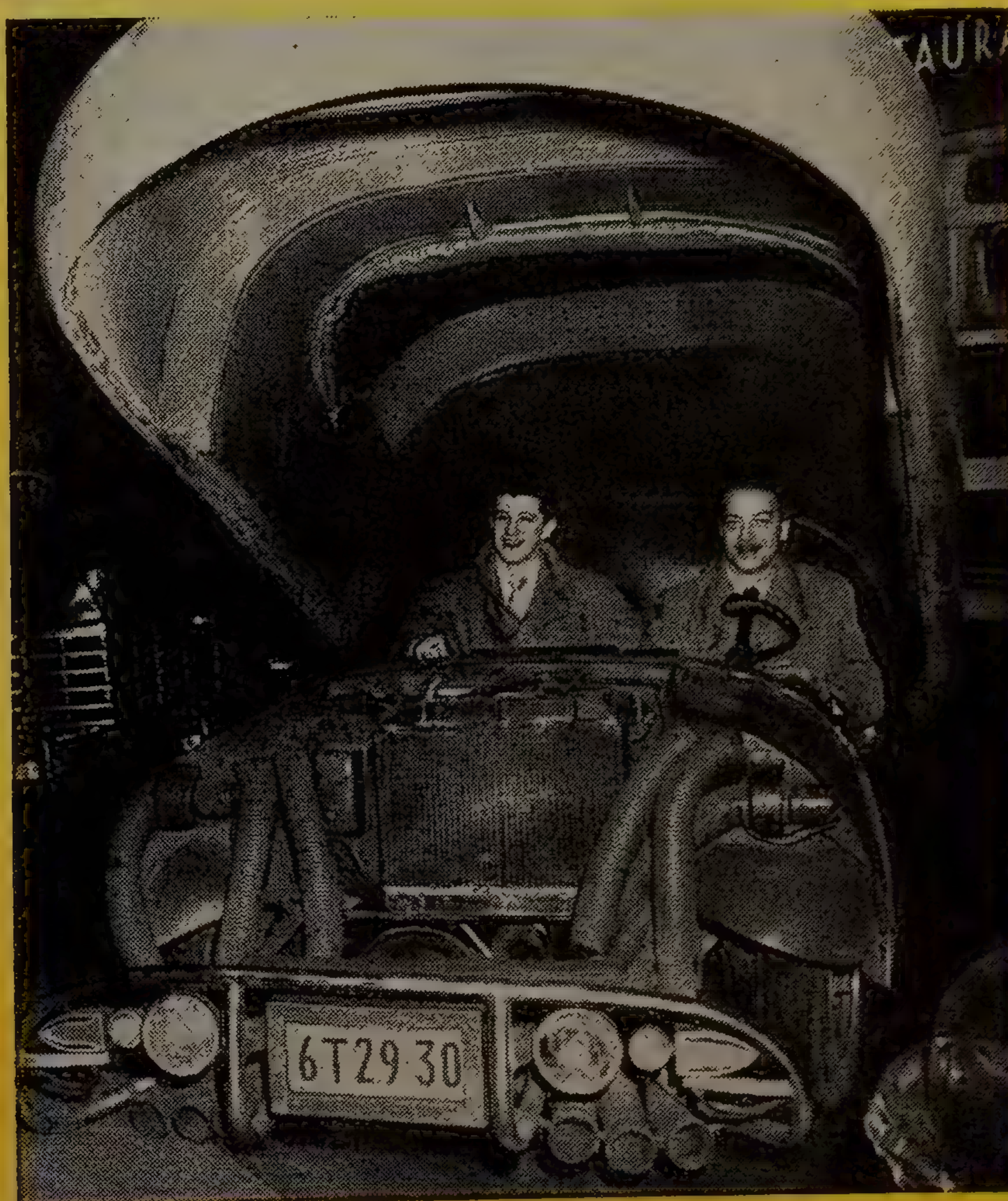
MUSIC



Dance Studios in New York to brush up on rumba technique.



Volunteer Melissa Smith, vocalist with Horace Heidt, entertains a patient as part of the local USO hospital-party program. Accompanist is Jack Skiles, musical director of KTSA.



Singer Bill Farrell (l.) and orchestra leader Russ Case startled sophisticated Broadwayites in Case's trick car.

Bob Hope heard him and immediately signed him for the Hope radio show. Bill is now doing night club work in New York but he still practices every day and takes elocution lessons. Despite his radio success and his hit records on the MGM label, Bill still keeps his union card as a bass player—"just in case."

Exactly what kind of vocal style he has is difficult to say—he's been compared with such contrasting voices as Billy Eckstine, Vaughn Monroe and Al Jolson. It's a new "sound," however, and the public likes it. Bill's star is in the ascendant.

TOWNE TOPICS



Peggy Towne's recipes and household hints are tested by her family.

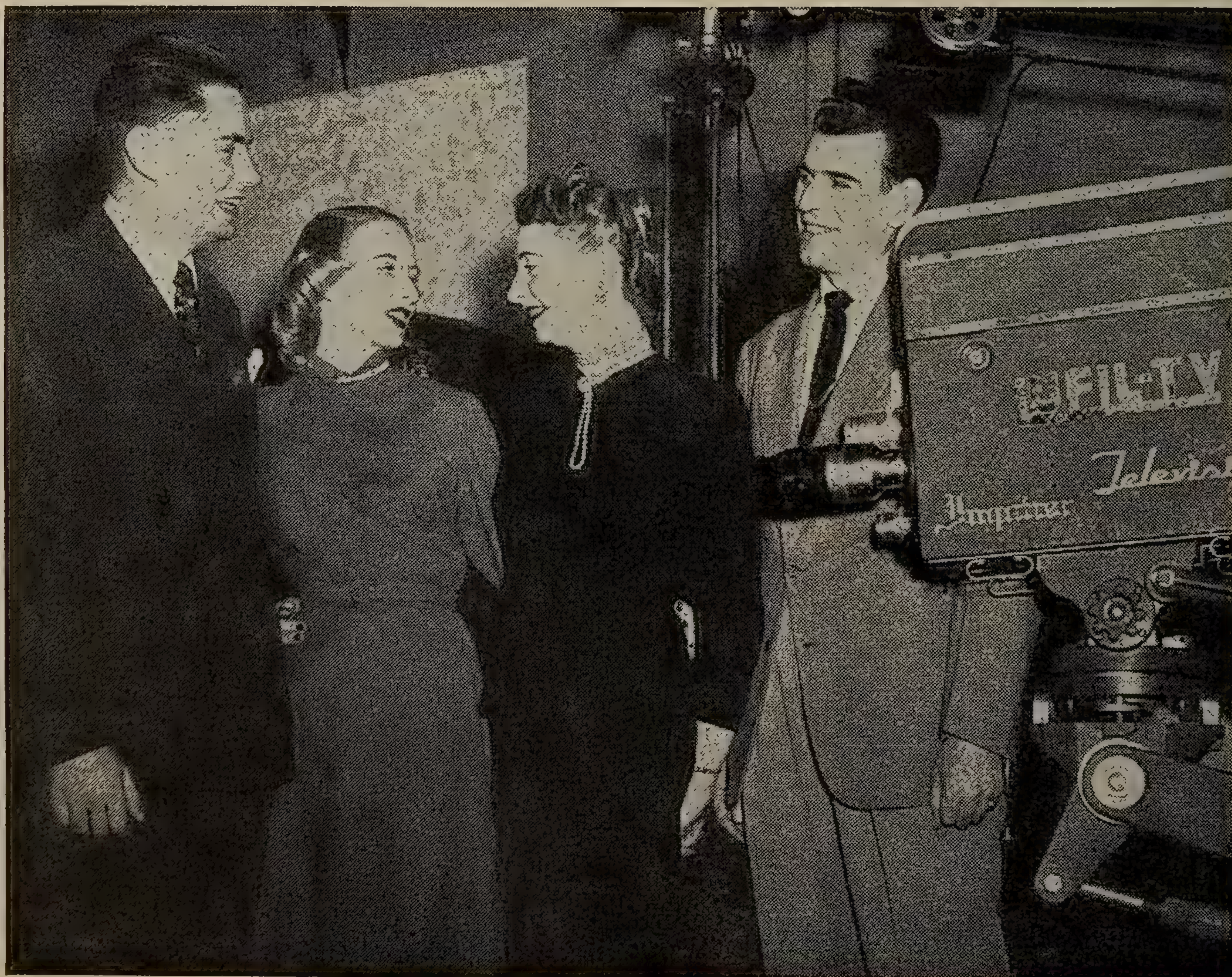
When Peggy Towne discusses plays or women's fashions on her Wednesday night television show on WFIL-TV, she's dealing with subjects on which she's particularly well qualified to speak, for this charming mistress of ceremonies is widely known as both actress and fashion expert.

Since November, 1949, she has been seen and heard weekly on Towne Topics with Peggy, a fifteen-minute program presented by WFIL-TV at 7:30 P.M. In selecting her guest and conducting interviews, she never loses sight of the fact that there are men in the audience too, and that eye appeal is important.

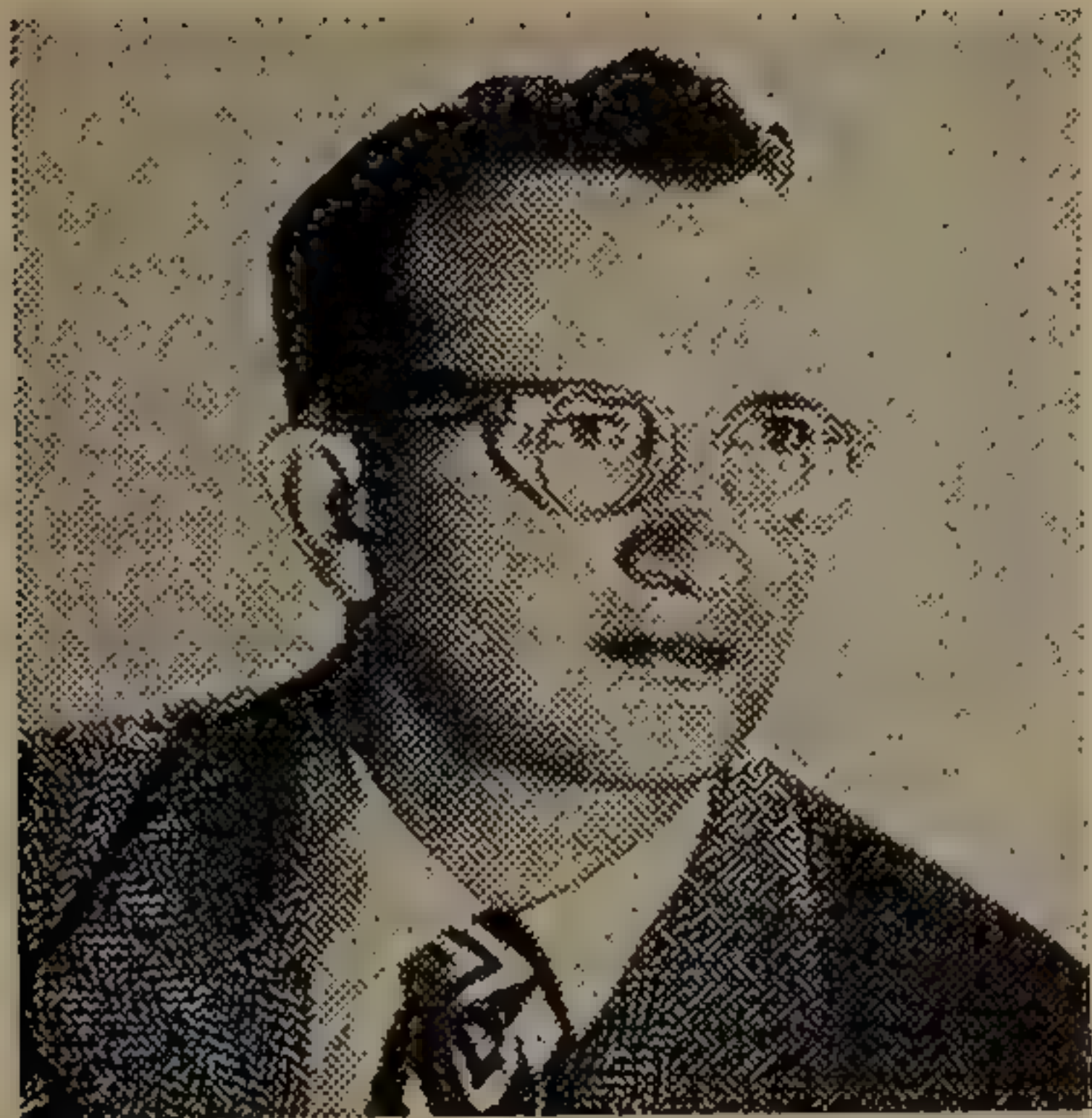
Before joining the WFIL-TV staff, Miss Towne was active as a producer of fashion shows for Philadelphia women's shops and as a style authority on radio and television programs. She often serves as a judge at fashion showings, an extra-curricular job which comes naturally to a woman who was assistant fashion director of one of Philadelphia's largest department stores. Previously, she had been associated with the John Robert Powers' school in Philadelphia as a teacher of speech and styling.

A graduate of Emerson College, after conducting her own school of dramatic art in Drexel Hill for five years, she returned to the New York stage during the war years.

In private life, Peggy Towne is Mrs. Lois Dow McLaughlin. "Having been a homemaker for nearly twenty years," she says, "I feel as though I'm on firm ground when I give household hints and recipes. But what makes my work particularly satisfying is the number of nice people who appear on the show to tell of their jobs and hobbies."



Peggy (third from l.) and members of a little theater group on her 7:30 P.M. WFIL-TV Wed. program.



By PAUL WESTON

(Wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key might prove a hindrance to a young musician who prefers his music on the swing side, but not so to Paul Weston. He won his key at Dartmouth not too long ago, but he won his musical spurs while arranging for Tommy Dorsey back in the Jack Leonard, Pied Pipers, then Sinatra days. Today he's the most recorded man in the nation and the youngest musical director on any major recording label.)

My favorite ten records will definitely give me away as an all-around music lover. I like swing, jazz and my semi-classical efforts for Capitol have met with success thus far. And when Rachmaninoff is around to lend atmosphere by way of recorded music, I'm certainly one to listen.

Since I don't believe in sticking to one type of music, my collection varies considerably. One of my top favorites is Tommy Dorsey's "Hawaiian War Chant." When I was with Tommy, this number was requested most frequently.

Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing" is another bell-ringer. His wonderful clarinet makes this disc a "must." And I'll never be without a copy of Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," no matter who records it.

The way Jose Iturbi handles Chopin's "Polonaise" is something I can listen to over and over—and Erna Sack does wonders with "Voices of Spring," a recent addition to my list of good listening.

The Ella Fitzgerald version of "How High The Moon" has always left me limp. As for Jo Stafford, anything she sings is worth listening to. Her recent "Whispering Hope," a popular rendition of a hymn, is one of the top discs of the year; her vocalizing on "Timtashun," with Red Ingle's band, will never leave my library.

Maybe the voices don't seem similar to you, but I've always enjoyed Sinatra and Mercer records, whether they're sweet or swing. Sinatra's "She's Funny That Way" and Mercer's "One For My Baby" round out the way I like my records spun.

WORD GETS AROUND FAST—Behind Your Back!

Tobacco Mouth

Why risk it? Smoke all you want—but give Tobacco Mouth the brush-off with the new, special formula Listerine Tooth Paste... morning and night, and especially before any date.

There's a reason: mint-cool Listerine Tooth Paste is made with wonderful Lusterfoam, a new-type cleaning

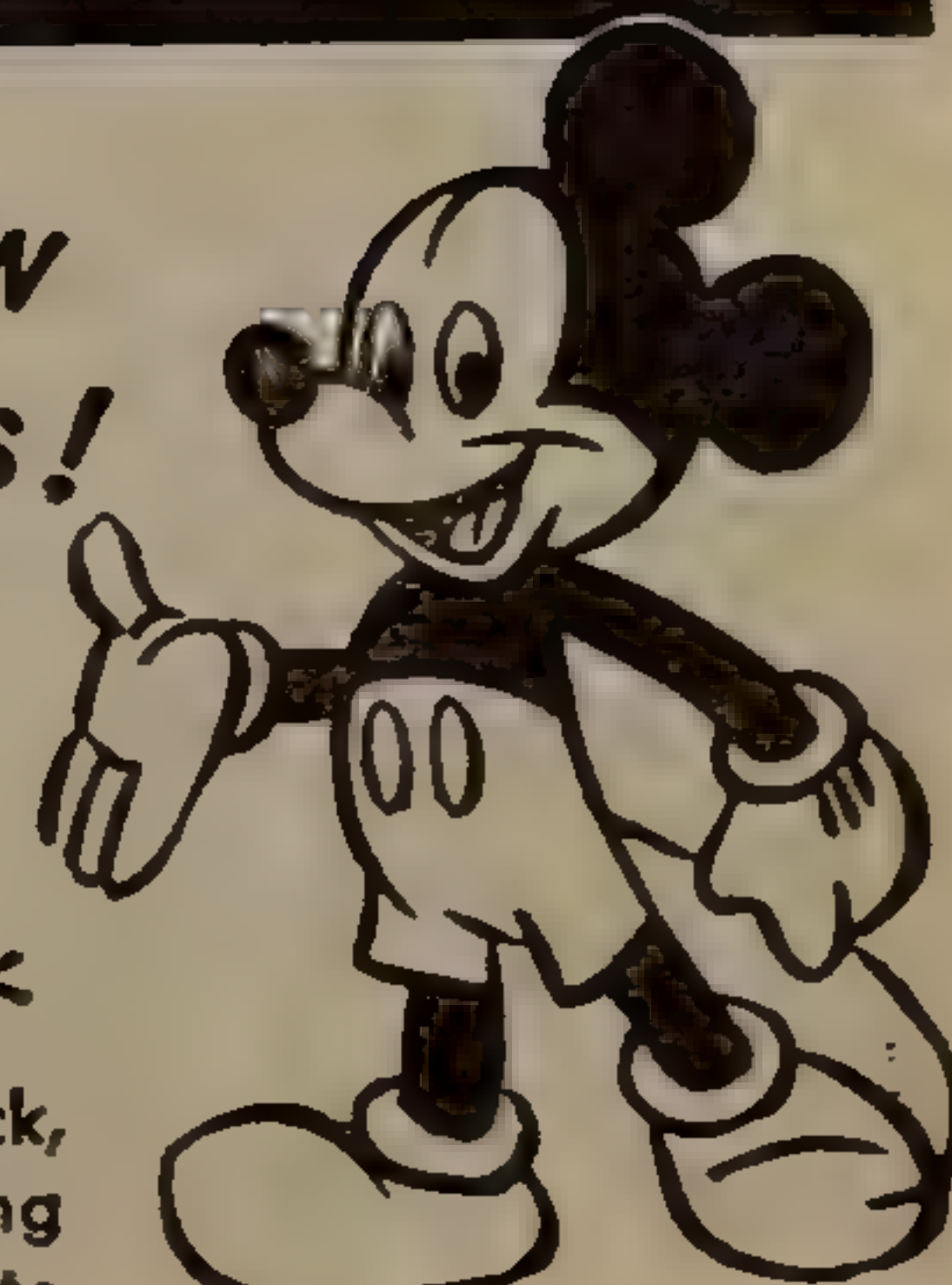
ingredient that literally foams cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces . . . removes yellow tobacco stains while they are still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing tobacco debris. Get a tube today.

Know they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!

Give it the brush-off with . . .



COME AND GET US... We are on the new Listerine Tooth Paste Tubes!



Heads of your Walt Disney favorites . . . Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Br'er Rabbit . . . in gleaming plastic are caps on these new Listerine Tooth Paste tubes. Children love them! See them at any drug counter.

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Four natural young musicians from widely separated parts of the country, who first got together in Buffalo for informal swing sessions, are now one of Buffalo's most popular television features. They are The Four Quarters and they hail from Buffalo, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

The Four Quarters play all kinds of music and they play all types well. They are more popular than ever around Buffalo and have made many one-night stands since TV zoomed them to popularity.

The Four Quarters are Bassie Atkinson, bass; Kenneth Strother, who plays both piano and celeste; Eddie Inge, clarinet, and Reggie Willis, guitar.

Bassie, the only Buffalo native, is a graduate of Buffalo's Hutchinson Central High School. For a short time he broadcast over Virginia radio stations but most of his experience has been in his own home town.

Ken attended high school in his native Coffeyville, Kansas, and after that toured the nation with name bands. He had a small combination in Coffeyville called The Dukes of Rhythm, who had their own weekly radio spots. Eddie was born in Kansas City, Missouri and attended school in St. Louis. He is well known for his recordings with the famous jazz combination-featured in the Kansas City Jazz Album. Eddie, the most famous of the Quarters has played with such outstanding name bands as those of Don Redman, Andy Kirk and McKinney's Cotton Pickers.

The fourth member of the quartet is Reggie, who doubles as guitarist and vocalist. He was born in Guthrie, Oklahoma, but considers Minneapolis his home town. He started in the entertainment world as a tap dancer and toured the nation in vaudeville.

Two of the men saw wartime service. Bassie Atkinson was in the Navy and Ken Strother played with an Army band at Camp Clayborn, Louisiana.

MUSIC for many MOODS



Since television zoomed them to popularity, the Four Quarters are greatly in demand at Buffalo night spots.

INFORMATION BOOTH

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

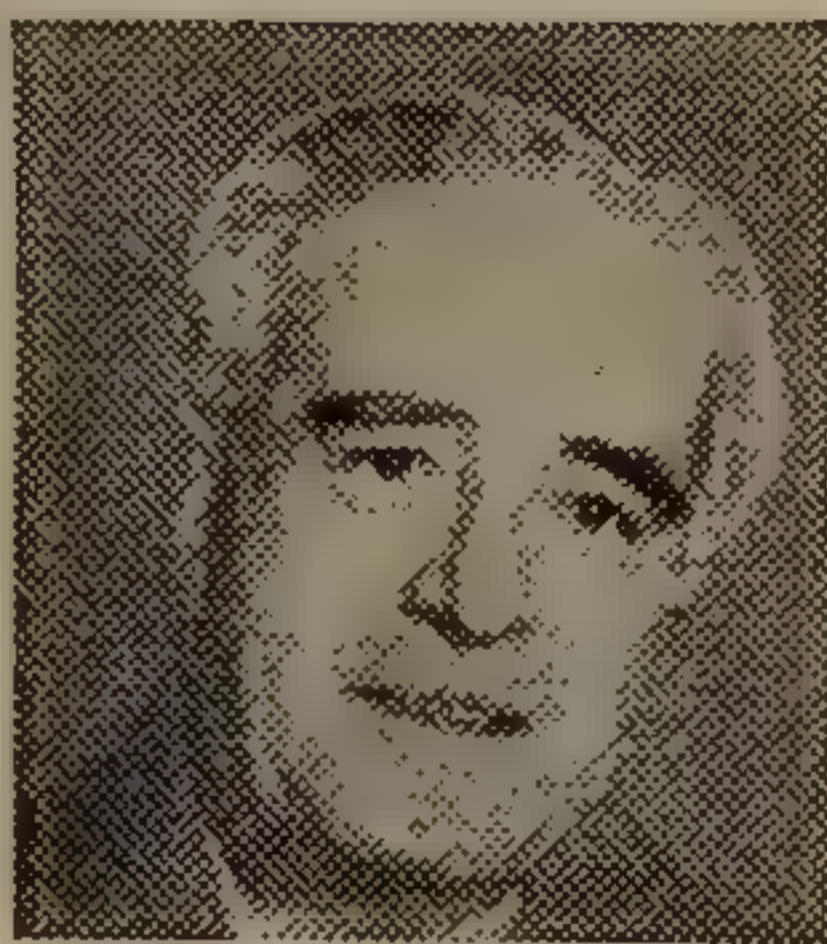
HERE'S PAUL

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actor who plays Paul on One Man's Family? I think he is very good and I would like to see what he looks like.

D. P. F.

Pensacola, Fla.



Michael Raffetto

Here's Michael Raffetto, whom you hear as Paul.

WHO ARE THEY?

Dear Editor:

For some time, my friends and I have been wondering about the actors who play Frank Dana in Road of Life, Clifford in One Man's Family and Bob James in Stella Dallas. Can you please tell us who they are?

P. H.

Seaford, Del.



Lyle Sudrow

The parts you mention are taken by Lyle Sudrow (Frank); Barton Yarborough (Clifford); and Warren Bryan (Bob).

FOUND: ONE COMEDIAN

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me if Henry Morgan is still on the air? And what has happened to Fred Allen? I haven't heard him since he went on vacation last summer.

M. N.

Allreda, N. C.



Henry Morgan

The Henry Morgan Show is currently heard Sunday evenings at 6:30 EST over NBC. During the week it is heard locally on WNBC at the same hour. Fred Allen has been making guest appearances but no longer has a show of his own.

SISTER GRACE

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Big Sister is still on the air? I can't seem to find the program anywhere.

Mrs. W. J.

Corsicana, Tex.



Grace Matthews

Big Sister (played by Grace Matthews) can be heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST over CBS.



Some tinted make-ups cling even while you splash...



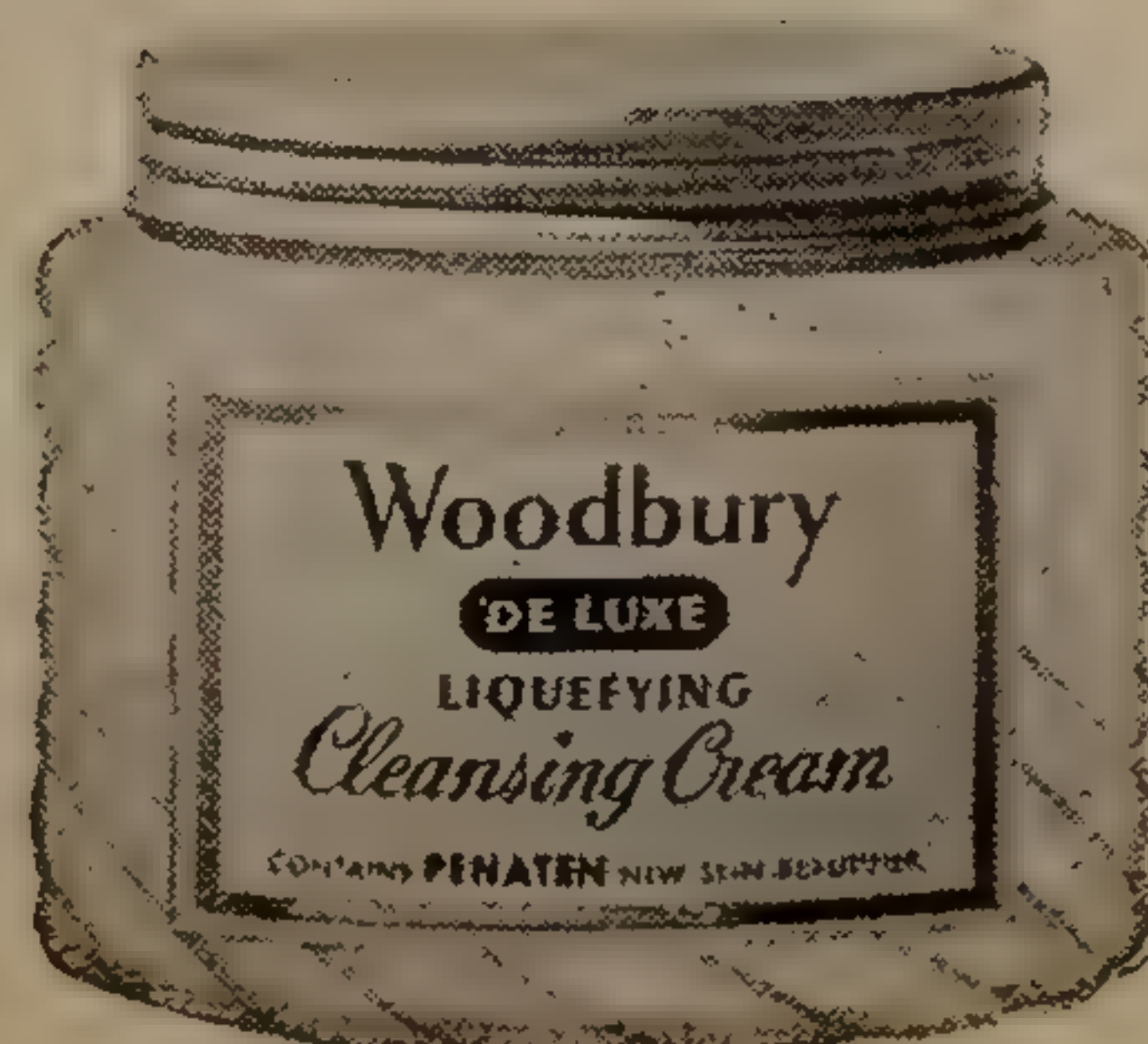
But you need this cream to remove them thoroughly

Even in swimming, some girls manage to look lovely. Must be those new "stay-on" tinted make-ups!

But those same cream, cake or liquid make-ups that cling for hours are not easy to remove!

They need a special cleanser—Woodbury Cleansing Cream—specially designed to take off hard-to-remove make-ups (ordinary make-up, too). Because it contains Penaten, Woodbury Cleansing Cream penetrates deeper into the pore openings. It loosens every trace of make-up and grime so you can tissue it off instantly!

So mild, so gentle is this special cream that sensitive skins prefer it. Your skin, too, will look baby-fresh when you cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream! 20¢, 39¢, 69¢ plus tax.



Woodbury Cleansing Cream

**penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN**



DRESSES BY CONNIE ADAMS AND H AND D

There used to be days when she didn't belong...

DRESSES BY CONNIE ADAMS



then she discovered

**Kleinert's* *Sani-Scants

the modern protective panties



***Nuvo Elastic Sanitary Belt** can't twist, cut or curl... because of Kleinert's exclusive weave. Adjusts to any size. Anchored safety pins or pinless fasteners. Style illustrated, in rayon... 50¢, nylon & acetate... 65¢

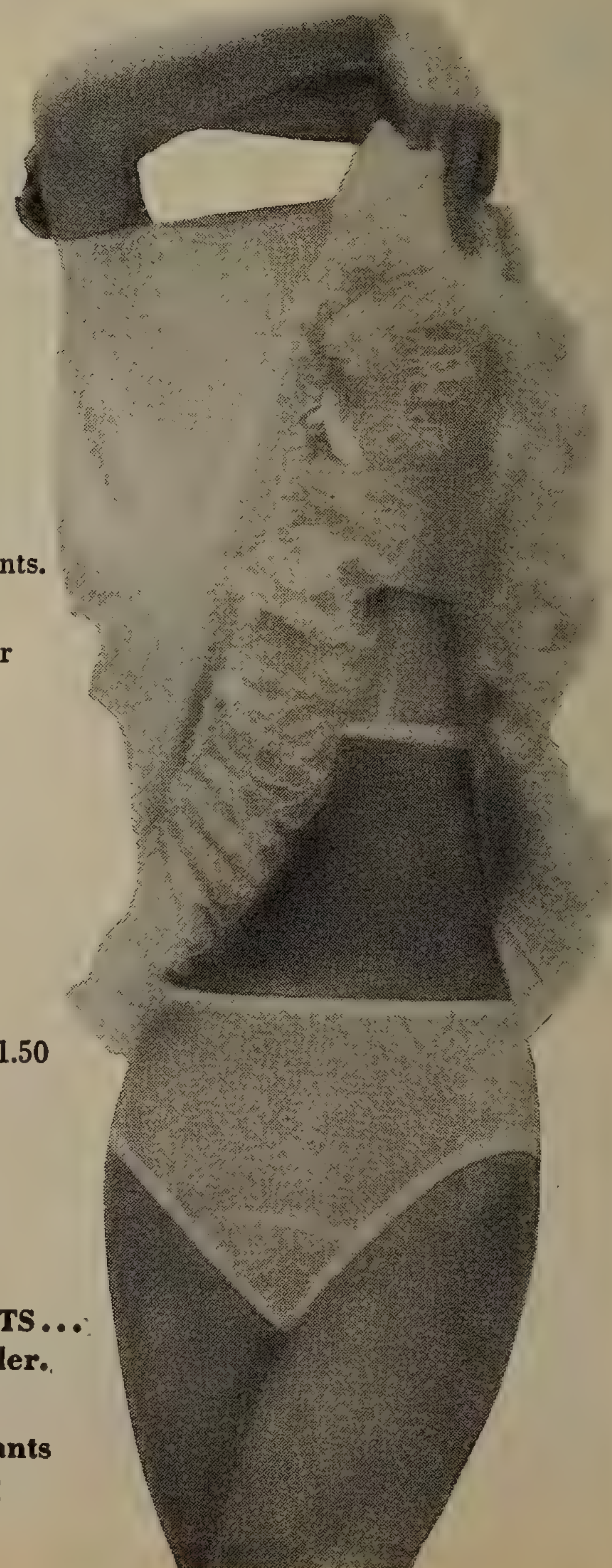
***Chafe Guard** the perfect minimum underwear. Made of fine quality absorbent rayon and comfortable elastic. In white or flesh; sizes... small, medium, large and extra large. Each \$1.25 In Nylon Tricot, each \$1.75.

***Braforms...** They work for your glamour in two ways. The uplift bra gives you wonderful lines — the attached shields protect your clothes, Nylon marquisette, 32-42. White, nude... \$2.

Slave to a calendar?
Not the girl who's
discovered those sleek
protective panties... Sani-Scants.
They're real smoothies...
won't reveal a thing, even under
cling-to-me clothes. Handy
pins and tabs inside, a
water-proof panel for perfect
protection. Sani-Scants
are made by Kleinert's and
nobody else. Get yours today!

NYLON TRICOT SANI-SCANTS...
fast drying... \$2.50
Rayon Tricot Sani-Scants... \$1.50
Run-proof striped rayon
Sani-Scants... 1.25
White or flesh. Sizes: small,
medium, large, extra large.

FREE WITH YOUR SANI-SCANTS...
Kleinert's exclusive Recorder.
It's a handy little chart
that tells you when Sani-Scants
time is coming each month!



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST

RADIO MIRROR

Awards for 1949

[Each Spring, one entire issue of the magazine is devoted to RADIO MIRROR's yearly polling of reader-listeners to determine which radio—and now, television—stars and programs you like best, listen to most often.

Here, in this issue, are the results of your voting in the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards.

The RADIO MIRROR Awards are the only system of voting, on a nation-wide scale, by *listeners*—Awards now being made are a result of ballots printed last Fall in the magazine, filled in by you, returned to RADIO MIRROR for tabulating. No prejudices or special criticisms can color the results, as might be possible in a poll of radio editors or critics, for example. You, the listeners, have no axe to grind, no commitments to fulfill, no fear of treading on important toes. All you care about is getting good entertainment when you turn on your radio and television sets. The RADIO MIRROR Awards balloting gives you an opportunity, each year, to tell the largest national radio magazine—and through it the networks, the producers, the writers, the advertising agencies and others responsible for what you see and hear on radio and TV—how you feel about the programs and the players currently on the air. It is your chance to make your voice heard, to make your opinions felt, in this big business of radio and television—where, perhaps, one voice might be lost, but many raised together, can carry impressively far!

You will find, as you look through the following pages at the results of your voting, that many old favorites are still in the top-ranking spots; that other long-time winners are missing this year; that there are many newcomers, especially in the field of television. There are

many new categories, too, never before included in RADIO MIRROR Awards ballots, because those programs and stars could not be seen and heard, as short a time ago as last year, by the majority of you. Television has made amazingly impressive strides during this past listening season and those strides are reflected in a larger number of television categories in the Awards, a larger number of voters for television shows and personalities.

How do your preferences in radio and television entertainment compare with those of the majority of reader-listeners as reflected in the Award-winning players and programs listed on the following pages? Now you can see how your tastes are like to, or different from, those of the general listening and viewing public, see what shows and performers you're most likely to find on the air for a good while to come.

Throughout this month, you will hear and see RADIO MIRROR editors making the Awards presentations in person on many of the programs you voted your favorites. Be sure to watch the winning programs for these appearances—after all it is really you, and not the editors, who should be making the presentations, for it is you who have made them possible.

The voting in this RADIO MIRROR Awards balloting was by far the largest since the poll was instituted. The editors like to believe that this always-increasing upward trend in the voting indicates that reader-listeners are taking, each year, a more active interest in making known their listening likes and dislikes—which indicates, in turn, the probability of better entertainment for you each year. Thank you for your comments, for your continued interest in these, *your* RADIO MIRROR Awards.

—THE EDITORS

Your Favorite COMEDY SHOW

Two-time winner Red Skelton makes it three, and in a walk. The redhead's brand of humor continues to delight huge audiences in public and a small but exceedingly loyal one in private: his family—wife Georgia, daughter Valentina Marie and son Richard Freeman. P.S. They're redheads, too. Skelton's shenanigans can be heard on Sundays at 8:30 P.M. EST on CBS.

Your Favorite COMEDY STORY

On the list in '47 as the best new program and in '48 as the best comedy story program, My Friend Irma sweeps into first place again in that category. Helping to put it there is the engaging numbskull heroine Irma, played by the engaging but non-numbskull Marie Wilson. Irma and her charming, slightly screwball friends can be heard on Mondays at 10 P.M. EST, over CBS.

Your Favorite ANNOUNCER

When Tony Marvin was studying medicine at a college in Brooklyn, radio was one thing he never thought much about. These days Tony thinks about little else what with his myriad announcing chores, mostly for Godfrey: on the Arthur Godfrey Show, Mon.-Fri., 10:15 A.M. EST; on Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST (AM and TV); and TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, all CBS.

Your Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM

Ted Mack's a man who has to make decisions that he'd often rather not. But Ted, who presides over the Original Amateur Hour, makes enough right ones to get a decision himself—a "well-done" from reader-listeners who have voted his their favorite amateur program. The Original Amateur Hour is heard on Thurs., 9 P.M. EST, ABC; TV—Tues., 10 P.M. EST, WNBT.

*Here they are—some
of the shows and stars
you've singled out in
the third annual Awards*

Your Favorite DAYTIME ACTOR

John Larkin has received a high accolade from listeners by being voted their favorite daytime actor, but it's quite certain that he would rate even greater admiration if his public could see him. The handsome Mr. Larkin, who has been in radio since shortly after his college days in Kansas City, plays lawyer-sleuth Perry Mason, Mon.-Fri. at 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL

Portia Faces Life, a winner in its category for the second consecutive year, is the story of a woman lawyer who has difficulty maintaining a balance between her roles as careerist and homemaker. Bart Robinson plays the part of Walter Manning, Portia's husband. Written by Mona Kent and directed by Hoyt Allen, Portia Faces Life is heard M.-F. at 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

Your Favorite QUIZ MASTER

Emerging on the Awards scene last year as m.c. of the year's best new program, Bert Parks' popularity skyrocketed via his double duty on Stop the Music and Break the Bank. The busy Bert sees these two shows through both radio and TV. STM is on Sun., 8 P.M. EST; on TV Thurs. 8 P.M. EST, both ABC. BTB is on Wed. at 9 P.M. EST; on TV Wed., 10 P.M. EST, both NBC.

Your Favorite DISC JOCKEY

A first time winner, Disc Jockey Bob Poole has as strong a following among the housewives as he does among the hepcats. Starting in radio with his Poole's Paradise show in New Orleans, Bob soon moved North when his program caught the ear of a network. Poole's Paradise is on M.-F., 11:15 A.M. EST, MBS. The Bob Poole Show is on M.-F., 3:00 P.M. EST, MBS.



RED SKELTON



MARIE WILSON



TONY MARVIN



TED MACK



JOHN LARKIN



BART ROBINSON



BERT PARKS



BOB POOLE



BOB HOPE



DINAH SHORE



ARTHUR GODFREY



FIBBER McGEE



MOLLY McGEE



MAGGI MCNELLIS



DON MCNEILL



LOUELLA PARSONS

RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

Your Favorite COMEDIAN

Close in other years, the exuberant Bob Hope finally checks into first place as the favorite comedian of RADIO MIRROR readers. Bob's been winning other honors lately, too—among them the Air Forces Exceptional Service Award for his tireless entertaining of men in hospitals and at air bases abroad. The Bob Hope Show is heard on Tues., 9:00 P.M. EST over NBC stations.

Your Favorite WOMAN SINGER

Dinah Shore repeats her victory of two years ago when the readers of RADIO MIRROR voted her the girl with the most potent voice appeal. Dinah, who insists—and means it, too—that her husband and child are more important to her than her career, seems to charm audiences without even trying. She's heard on the Jack Smith Show, Mon.-Fri. at 7:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

The Best PROGRAM ON THE AIR

The phenomenally popular Arthur Godfrey comes through again, leaving the competition far behind him. Arthur's daily program, heard M.-F. at 10:15 A.M. EST on CBS earned him the accolade this year and for those who can't get enough of him, there are Talent Scouts, (AM and TV) Mon., 8:30 P.M. CBS, and Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Your Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Long time favorites become this year's most popular husband and wife team—the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista. Fibber, who also could be called The Man At The Closet, is private citizen Jim Jordan when he's not concerned with being public citizen McGee. His and Molly's domestic escapades are heard on Tuesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. EST over NBC network stations.

*On the cover: eight
stars elected by you*

to win the coveted

Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Molly McGee, as everyone knows, is the distaff side of this year's favorite husband and wife team. Everyone knows, too, that she's the distaff side of the Jordan husband and wife team and, when she is, answers to the name of Marian. Fibber McGee and Molly, just to keep the record straight, is heard on Tuesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. EST over NBC stations.

Your Favorite TV PROGRAM for WOMEN

Beautiful, brunette and brainy—apt adjectives for the lady who runs Leave It To the Girls, which was voted tops in this year's balloting. The name of the lady who fits this description, incidentally, is Maggi McNellis who referees the battles of wits—and sexes—that the program Leave It To the Girls is famous for. It is televised Sundays at 7:00 P.M. EST, on WNBT.

Your Favorite AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM

The Breakfast Club and its genial emcee, Don McNeill, come across the line again this year and not by a photo finish either. Emanating from Chicago, this popular program has a unique feature—the Reverse Giveaway, which is designed to benefit needy families. The Breakfast Club is heard every Monday through Friday at 9:00 A.M. EST over ABC network stations.

Your Favorite WOMAN COMMENTATOR

There's only one Louella Parsons, fans will tell you. And their loyalty to Hollywood's gossip arbiter has made her this year's most popular woman commentator. Louella's the first one to hear anything worth telling and the first to tell anything worth hearing. That's what makes her program the most widely listened-to of its kind. It's on Sun., 9:15 P.M. EST, ABC.



FRED WARING



EVE ARDEN



ART LINKLETTER



ROBERT YOUNG



LUCILLE WALL



DEAN MARTIN



JERRY LEWIS



BILL SPIER

Your Favorite MUSICAL PROGRAM

One of the few who has been a three-time winner, Fred Waring continues to supply music that endures through the years. Fred and his Pennsylvanians have tried television, too, building up an appreciative audience among the devotees of that medium. The Fred Waring radio show is heard Sat. at 10:00 A.M. EST on NBC; on TV Sundays at 9:00 P.M. EST on CBS.

Your Favorite COMEDIENNE

Eve Arden makes the grade again as the fast-talking English teacher heroine of *Our Miss Brooks*. A winner last year, Eve's dynamic delivery of witty lines leaves her without a near rival in the favorite comedienne category. Eve doesn't limit herself to radio though. She's in movies and has been on the stage. As *Our Miss Brooks*, she is heard Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

Your Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Another possessor of seemingly permanent popularity is Art Linkletter, winner in the m.c. category last year, too. Art claims that his own offspring (five) gives him an insight into child psychology which makes it easier for him to handle the children who appear on his program. *House Party*, which Art conducts, is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS stations.

Your Favorite NEW PROGRAM

Father Knows Best (whether he does or doesn't) is the listeners' choice among new programs as the one they like best. And Robert Young, whose role calls for him to insist that father *does* know best, has some off-the-air experience to back him up (see page 48). *Father Knows Best*, with Robert Young as Jim Anderson, is heard Thursday evenings, 8:30 EST, NBC.

*More of the people
whom you, the reader=
listeners, have named
tops in their fields*

Your Favorite DAYTIME ACTRESS

Readers who voted *Portia Faces Life* their favorite daytime program also returned a majority of ballots for Lucille Wall who's been in the cast of *Portia* since it started on the air ten years ago. Lucille plays in other dramas but she's most closely identified with *Portia*, which is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EST over stations of the NBC network.

Your Favorite NEWCOMER TO RADIO

Dean Martin is the singing half of the zaniest comic team to come up in a long, long time. Playing the resort circuit as an individual entertainer, Dean met Jerry Lewis. It was a case of spontaneous comic combustion and before the boys left Atlantic City, it was Martin & Lewis, Inc. Though their radio show is off the air, you can see the pair cavorting on NBC television.

Your Favorite NEWCOMER TO RADIO

Jerry Lewis is the incorrigible half of the team that has had nightclub, movie and radio audiences in a state similar to stitches since hitting their stride. But the boys had to forget their lines in an unfunny situation at a Florida club last year—fire broke out and they helped fight it. Later, in the tradition of troupers, the boys finished their act on an improvised stage.

Your Favorite MYSTERY PROGRAM

Suspense's producer, Bill Spier, has been in radie since that industry was in its salad days. Chronologically, Bill was too, when he started out on a career which has earned him a top reputation in the field of chiller type dramas. *Suspense*, the favorite of *RADIO MIRROR* readers, is heard on Thursday evenings at 9:00 P.M. EST over stations of the CBS network.



WILLIAM KEIGHLEY



GROUCHO MARX



LOWELL THOMAS



BILL LAWRENCE



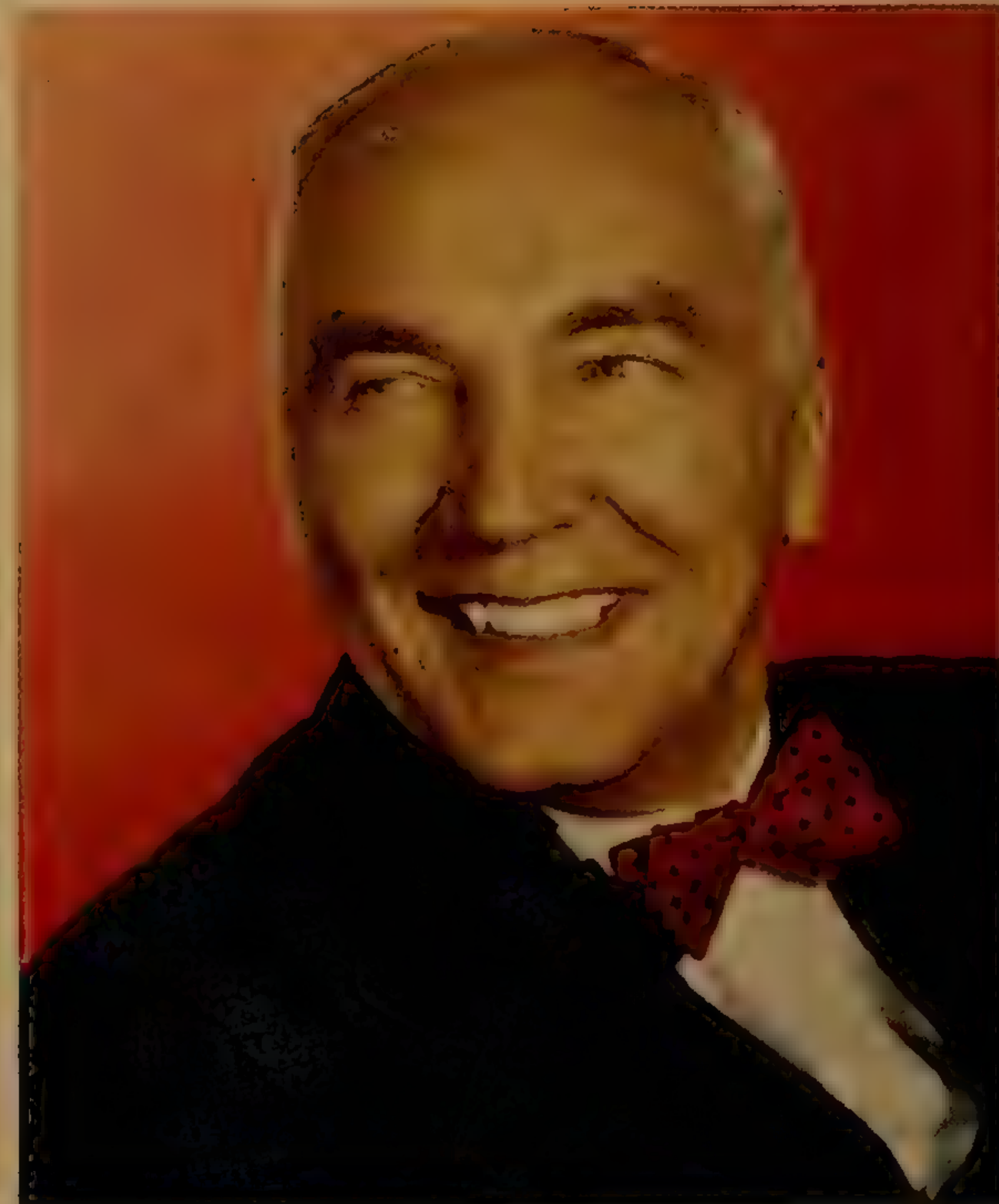
BILL STERN



GUY LOMBARDO



NILA MACK



GEORGE DENNY

Your Favorite DRAMATIC PROGRAM

Lux Radio Theatre is such a well-established favorite that it is difficult to think of any honors that haven't been accorded the show in its fifteen-year history. The readers of RADIO MIRROR send it their Award, too, and for the third straight year. Under William Keighley's guidance, the Radio Theatre is heard on Mondays at 9:00 P.M. EST over CBS stations.

Your Favorite QUIZ PROGRAM

You Bet Your Life, as anyone with a laugh meter knows, is probably the funniest quiz show on the air. And it's that highly unorthodox quizmaster, Groucho Marx, who can take the credit. His handling of You Bet Your Life helped it reach first place this year by an overwhelming majority. This quiz show to end all quiz shows is heard on Wed. at 9:00 P.M. EST on CBS.

Your Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR

Perennial favorite Lowell Thomas comes through again for the third straight year. And 1950 marks the twentieth year of broadcasting for the globe-trotting, adventure-seeking commentator. His daily 6:45 P.M. spot on CBS makes him the dinner companion of millions of Americans who find the Thomas presentation of the news an excellent way to keep well-informed.

Your Favorite MAN SINGER

Fulfilling the bright future that RADIO MIRROR readers foresaw when they voted him last year's most promising newcomer, Bill Lawrence sweeps into first place as this year's favorite man singer. The handsome young baritone is heard on the Arthur Godfrey show, M-F., 10:15 A.M. EST, CBS and on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Your Favorite RELIGIOUS PROGRAM

A religious program, when presented under non-religious auspices, must resolve the problem of being acceptable to all faiths. The Greatest Story Ever Told achieves this universal acceptance because its scripts, which dramatize the life and teachings of Christ, are subject to approval by a board of representative clergymen. It is heard Sun., 5:30 P.M. EST on ABC.

Your Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER

Bill Stern's colorful coverage of sports events makes him the favorite announcer in that field, an honor RADIO MIRROR readers have given to him three times. Although he's best known for bringing the big games into the parlor, Bill's daily program features little-known stories about well-known sports figures. It is heard Monday-Friday at 6:15 P.M. EST on NBC stations.

Your Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER

Styles in music come, styles in music go, but the one known as "the sweetest music this side of heaven" seems to go on forever. And its creator, Guy Lombardo, continues to be an enormous favorite among all types of people. Guy's orchestra, which recently completed its twentieth season at New York's Hotel Roosevelt, can be heard Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, MBS.

Your Favorite CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Let's Pretend, with its imaginative dramatizations of fairy tales, has been keeping youngsters enchanted for twenty years. And for the third straight time, it wins the RADIO MIRROR Award as the favorite children's program. Nila Mack, who originated Let's Pretend back in 1930, is the show's producer and director. It is heard every Saturday morning at 11:05 A.M. EST, CBS.

Your Favorite EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

Whatever the subject—and it could be anything from socialized medicine to world government—listeners to America's Town Meeting of the Air are certain to hear alive-ly, literate debate. Moderated by George V. Denny, whose tactfulness is as highly developed as a diplomat's, Town Meeting marks its fifteenth year on the air, its second award (Tues., 9 P.M. EST, ABC).

Godfrey—

Devotion unlimited is what Godfrey gets from his fans via letters and gifts—and Awards.



TOPS THEM ALL!

Arthur, his programs and performers,
take the lead in seven Award categories



Best PROGRAM ON THE AIR

In the all-embracing category, Arthur Godfrey Time wins hands down. Heard Monday-Friday, 10:15 A.M. EST on CBS, this program features Arthur and "the little Godfreys" in an hour and a quarter carnival of music, fun and commercials done in the easy-to-take Godfrey style.



Best TV PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Arthur Godfrey and His Friends is a video version of Arthur Godfrey Time. Telecast Wednesday evenings at 8:00 P.M. EST on CBS-TV, it features Bill Lawrence, Janette Davis, the Mariners, the Chordettes and Archie Bleyer's orchestra. Presiding, of course, is Arthur.



Your Favorite TV VARIETY SHOW

Arthur Godfrey and His Friends captures the Award in this category, too. With "the little Godfreys," guest stars and the advantage of a double-barreled projection of the Godfrey personality, Arthur's hour on the channels brings him closer to his admiring public.



Your Favorite RADIO VARIETY SHOW

Arthur Godfrey Time takes another award. This morning show, which has an enormous following among housewives, took the Award in the previous two years that RADIO MIRROR has been sponsoring reader-listener polls. It has enough talent to keep a dozen shows supplied.



Your Favorite TV MAN, NIGHT TIME

To define the exact reason for Arthur Godfrey's appeal is something that has been attempted by a number of observers, but nobody has given a satisfactory one except, possibly, the vast numbers of people who simply state that they "like him," and prove it by voting for him.



Your Favorite MALE SINGER

Last year RADIO MIRROR readers voted Bill Lawrence the most promising newcomer. This year he comes into his own as their favorite man singer. Bill, who first came into the Godfrey orbit on Talent Scouts, appears on the daily A.M. show and on the Wed. P.M. TV program.



Your Favorite ANNOUNCER

Tony Marvin handles all the announcing chores on the Godfrey shows, but his talents aren't limited to sending a few words here and there through the mike. Arthur frequently calls on him to lend his knowledge to whatever knotty question comes up. Versatile Tony sings, too.



Under Archie Bleyer's direction, Godfrey's bright young solo singers, Bill Lawrence and Janette Davis, rehearse.

Arthur Godfrey's unparalleled popularity makes

With ease and confidence and that comfortable grin of his, Arthur Godfrey has breezed through to win the RADIO MIRROR Awards in almost every category in which he was eligible to do so. Arthur's been a winner in the past, but he's one man who knows that laurels weren't made to sit on. His shows, winners for three straight years, continue to improve, offering more for the listening and watching effort than any other of their kind. While it's the Godfrey personality that makes them what they are, Arthur still insists on top-flight talent to supply the songs, music and fun that make his programs such outstanding entertainment.

And top-flight talent is what he has, whether it comes singly as in the cases of Bill Lawrence and Janette Davis or in quartets as with the Mariners and the Chordettes.

Bill, the bobby-soxers' delight from East St. Louis, has developed tremendously in the little over a year's time that he's been with the Godfrey shows. Still only twenty-three, he can look

Godfrey—

The Mariners quartet was formed during the war at a Coast Guard station. They hit their stride with Godfrey.



him the man of the year in both radio and TV

forward to a future unlimited, whether he remains with Arthur or strikes out on his own. His recent appearances at a New York theatre prove the latter—Bill's teen-age admirers filled long lines at the box office.

Janette Davis, Arthur's girl singer, started adorning his shows, both vocally and visually, in 1946. And although she had been starred in her own series for CBS, Janette prefers, at the moment, to stay on Arthur's programs.

The case of Arthur's quartets is another instance of the bonds of loyalty that exist between Godfrey and his performers. The Mariners elect to remain with his shows as a unit, although all have future ambitions which include solo concert singing.

The distaff quartet, the Chordettes, are a product of the Talent Scouts program. About them, Arthur gets sentimental and says: "When they hit those harmonies, the tears just roll out of my eyes."

Clearly, it's a case of mutual admiration and affection between Arthur and the "little Godfreys."



Arthur's Talent Scouts program discovered the four girls from Sheboygan who call themselves the Chordettes.

TOPS THEM ALL!

Godfrey's announcer, Tony Marvin, often pinch hits as his encyclopedia, too.



The invaluable Mug Richardson, Godfrey's girl Friday—and practically every other day—handles production of shows.

“THEY KNEW THEM WHEN”

By PAULINE SWANSON

There are two ways to learn about people. The best way, of course, is to know them personally. The second way, and the one that keeps the publishing business a flourishing one, is to listen to the stories told about them by people who do know them personally.

This month (April) Jim and Marian Jordan begin their sixteenth year as a radio team. Two of America's favorite people as Fibber McGee and Molly, the Jordans—as the Jordans—are celebrities nobody knows.

Nobody, that is, except their family, their co-workers and a few, fond, old friends.

When Jim and Marian crossed the Atlantic last summer on the Queen Mary, they enjoyed five days of complete privacy. As Mr. and Mrs. Jordan on the passenger list, they caused no more excitement than any other middle-class, Midwestern couple on a holiday. On the last day out, somebody discovered that the Jordans were Fibber McGee and Molly. The whole ship's company, passengers and crew, turned into autograph hounds. Everybody on board came to the Captain's party in honor of the “celebrities.” Jim and Marian had to lock themselves in their stateroom to get a minute's peace.

A few weeks later, in Paris' famous Ritz bar, a big-name-conscious headwaiter brushed off an insignificant looking American couple with a “Sorry, no tables.” Columnist Hedda Hopper, who observed the rebuff, whispered in his ear, “But they're Fibber McGee and Molly.”

“This way, sir,” the embarrassed captain beseeched the newly-important guests, and showed the Jordans to a ringside table.

Marian and Jim are accustomed by now to this double-take treatment. It happens all the time—and closer home than Paris.

A clerk in Saks Beverly Hills store failed to recognize Marian when she shopped there recently for a new spring suit.

“I love the blue,” Marian decided, but she hesitated. “Do you have many like it?” she asked, for she was planning to wear the suit at her broadcasts. “I wouldn't want to meet myself coming down the street.”

“Oh, no,” the clerk reassured her. “There was only one other suit like this.” And she added with unconscious rudeness, “And it was sold to somebody you'd never meet, Gracie Allen.”

The Jordans are not altogether unhappy about their status as uncelebrated celebrities. It gives them a chance to enjoy the fruits of their success without the usual accompanying gallery.

Their friends will tell you that Jim and Marian couldn't go Hollywood if they lived in the town for a hundred years.

“The Jordans clicked as Fibber McGee and Molly because they are Fibber McGee and Molly, typical cross section Americans,” Don Quinn, the humorist-psychologist-humanist who has written their program since its inception, will tell you.

They were broke when (Continued on page 80)

Now everyone knows the McGees and almost everyone knows the Jordans. This is about the days when hardly anyone did

Fibber McGee and Molly are heard Tues. 9:30 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsored by Johnson's Wax.

Your Favorite HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM

VIEW OF

Fibber and Molly

The McGees' "just folks" appeal is no more than a reflection of the off-the-air personalities of Jim and Marian Jordan.



ART LINKLETTER'S NONSENSE AND SOME-SENSE



THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY—

fifth month of the year, traditionally bringing forth the flowers nurtured by last month's showers . . . to the more practical-minded, May means the first tender young rhubarb, young shoots of asparagus, early-ripening strawberries . . . here are

four other ways to say the name of the month: Spanish, *mayo*; Portuguese, *maio*; French, *mai*; German, *Mai* . . . May's birthstone: emerald . . . flower-of-the-month: lily of the valley or hawthorn . . . finally—but first, as far as radio listeners are concerned—May's the issue of RADIO MIRROR in which the annual RADIO MIRROR Awards are announced!

* * *

OSCAR WILDE SAID IT:

"It is always a silly thing to give advice, but to give good advice is absolutely fatal."

* * *

QUICKIE QUIZ (AWARDS DIVISION)—

1. In the RADIO MIRROR Awards for 1947, '48 and '49 the same winner has taken each of the following categories each year—who are they? (a) favorite news commentator (b) favorite sports announcer (c) favorite dramatic program . . . 2. The RADIO MIRROR Awards are presented as a result of (a) a poll of radio editors (b) a poll of local radio station managers (c) radio listeners . . . 3. There are many new categories in the Awards this year because of (a) added interest in the voting (b) the many new programs on radio (c) growth of television has made new categories necessary which were not in existence before. (Answers on opposite page.)

VERSE—OR BETTER:

You told me, Maro, whilst you live
You'd not a single penny give,
But that, whene'er you chanced to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess!
Martial—40-104 A.D.

* * *



FUN AND GAMES (Awards Division):

As you know, the RADIO MIRROR Awards ballots are printed in the November and December issues of the magazine each year, and results of your voting are announced in the following May issue. Here's a suggestion—why not make yourself a next-to-the-radio chart of the various Awards categories, and fill in names of your favorites throughout the year.

Perhaps one name will remain on the list through the entire listening season: perhaps your choice in a certain category will change many times before voting time, but in any case you'll have your list ready when you fill in your RADIO MIRROR Awards ballots next fall. It might be interesting for each member of the family to keep his own separate list—see how likes and dislikes in radio listening can vary even in one family!

* * *

ST. LUKE SAID IT:

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much."
—Gospel According to St. Luke; 16-8.



Art Linkletter emcees House Party heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST over CBS stations. The program is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

Your favorite MASTER of CEREMONIES



IT HAPPENED ON HOUSEPARTY:

Linkletter: Where did you get your long hair?

Little girl: It grew.

Linkletter: How long has it been growing?

Little girl: Three thousand years.

Linkletter: Do you know what that makes you? A mummy!

Little girl: Well, I *will* be one—when I grow up!

* * *

IF YOU LIVE IN AN APARTMENT—

in Minneapolis, Minnesota, you may keep a goat in the apartment if you like. But if a mule's your choice of pet, you'll have to move—there's a law against it!

* * *

A LITTLE LEARNING (Awards Division)—

RADIO MIRROR doesn't, of course, stand alone in the giving of Awards each year. There are Awards given in just about every field of endeavor you can name—starting out with those of sister publications of RADIO MIRROR: SPORT Magazine's trophies for the Top Performers of the Year, and PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards in the field of the movies. Let's run down a few more of the Awards which are regularly presented: The Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes; the "Oscars" presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; the "Edgars" presented by the Mystery Writers of America, the Drama Critics' Circle theater selections, the George Foster Peabody Awards in Radio. There is, too, a multitude of less familiar names. Here are a representative few of the many: John Billings Fiske Annual Award For Poetry; Woodrow Wilson Award

for the best book on American Democracy; the Harriman Memorial Awards for effort toward conservation of human life on railroads; the American Institute of Architects Gold Medals. Finally, there are less impressively named and impressively purposed: The Pillsbury Mills Awards in Baking; the choice of Miss America, Mrs. America and Mr. America. And, there are "most valuable" awards in local communities—most valuable public servant, baseball player, etc. For some of these local heroes special days are set aside—query: shouldn't a special Arthur Godfrey day be set aside? That list of Awards he won!

* * *

IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN ON HOUSEPARTY:

Sometime shortly after this issue goes on sale April 12 you'll be hearing RADIO MIRROR'S Hollywood editor presenting Art Linkletter with his RADIO MIRROR Award as Favorite Master of Ceremonies of America's listening audiences!

* * *

"HERE LIES" DEPARTMENT:

A house she hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation,
Nor will the landlord ever raise her rent
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment;
From chimney-tax this cell is free,
To such a house who would not tenant be?
—On the grave of Rebecca Bogess, Folkstone, August 22, 1688

1. a. Lowell Thomas b. Bill Stern 3. Lux Radio Theatre
2. c. radio listeners
3. c. growth of television has made new categories necessary
which were not in existence before.

ANSWERS TO QUICKIE QUIZ

That's what the Original

Amateur Hour's emcee says he has.

Anyone who would dispute

him had better read this story first

By TED MACK



Ted with aid David Bogart. Like the postman who carries it, nothing stops the mail from coming into Ted's office.

Ted does the honors, and Regina Resnik, opera star, gets the first piece of cake at a recent celebration. Dennis James, l.



Best





A constant line of hopefuls identifies the hall leading to auditioning room. Despite tension, aspirants seem calm.



Ted has headgear—gifts from fans—for all occasions. His secretary, Mildred Witt, tries one just for size.

JOB IN THE WORLD

I felt a tingle run right up my spine as I watched the audience stand up to cheer. It was an emotional response that came from their hearts. But the cheering wasn't for me. It was for Gladys Watts from Louisville, Kentucky.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," she said.

And it was, for her years of singing as an amateur were over. This wasn't the perfunctory handclap of a group of friends or the professional approval of a critic. The people had given their stamp of approval and it was the happiest moment of her life as that one moment is for every other man or woman in show business.

That's why as Master of Ceremonies on the Original Amateur Hour I think that I have the most wonderful job in the world. I would rather be Ted Mack than President. The moment an artist arrives, moving from amateur to professional status, you can see it in the eyes of everyone in the studio. And if you sing spirituals from the heart like Gladys Watt, a blind girl, you can feel it in the air.

Gladys will be one of the finalists on the June program this year and there is little doubt that she will go on to fame as have many other amateurs who have appeared on our program: the Sinatras and the Mimi Benzells, the Vera-Ellens and Robert Merrills, the Paula Kellys and Paul Winchells. But there is a philosophy behind the Amateur Hour that is responsible for the success of the program and its contestants.

"The show must truly be the personal property of the great American public," said the late Major Bowes.

And it is. The program stays on the air only so long as it is popular. The amateurs who will go on to fame in radio, stage and screen are chosen not by Broadway producers but by the votes of the public. We do everything possible to conduct the Original Amateur Show according to the basic tenets of democracy, for in show business people are judged only by their talent and heart. The story of Wee Willie Smith is one of our proudest examples.

Willie was only one of. (Continued on page 92)

Your Favorite AMATEUR PROGRAM

The Original Amateur Hour: Thurs. 9 P.M. EST, ABC; on TV, Tues. 10 P.M. EST, WNBT. Sponsored by Old Gold cigarettes.

Father Is Best !

But whether he knows best is something

Bob Young's real family leaves to his radio family

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Every Thursday evening, NBC sends over the air a delightful story entitled *Father Knows Best*, starring Robert Young.

Father Knows Best deals, as its millions of listeners will explain to you during the first pause for station identification, with the alternate triumphs and frustrations of a parent beset by "the younger generation."

Before discussing the program's star, it should be pointed out that radio has never been troubled—as the motion picture industry has—by type casting. Everyone knows and accepts the fact that Jack Benny is really open-handed; that Vera Vague, far from being a man-hungry spinster, is a beautiful woman who has been thrice married; that Hopalong Cassidy is as much at home in dinner clothes as in black boots and double holsters.

It is amazing, therefore, to realize that Bob Young as "Father" is an example of radio type casting. In private life he is the trousered half of the parents of Carol Ann, sixteen, of Barbara Queen, twelve, of Betty Lou, seven, and of Kathy, four.

These statistics, regarded analytically, still astonish Bob and his svelte, auburn-haired wife, Betty. They are young, gay, glamorous people who fell in love and were married. The years passed, swift as the course of a happy day, and abruptly the house was full of four Young young ladies demanding bedtime stories, pony rides, new dresses, ice cream parties, music lessons, permission to have dates, and advice from Father.

The growing-up process in the Young home has never been one-sided. While Father has been bringing up his daughters, the daughters have often brought up Father—short.

For instance: several years ago the beloved nurse who had taken care of Mrs. Young during her childhood and who had reared Mrs. Young's mother, came to visit. The nurse was nearly eighty, but her bright eyes were observant and her quick mind was eager to be assured that life was going smoothly for Betty and for the children whom the nurse regarded as great-granddaughters once removed.

She had seen few motion pictures, but she gathered from the appearance of the home that the father of the family was doing well.

"So your husband is successful. Splendid! Splendid! Obviously he works steadily and he is kind to you and the children. He must be generous; I can tell that from your clothing and the fine table you set. Yes, I can see that you have married well," she observed, beaming. "Your husband must be a wonderful man."

At this happy point one of the smaller children, determined to join the conversation with a comment that would arrest attention, chirped resoundingly, "And sometimes, when he first wakes up in the morning, Daddy is as cross as a bear!"

One of the older children promptly qualified this revelation. "That's only until he has coffee. After coffee, he lets us do anything."

This description of Bob's (Continued on page 78)

Father Knows Best, with Robert Young, is heard Thurs. 8:30 P.M. EST, on NBC. Sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee.

Your Favorite NEW PROGRAM

Rob Young and the women
in his life: wife Betty,
daughters Kathleen, Bar-
bara, Betty Lou. Another
daughter is away at school.



Does a WORKING WIFE

This month's daytime serial problem-question is one which has been raging since the "emancipation" of women and perhaps long before—perhaps since an early cave woman decided that she could get more lion skins in which to drape herself if she went out and did her own hunting!

Sometimes a wife takes a job, or continues with the one she had before marriage, from absolute necessity, in order to keep the family together. Sometimes she works because the money she earns means a difference between "just getting by" and providing some of the comforts, the important little things, that women want their families to have.

Sometimes a woman—a selfish one—works for herself alone, to buy expensive clothes and other luxuries that she wants, and feels that she deserves. Women like that, fortunately for home life, are few and far between.

Portia Manning is one of the women who has had, off and on ever since her marriage, to work because of necessity. As a lawyer, her skills have often been called upon to help people near and dear to her, who might otherwise have been unjustly punished for crimes or offenses which they did not commit. Much of the time she has devoted to law she would have preferred to devote to Walter, her husband, and to her son. She feels that she may have in some way cheated them, by working, of the things that a woman means to her family, and of time which, for their good and hers, should have been spent with them.

Each month, RADIO MIRROR puts before its readers-listeners a problem which confronts a daytime serial favorite of theirs. This month's problem is one which has troubled Portia Manning, of Portia Faces Life, ever since her marriage—is she, by her work as a lawyer, cheating her family of some of the love, the care, that is to be expected of a wife and mother? Perhaps you, or someone you know, has been faced with this same problem—perhaps you can offer Portia advice from your own experience. Listen to Portia Faces Life each day on NBC; refresh your memory with the brief story of Portia's life presented on the following pages. Then answer the question: Does a Working Wife Cheat Her Family?

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$50.00 FOR
THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!

Turn to the next page to read Portia Manning's story.

*Can a woman—Portia or
any other woman—
give a husband and child
all the loving care
and attention they need
when she is torn
between the demands of
home and career?*

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL

Cheat Her Family?



Yearning to participate in the fun Walter and Dickie share, Portia, as a busy and sought-after Parkerstown lawyer, often has to exclude herself in order to work on important case briefs.

Do you believe that women like Portia, no matter how hard they



Portia—who, contrary to her own wishes, continues with her work.



Walter—wants Portia to concentrate on being wife and mother.



Miss Daisy—a trusted family friend rather than a servant.

Radio Mirror will purchase readers' best answers to the question: "Does A Working Wife Cheat Her Family?" For the best answer, \$25.00; the five next-best \$5.00 each.

On these pages you will learn more about the life of Portia Manning and her family.

Ever since her marriage to Walter Manning, Portia has desired above all else to give up her career as a lawyer and to devote her entire time to making a home for Walter and the two children. But each time that the goal is near, circumstances intervene to bring Portia back to her law work. Often she asks herself: would our lives be different if I could not work—if I had no talents, no training? How much better a wife and mother could I be if I simply stayed at home?

Does a working wife cheat her family? What do you think? State your reasons, either in agreement or disagreement, in a letter of no more than one hundred words; address it to Portia, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter and will purchase it for \$25.00 for publication in the August issue; they will choose the five next-best letters, purchase them for \$5.00 each. Opinion of the editors will be final; no letters will be returned. Letters must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1950. The coupon below should accompany your letter.

NAME
STREET or BOX
CITY or P. O. STATE

Some years ago, when young Portia Blake was left a widow, she turned gratefully to her training as a lawyer, for she had to support herself and her small son, Dickie. Through her work she met Walter Manning, then a reporter in Parkerstown. They fell in love and planned to be married.

As young people in love so often do, Walter and his bride-to-be discussed their plans for the future and talked of what their life together would be like. One of the important points in their dreaming of the days to come was this: Portia would give up her practice of law; she would be a wife and a mother, a homemaker whose chief interest lay in her family. Through a long series of troubles, and though they have been a number of times separated (including the time Walter spent in the service of his country during the war), Portia and Walter have always clung to the hope that someday—soon—Portia will be able to give up forever her work as a lawyer, devote herself entirely to her family.

Up to the present, this hasn't been possible, with the exception of a few brief periods. Before they were married, Walter went to Europe as a war correspondent and Portia, alone again, fell back on her work as both support and solace, for Walter had been tricked, before he left, into promising to marry another girl. Unhappy and lonely, Portia met a doctor who fell in love with her—and who was murdered in circumstances which seemed to point to Portia as the murderer. She was saved by the last-minute confession of a girl who, in turn, Portia defended; Portia won an acquittal based on self-defense.

Free of entanglements, Portia welcomed back Walter, who returned to the United States—only to learn that the man she had welcomed was a spy, Walter's double. However, the true Walter came back in time to upset the plot. Released from his promise to the other girl, Walter married Portia, and

not to deprive their families when they must work outside the home?



Christopher—Walter Manning's attractive, successful brother.



Cathy Baker—childhood friendship with Portia remains steady.



Bill Baker—Cathy's husband, now a close friend of Walter Manning.

then returned to his important work in Europe.

Not long afterward came a report of Walter's death. Lonely and embittered at finding herself widowed a second time, Portia drifted into an engagement with a Dr. Byron, with whom her friend Cathy was in love. Jealous, Cathy kept from her the news that Walter was alive, a patient in a hospital. Walter read of his wife's plans for marriage to Byron, managed to get out of the hospital and return to Parkerstown.

Once more, Portia and Walter settled down, but Portia's services as a lawyer were again required—now in defense of Elaine Arden, who had accidentally killed Dr. Byron. Portia won an acquittal and the grateful Elaine cleared Walter of a cloud which had troubled the Mannings, for she had tried to make it appear that Walter was falling in love with her.

The Mannings were reunited; Portia went to Hollywood with Walter; a book of his had been bought by a film company. After their return to Parkerstown Walter was assigned by the motion picture company to go overseas to make a documentary film. Portia stayed behind to defend their friend, Mark Randall, who was being held on a trumped-up murder charge.

Finally Portia and Walter have settled down to the quiet home life they have longed for. Dickie, who has been cared for by Miss Daisy during the time Portia has had to be away from him, now has a baby sister, Shirley. Shortly after the birth of the little girl, Walter was accused of murder, but Portia's skill as a lawyer brought the real criminal to justice.

Now, in the Manning household, all seems well, despite the fact that Christopher, Walter's brother, has turned up, and has fallen in love with Portia.

Portia considers her family—her husband, her small daughter, her sturdy young son—and thinks: this is the way life was meant to be. A woman should be a wife, a mother. That is the vocation she is meant for, the way of life in which she can find happiness.

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WROTE THE BEST LETTERS OF ADVICE TO DR. JIM BRENT, ROAD OF LIFE, IN FEBRUARY'S DAYTIME SERIAL PROBLEM.

In February Radio Mirror, reader-listeners were told in brief the story of Dr. Jim Brent, of Road of Life, and were asked the question: "How Much Can A Man Forgive?" Radio Mirror editors have chosen the best answers, and checks have been sent as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS to Mrs. Albert Dickie, Ellsworth, Wisconsin, for the following letter:

Dr. Jim's, or any man's, ability to forgive is in direct relationship to his own emotional maturity, bigness of heart, and understanding of the everyday problems of human beings. Emotional maturity develops from knowing and appreciating the normalcy of undesirable, as well as desirable, characteristics, and accepting and forgiving them in turn, extending sympathy, strength and praise as each is needed. Dr. Jim realizes that sympathy, understanding and faith defeats wrong motives and gives rise to new strength. His forgiveness will find its reward in Beth's new, changed grasp on life, and in himself, who experiences the strength of forgiveness.

TEN DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to: Katherine M. Small, Eatonville, Washington; Alberta Helton, Kingsport, Tennessee; Marguerite Nixon, Beaumont, Texas; Mrs. Ann Abel, Lansing, Michigan; Virginia Fischer, Staunton, Illinois.

Road of Life is heard M-F, 3:15 P.M., EST, NBC, sponsored by Crisco.

RADIO MIRROR TELE



When Fran first got into radio, people were so intrigued with her "Aunt Fanny" character that she very seldom got a chance to sing.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, with Fran Allison, is heard on NBC-TV stations at 7 P. M., EST, Monday through Friday, sponsored by RCA-Victor and Sealtest.



VISION SECTION

Three loves has Fran Allison: Kukla, Ollie—and Archie. Here is the story of Fran and the man who doesn't mind a bit being third on the list!

Three loves has Fran. She also lives three lives, simultaneously. Capsuled, that's the story back of Fran Allison, whom RADIO MIRROR readers have just named their favorite night-time television actress. Because those lives have been publicly isolated from each other, her career is punctuated by question marks which keep two rival networks and two competitive sponsors busy answering letters which ask "Who is Fran Allison, anyway?"

Officially, for the record, her loves are Kukla, Ollie and Archie. Privately, the order is reversed—Archie Levington takes precedence, both by time and by marriage.

There's no conflict about it, for Archie, too, confesses to multiple affections. He loves all three of her personalities: Fran, of NBC's fabulously popular Kukla, Fran and Ollie; Aunt Fanny of ABC's perennial Breakfast Club, and Mrs. Archie Levington, who presides over his household.

It sounds complicated, but to Archie and Fran it is beautifully simple. They love each other; consequently, anything one does the other shares.

Their romance, fittingly enough, began in the NBC studio in Chicago in 1937, when Archie Levington, a song plugger for Leeds Music Company, tucked his top new tune under his arm and set out to meet the girl staff singer, newly come from Iowa.

In the opinion of Philadelphia-born Archie, vocally as well as agriculturally, "Iowa" and "corn" were definitely synonymous. Gossip, which travels faster in show (Continued on page 94)

Fran's the Favorite

—Favorite NIGHT TV STAR, WOMAN



Kuklapolitans—top to bottom: Kukla and Ollie, Col. Cracky and Madame Ooglepuss, Fletcher Rabbit.



JOHNNY OLSEN



PENNY OLSEN



PEGGY WOOD



MILTON BERLE

Your Favorite DAYTIME TV MAN

Rumpus Room emcee Johnny Olsen's friendliness and charm put him way out in front as the favorite daytime TV man. And it seems only natural that the same qualities won a majority of votes for his wife, Penny Olsen, in the corresponding category. Between them, they make the Rumpus Room one of the most rollicking of daytime TV shows. It's telecast Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M. over the Dumont Television Network.

Your Favorite DAYTIME TV WOMAN

The winner in this category is the girl Johnny Olsen calls his "Million-Dollar Penny," the girl he wooed in Wisconsin and married in Iowa. Right now the Olsens seem anchored in New York, what with their TV show and their radio programs. Penny has been singing on radio since she was six, and the high point of any Rumpus Room show are the duets she and Johnny sing to fit titles called out to them by studio audiences.

*Some of the TV stars
and programs you've
chosen to receive
this year's Awards*

Your Favorite TV DRAMA

Although it's been on the channels only since last July, Mama's appeal was immediate, and its award was won by a huge majority. The characters in Mama were familiar to the public long before they reached TV. Created by Kathryn Forbes in the novel, *Mama's Bank Account*, they moved onto the stage and screen under the title, "I Remember Mama." Mama, with Peggy Wood in the title role, is on Fri., 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

Your Favorite TV COMEDY SHOW

The Texaco Star Theater, with Milton Berle, is the only two-time winner of a RADIO MIRROR TV Award. Last year, when there was only one television award given, and that for the best show, Berle's brand of comedy won your vote by an overwhelming majority. This year, with twelve awards to cover TV's Topsy-like growth, the Star Theater again earns an Award. It's telecast Tuesday at 9:00 P.M. EST on the NBC television network.



Pert and pretty Betty Ann Grove is the comic song stylist on STM.



STM male vocalist is Texan Jimmie Blaine, ex-army air corps officer.

How to

Anyone can do it, says the man who picks the mystery tune, and it could be you! Let Harry Salter tell you what to do if the phone rings and you hear the words "... Stop The Music calling..."

By HARRY SALTER

Everyone has a chance to name the mystery melody on Stop the Music and win the jackpot. Here's one proof of it that also explains what makes my hair turn gray.

As musical director and one of the originators of Stop the Music it has always been my job to select the mystery tune. Sometimes a melody runs through my head that I've known since childhood but for the life of me I can't remember the name. In the case of the mystery melody, "Upon St. Paul's Steeple," it took me and three experts a month to trace the correct title.

When we played the melody for the first Sunday I felt rather tickled. The musicians, producers and studio audience were completely baffled. The simple chimes, I thought, would really keep the nation on its ear but the next night I had my ego punctured.

I was sitting at the dinner table when my wife asked, "Is the name of the mystery melody 'Upon St. Paul's Steeple?'"

I nearly choked but finally recovered to ask, "How did you find out?"

Roberta grinned and explained, "The little girl in

the apartment upstairs found it in Schirmer's Elementary Piano Book. It's her piano lesson."

That's what I mean. Anyone, man, woman or child, has a chance of winning the jackpot so don't freeze-up some evening when you answer the telephone and hear a female voice say, "This is the Stop the Music operator in New York City calling—"

If you're a normal person, not allergic to winning magnificent prizes, you'll likely miss a heartbeat, feel your knees buckling and, as you grope for the nearest chair, ask someone to bring you a glass of water or something stronger.

The operators, prepared for temporary panic, know that nine out of ten people who answer will be nearly paralyzed with surprise for STM—as we call it—has created more national excitement than any other game or contest in the country.

Since early 1948, STM has teased and tormented people from every walk of life. A prominent Wall Street financier regularly tries to wheedle the name of the mystery melody from one of the producers. Senators, harassed by their constituents for the title, in turn belabor clerks at the (Continued on page 83)

Your Favorite TV QUIZ SHOW

Stop the Music!



Familiar sight to Stop the Music viewers: emcee Bert Parks on phone, musical director Harry Salter poised on podium, ready to lead the orchestra in the strains of the mystery tune. Harry, who gives some useful hints here for stopping the music, was one of the originators of the program.

Stop the Music: Thurs. 8:00 P.M. EST, WJZ-TV. Sponsored by the Admiral Corp. and Old Gold cigarettes.



JANETTE DAVIS



ARTHUR GODFREY



ESTELLE LORING



BOB SMITH and HOWDY DOODY

RADIO MIRROR AWARDS

Your Favorite TV VARIETY SHOW

Though strictly a pro now, it was an amateur contest that gave Godfrey's vivacious vocalist, Janette Davis, her first break in a career that led her to the program that wins an award as your favorite TV variety show. Janette, along with musical colleagues Bill Lawrence, the Mariners and the Chordettes, supplies songs on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, which is telecast on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. EST over the CBS television network.

Your Favorite TV MAN, NIGHT

There's just no one on TV or radio who can begin to approach the popularity of the Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. redhead named Godfrey. Arthur, who could stay on the channels twenty-four hours a day and still find appreciative audiences, wins Awards for the third straight year. Among other things, he's out on top as the favorite nighttime TV man for Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST and for his variety show, Wed., 8 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

*More of the TV stars
and programs you've
elected to receive
this year's Awards*

Your Favorite TV QUIZ SHOW

Estelle Loring is one of the few vocalists, if not the only one, on television who can dangle a Phi Beta Kappa key from her charm bracelet. A Cornell graduate who almost became a lawyer, Estelle heard about a role in a Broadway chorus. In the usual fashion, one thing led to another and she now shares Stop the Music songs with Betty Ann Grove and Jimmy Blaine. STM, Award-winning TV quiz show, is on Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, WJZ-TV.

Your Favorite TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Howdy Doody has won almost enough awards to match the freckles on his cute little face. When he was told about this newest honor from RADIO MIRROR readers, he ran his hands through his red hair and said, "Well, gee, Mister Smith, will you tell the kids and their mothers and fathers who voted for me that all the folks who work on the Howdy Doody show, thank them very, very much!" (M-F., 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV.)



In 1929, young housewife Gertrude Berg wrote her first script about the members of a family named Goldberg.



Anybody who was anyone received a greeting on radio from Norman Brokenshire. Here with a Miss America.

RADIO'S

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

1928: Three things happened in 1928 that were of enormous significance to the future of radio.

The first feature-length, all-talking film "The Lights of New York," produced by Warner Brothers, was one. They used the Vitaphone process, a method of synchronizing records with silent film, and the sound was terrible. The S's hissed out of the loud speakers like escaping steam, and frequently the records and the picture went separate ways with dismaying effect. There was no doubt about it though. Talkies were here to stay. Al Jolson's second film, "The Singing Fool," was rushed out. It was a sensation. People went back half a dozen times to hear him sing "Sonny Boy" and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Overnight, most of the "silent" stars were on the shelf. Stage and concert players packed the trains going west. Radio had to meet two challenges at once—the rivalry of the fascinating new talkies, and the need to find a whole new set of stars and find them in a hurry.

There was a big change in politics, too.

Al Smith, "the man in the brown derby," went on the "raddio" in his (Continued on page 86)



Big innovation was the portable mike. Plus-four clad Ted Husing gave golf fans an eighteen hole account.

OWN LIFE STORY



First of the crooners to create a clamor was Rudy Vallee. Here with the Connecticut Yankees and Graham McNamee is the man whose admirers cherished his greeting, "Heigh-Ho Everybody," and knew every word of the songs he made famous.



Clem McCarthy's reputation as a great turf reporter was established with the first Kentucky Derby broadcast.



American life regulated itself to leave a free period from 7:00 to 7:15 P.M. The reasons: Amos 'n' Andy.

Love, as the poets point out, is blind. Sometimes, as with Martha

Looking at Martha—which the whole city was doing—it was almost impossible to conceive that those soft, frightened dark eyes had ever blazed with murderous fury, or that those delicate fingers had once gripped a knife and plunged it deep, again and again, into the body of a man. Looking at her husband, Don, as he sat quietly beside her in the courtroom, the very model of a serious-minded, undramatic young businessman, it was equally impossible to believe that he had helped her.

Yet so the state prosecution contended. And such is the power of words . . . by the time District Attorney Noble was halfway through his case, you couldn't believe they hadn't done it. My boss Perry Mason knew they were innocent, and so did I—partly because Perry never defended a client he thought was guilty, and partly because I was used to discounting the magic power of words, which could pull you this way or that way. I had learned to look beyond them, and go by feel alone. But the jury was something else again. As Perry said, he could hardly go up to them and say "Look here, friends. You've got to let these youngsters go. My secretary Della Street knows instinctively that they're not guilty, and Della's instinct is never wrong."

If we get right down to it, Perry doesn't believe in instinct himself. Not my instincts. When *he* has one, he calls it a hunch, so of course that makes it okay to go ahead and act on it. Don't get me wrong—when it comes to pure brain power, the chief is as sharp a lawyer and as intelligent a human being as you're likely to find. But golly, how much easier my life would be if he'd just once, just for five minutes, relax that brain and let his feelings go to work. Practically everyone I know is dumber than he is, but they all caught on long ago that Perry Mason's secretary is in love with the boss. So I figure it doesn't take brains, and I keep on hoping that one day, maybe when he's very tired after a long, hard courtroom battle . . . when he doesn't really know what he's saying . . . his instinct will take over. He'll look at me as if he's never seen me before and say, "Why, *Della*, you love me! And I love you! What are we waiting for?"

All right, call it a daydream. But I'm still hoping. Still, if it ever happens, it'll be another story . . . and this one is about Martha and Don Smith.

We got into it before they were married. Martha was Martha Herold then. She was also gentle, quietly lovely—and worried to death, like so many other people who turn up

in Perry's busy downtown office. She had all the symptoms I've come to recognize: the pale lips, the twisted handkerchief, the rigid perch on the edge of the anteroom chair. When a client like that shows up I don't keep him or her waiting. One of them, a long time ago, had a nervous collapse right there beside my desk, and the little men in white coats had to take her away. So now, when I see a client as tense as that, I shove her through to the chief.

Her approach, like her manner, was a textbook example of what we get too often. "I have a friend," she began. Perry and I exchanged a brief glance. We got those "friends" every day, and nine out of ten of them never existed. We knew from the outset that Martha's problem was not her friend's, but her own.

As problems go, it wasn't so bad. A man named Wilfred Palmer had been blackmailing her since 1944. She wanted to know what to do about it.

"Go to the police," Perry said. "Oh, I can't!" Martha exclaimed. (She said 'my friend can't', but I didn't bother putting that in my notes so I won't bother with it here.) "You don't understand. I know it's the right thing to do, but now—right now especially—I just can't risk having it all stirred up again."

Perry grinned reassuringly. "Short



Della Street: Perry's secretary.



Don Smith: confused young lover.



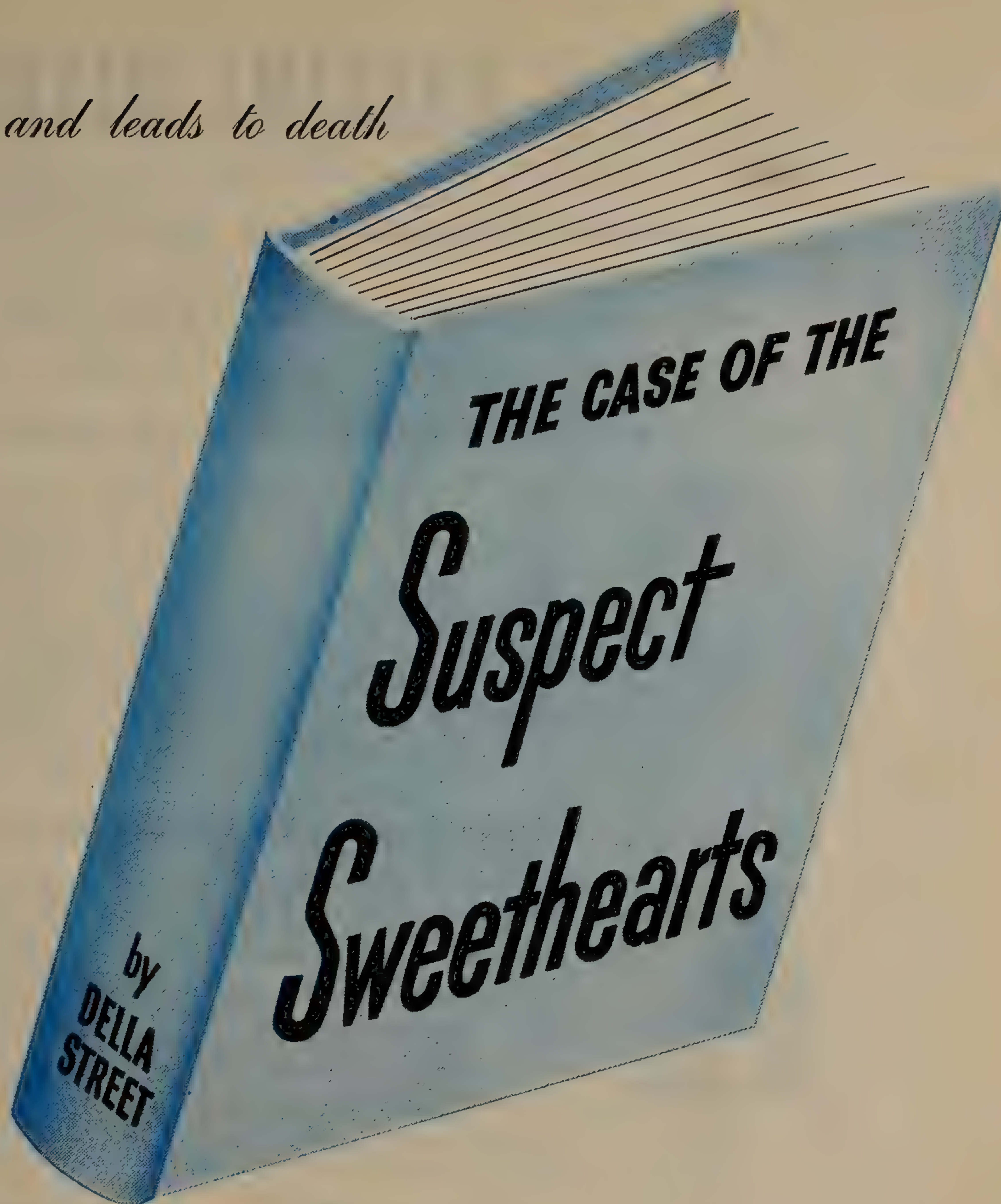
Martha Herold: suspect sweetheart.

and Don, it's dangerous and leads to death

of murder, you can't have done anything so terrible. Believe me, whatever it was you'll be better off with the police than you will if you go on squeezing blood out of stones to pay off this guy."

"I didn't do anything. That's the hideous thing," Martha Herold said. There was a silence while she studied first Perry's face, then mine. Then she cleared her throat. "I'll tell you what happened, and then you'll see—the only wrong I've committed is that I'm a coward. I come from Hilton Falls. It's a really small small-town, you've probably never heard of it. I was a cashier in a bank there, and I guess I was kind of a popular girl. Anyway, the boss's son used to take me out now and then. It didn't mean a thing. We were just friends. I was as happy as anyone when he got engaged." She shook her head incredulously. "I still can't believe that engagement was the beginning of the end of my happiness. Why, he didn't mean a thing to me! When he invited me to go along on a week-end yachting party to celebrate his engagement, I never thought of refusing. His fiancée was along, and his dad—oh, at least six other people." Her voice, which had been under good control, began to go shaky.

I put a cup of water at her elbow, and she thanked me with a look that had tears (Continued on page 98)



Allyn Whitlock: what did she know?



Perry Mason: duty before love.

Perry Mason, hero of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery novel series, is heard on CBS, M-F 2:15 P.M. EST. John Larkin, winner of this year's daytime serial actor award, plays the title role in Perry Mason (Sponsored by Tide).

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR—



READER BONUS

R
M

DAYTIME DIARY

Up-to-the-minute reviews of all the daytime dramas—cast, background and recent events. You'll find it a good guide to good listening

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M.

CAST: Aunt Jenny, noted in Littleton for two important things—her cooking and her stories.

BACKGROUND: Visiting in Aunt Jenny's kitchen, announcer Dan Seymour and the other listeners who hear Aunt Jenny every week day have heard the story of Miss Emma, the retired spinster who found, when she left the Metropole Trust Company after thirty-five years of employment there, that the world was a very lonely place. After several heartbreaking attempts to make a life for herself, Miss Emma finally discovered a

young widower, Mr. Hawkins, who needed her as much as she needed him. As an "adopted grandmother" and companion to his motherless youngsters, Miss Emma found a new and heartening meaning in her lonely existence.

RECENTLY: Aunt Jenny is now telling the story of Phil Gibson, whose recollection of his poverty-ridden childhood is so acute that he is willing to do anything to "get ahead." Will Phil continue to be ruthless in his ambitions even if they bring him to the edge of illegality and ruin his marriage?

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Mary Noble
heard on
NBC 4:00 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, popular Broadway actor; Rupert Barlow, wealthy backer of Larry's show; Julia Dixon, Rupert's housekeeper; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent.

BACKGROUND: In spite of the fact that Mary and Larry are happily married and very much in love, Rupert Barlow allows his interest in Mary to develop to the dangerous point where he is eager to do anything to break up the Noble marriage and get Mary for himself. His last plan—to have Beatrice Dunmore spread gossip involving

herself and Larry—fails because of Mary's firm belief in her husband.

RECENTLY: Now Rupert has embarked on another plan. He has convinced Larry that he and Rupert must be seen around town together and spend much of their time together, for professional reasons. In this way he can continue to achieve his real purpose—to see as much as possible of Mary. But Julia Dixon has been long frustrated in her attempt to win Barlow's love. Will his interest in Mary be the spark that will drive Julia to some desperate action?

BIG SISTER



Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1:00 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne of Glen Falls; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's friend and associate; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Ken Morgan, disillusioned young member of the Health Centre staff; Mary Winters, young widow in love with Ken.

BACKGROUND: The feud between John and Reed comes to a crisis when Valerie, who had switched from John to another doctor during her pregnancy, suffers a miscarriage. John's response to Reed's cry for help alters things, and enables Ruth to be with Valerie in the latter's trouble.

RECENTLY: Ken's despair over the fickleness of Carol, whom he loved, may react unpleasantly for Mary Winters. Sensing that Mary is becoming too fond of him, Ken appeals to Ruth to explain to the young widow—who is also his landlady—that he has no love left to give any woman, and to warn Mary to forget him. Meanwhile, trouble arrives for Neddie, Ruth's brother, as his flamboyant wife Hope comes back to town. And trouble for Neddie means trouble for his big sister Ruth. How will she handle Hope's reappearance?

BRIGHTER DAY



Babby
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, who mothers the rest of her family—her father, Reverend Richard Dennis; her sisters, Althea (married to Bruce Bigby), Patsy, and Babby; her brother, Grayling.

BACKGROUND: Even gentle Liz is forced to recognize that Althea married Bruce not for love but for money, when Althea pretends to be pregnant in order to force Mr. Bigby Sr. to supply bigger checks. After an attempt by Liz and Poppa Dennis to talk Althea into confessing her deception, the determined young woman falls—or throws

herself—down a flight of stairs. Thus the "baby" is disposed of, and Bruce is none the wiser until the doctor innocently reveals that there never was a baby.

RECENTLY: Althea turns even this to her advantage, putting the blame for her lies on her fear of Bruce's rich family. But Grayling has had enough of his sister's duplicity. He tells Bruce the whole truth. Bruce fights a losing battle with himself. He is prepared to take Althea back when Liz, heartened by Grayling's stand, talks him into leaving Althea for his own good.

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly, his sister; Brian and Susan Wells, young friends of David's; Zeke Swinney, Brian's father; Larry Graham, who loves Susan Wells.

BACKGROUND: Long ago Brian changed his name in an effort to disassociate himself from his ne'er-do-well father. But now Zeke is back in town, having managed to gain control of the newspaper Brian worked so hard to build up. After a fight with his father Brian develops amnesia, and Zeke convinces him that he is really "Tom

Bridges," wanted for murder. Knowing his father only as "Mr. Smith," Brian takes his advice and disappears. Will Susan ever learn that in Philadelphia, as "Tom Bridges," he has fallen in love with a girl named Amy Weston?

RECENTLY: In Brian's disappearance Larry Graham sees his chance to win Susan. His love and protection are so welcome to the distraught girl that she gives Brian up for dead and looks ahead to the possibility of marrying Larry. But David, unconvinced of Brian's death, continues to investigate.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME



Lela Wallingford
heard on
NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Dorothy Dix, well-known counselor on personal problems; John, her nephew; Roxanne Wallingford, young heiress who is attracted by John, but cannot seem to pull away from gangster Sherman Lang.

BACKGROUND: John Dix, almost against his will finds the madcap Roxanne hauntingly appealing. But Lang grimly tightens his own hold on Roxanne. Dorothy Dix herself is uncertain how to advise her nephew, for Lang has revealed himself as a strong, ruthless but in many ways admirable personality, and she suspects that he and

Roxanne might find happiness together. **RECENTLY:** On her way to the Adirondacks, Roxanne stops at Greenfield to see John, and is caught with him in a disaster during which a bridge is washed out. Roxanne is impressed by the business-like manner in which John, who is working on a Greenfield newspaper, covers the story. But it is through John's story that Lang learns Roxanne was with John against his orders. Before Lang can get Roxanne back to New York, she is put to bed, with a dangerously high fever, at the home of Dorothy Dix.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

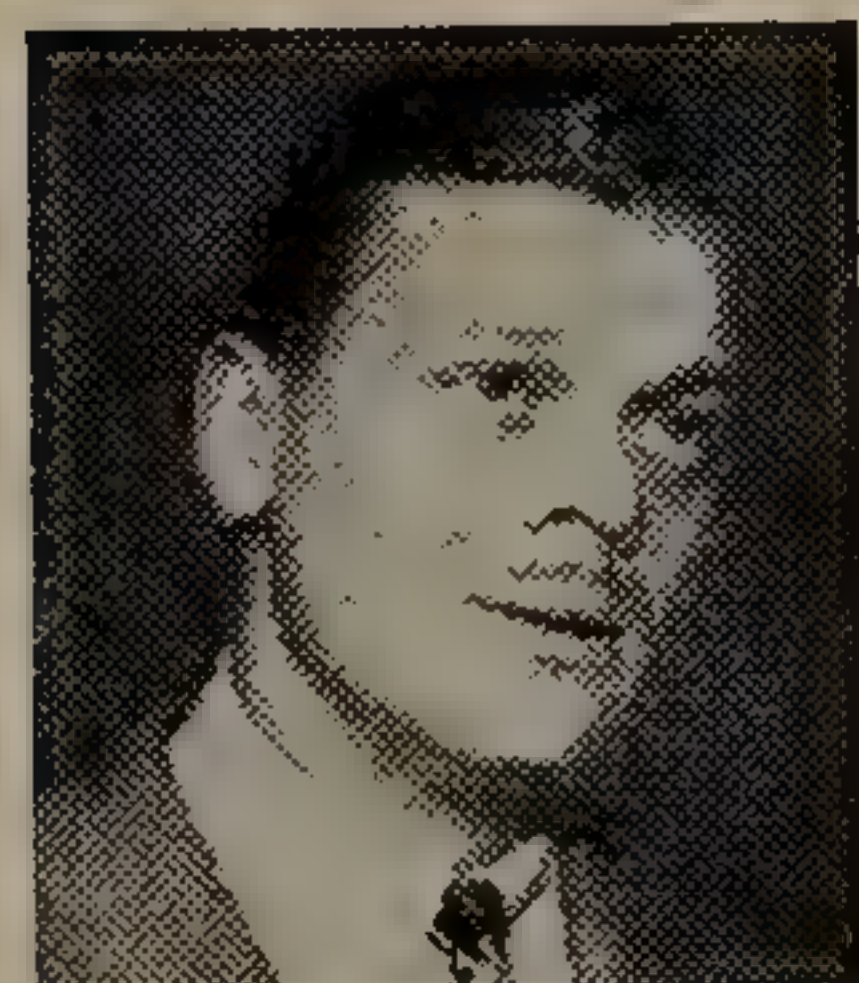
CAST: David Farrell, star reporter for the *New York Daily Eagle*; Sally, his wife, herself a former newspaperwoman.

BACKGROUND: Technically, David Farrell is a reporter, sent out by his paper whenever a big story breaks to get the news. Actually, however, when his assignment is a crime story—as it usually is—the police department has learned that it can count on "Front Page" Farrell and his sharp-eyed wife to help them catch the criminal involved.

RECENTLY: David's latest assignment has

taken him to colorful Greenwich Village, where a well-known magazine artist was found, stabbed to death, in his studio. A talkative neighbor and a host of beautiful girls help to confuse David and the police in their search for the murderer. But when David and Sally discover a fragment of a red rubber glove in the studio, the solution is made just a little easier. Did one of the artist's glamorous models wear that glove when she killed him? Or did a clever man make use of the glove to mislead police into looking for a woman?

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte Brandon, whose marriage to Ray Brandon suffers when she agrees to give their adopted son Chuckie back to his real mother, Meta Bauer.

BACKGROUND: Desperately unhappy, Charlotte cannot sleep. A prescription for sleeping pills helps her to obtain temporary rest, and gradually she learns that by the increased use of drugs she can blot her troubles from her mind for longer and longer periods. The outcome of this is tragic: Charlotte finds herself a helpless drug addict, and is forced to undergo hospitalization.

RECENTLY: In spite of the help of her friend Dr. Mary Leland, Charlotte cannot endure the Selby Flats Hospital. She manages to make her escape and disappears. But Ray, alive for the first time to his own responsibility for her condition, finds her and takes her to an isolated cabin hoping to speed her cure by his love and devotion. Charlotte, half-crazed from lack of drugs, fights him bitterly, and runs out . . . only to be trapped in a blinding mountain snowstorm. By the time Charlotte is found, her action has tragically affected many lives besides her own.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Jean Adair
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, new supervisor of Glendale's orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, her husband; Kevin Burke, with whom Julie was once in love; David, Kevin's son; Carol Nesbitt, young newcomer to Hilltop; Mrs. Nesbitt, her mother.

BACKGROUND: The marriage of Julie and Michael, which promised so much happiness, is shaken by Kevin Burke's arrival in Glendale. Julie cannot refuse his request that she look after little David because at the time he makes it, Kevin believes he is going to die. But he does not, and his continued

presence in town infuriates Michael.

RECENTLY: Little Carol Nesbitt, the subject of a bitter custody suit, is ordered removed from both parents and temporarily placed at Hilltop. Although under Julie's care she becomes happier and healthier than ever before, her angry mother opens a fight to contest Hilltop's right to keep her. Ironically, Mrs. Nesbitt engages Mike as her lawyer. She also finds him attractive enough to flirt with, thus doubly complicating the tense situation that already exists between Julie and Mike.

JUST PLAIN BILL



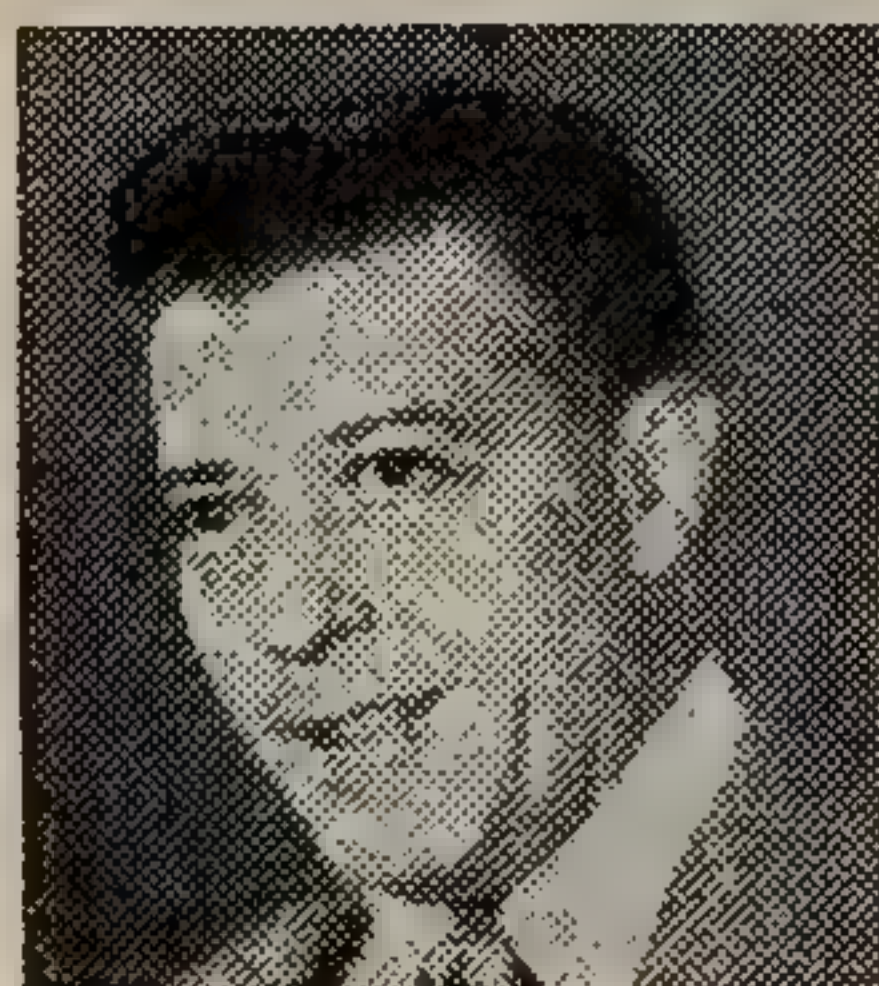
Kerry Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; his daughter Nancy; Kerry Donovan, Nancy's lawyer husband; Judson Burke, in love with Dorothy Tate; Ruth Tate, Dorothy's sister, who loves Judson; Philip Conway, the girls' cousin; Hester Conway, their aunt.
BACKGROUND: Judson Burke first came to Hartville in an attempt to put Dorothy Tate out of his life. He had just become engaged to her when he learned, or thought he had learned, that she loved another man. Ruth, following Jud to Hartville, tried to convince him that this was the case. When

Dorothy and her aunt Hester and Philip Conway all arrived in town, Bill decided to do what he could to help.

RECENTLY: It is now plain, even to Jud, that Dorothy's interest in Philip Conway is not romantic. But Philip, disowned by Hester, always needs help and encouragement, and Dorothy cannot bring herself to stop seeing him in order to try to lead him into a happier way of life. Will Jud's resentment and Ruth's determination ruin the love that might bring happiness to Jud and Dorothy?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Toby Nelson
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, proprietor of the "Slightly Read Book Shop;" his protégée, young Chichi Conrad; Douglas Norman, the writer Chichi loves, married to Alice Swanson; Jim, Alice's former husband.
BACKGROUND: With Douglas Norman's marriage to Alice Swanson, Chichi finds the neighborhood of the Book Shop increasingly uncomfortable. Her job as companion to Miss Victoria Vandebusch gives her a new interest . . . but she wonders, as she becomes familiar with the family, if she hasn't jumped from the frying pan into the

fire, as far as trouble is concerned.

RECENTLY: Victoria's nephew Paul and his wife Christine can't wait for the old woman's death to get their hands on her money. Chichi's arrival has made them nervous, because Chichi's charm and kindness are just the personality traits that may—they're afraid—endear her so much to Victoria that she might come in for some of the money. Chichi can't be sure, though, whether the things Paul and Christine are saying to her are really threats . . . or if she's just becoming unduly nervous.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

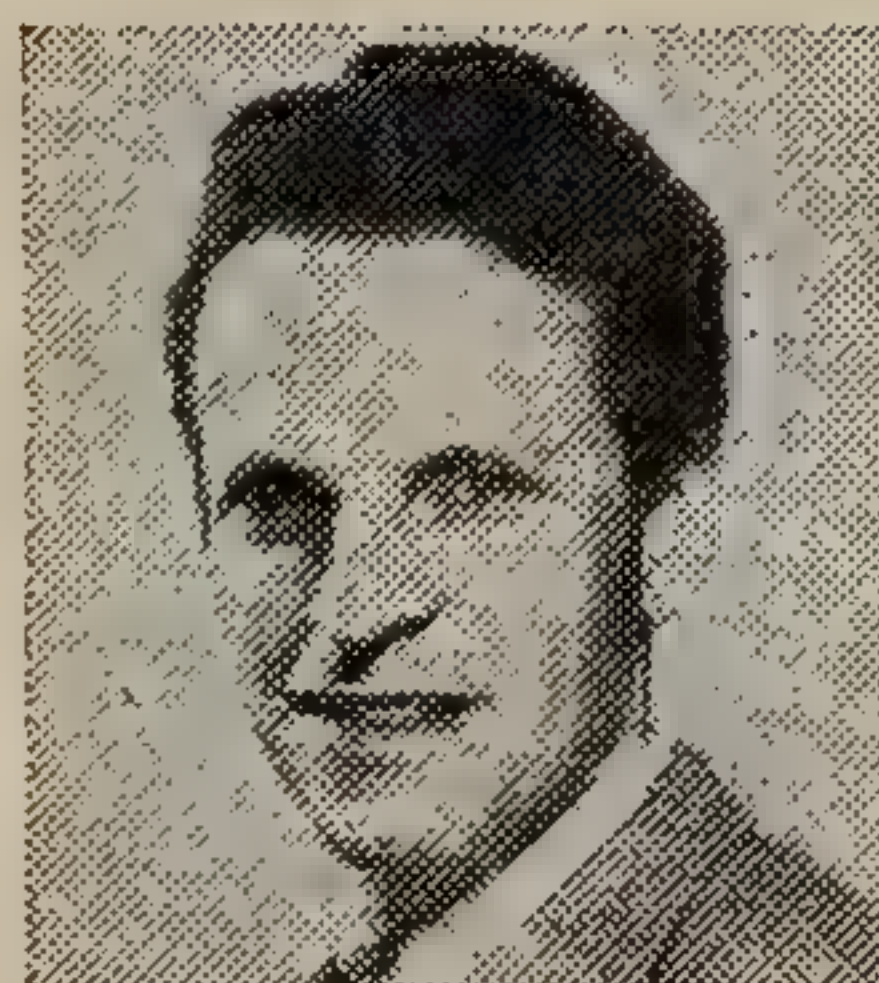


Miriam
heard on
NBC 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Miriam, young maiden of Jerusalem, who loves the Roman centurion Anthony; Bartholomew, her brother; Uriah, who has been chosen for her by her family.
BACKGROUND: To separate Miriam from Anthony, her family have arranged a visit for her with relatives in far-away Galilee. Intent on Miriam's trouble, nobody in the family has any suspicion of the peculiar fate that awaits Bartholomew at the end of the dangerous journey.
RECENTLY: On the shores of Galilee, Bartholomew forms a friendship with fishermen

Simon and Andrew, interested by their talk of Jesus of Nazareth. Some days later he goes fishing with them. While they are out on the water, a storm blows up so violently that they are prepared to face death. Suddenly the tumult is quieted and upon the shore they see Jesus Himself beckoning to them. Meanwhile both Anthony and Uriah have found excuses for following Miriam to Galilee and here Miriam is upset by a message from her mother—a story about Anthony which almost succeeds in its purpose of killing her love for the young Roman.

LORENZO JONES



Sandy Matson
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, mechanic at Jim Barker's garage, who prefers to think of himself as an inventor; Belle, his wife, who sometimes criticizes Lorenzo, but will not allow anyone else to do so.
BACKGROUND: This is one of the times when Jim Barker wonders—just a little—what he's paying Lorenzo for. The water shortage has become much more interesting to Lorenzo, than his job, though he hasn't yet devised a way to beat it. The same goes for his quick-drying plaster. In spite of the encouragement and speechless

admiration of Sandy Matson, who works around the garage, that plaster of Lorenzo's still hasn't dried, quickly or otherwise.

RECENTLY: Meanwhile, Lorenzo becomes embroiled in local politics with a new kind of recording machine which just happens to record a conversation that certain people would rather not have publicized. When his recording breaks, Lorenzo knows that once again he has stumbled on the trail of something important. And when the truth comes to light, the rest of the town is forced to agree that Lorenzo is right.

MA PERKINS



Evey Fitz
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, beloved by all of Rushville Center; Shuffle Shober, who helps Ma run her lumber yard; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Evey, who works in the yard; Cousins Ed and Bonita Hammacher, who thought Ma was an "easy mark."
BACKGROUND: With Cousin Ed looking for a good business in which to invest, it seemed a fine idea for him to go into partnership with Willy in the Middleboro lumber yard Ma planned to help Willy buy. Shuffle, however, suspected Ed's money was a myth, and events proved him right. Ed

hoped to inveigle \$10,000 out of Ma.

RECENTLY: It's decided to buy the Middleboro yard in Willy's name and offer Ed a job there. Insulted, Ed and Bonita pack up and leave. But shortly they're back for Ed has a new scheme. He is going to undermine Shuffle so that Shuffle will quit Ma's lumber yard, thus opening the way for Ed to become Ma's right hand man, partner, and eventual boss. Ma's sense of family responsibility has made things easy so far for Cousin Ed—but just how far can Ma be pushed?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



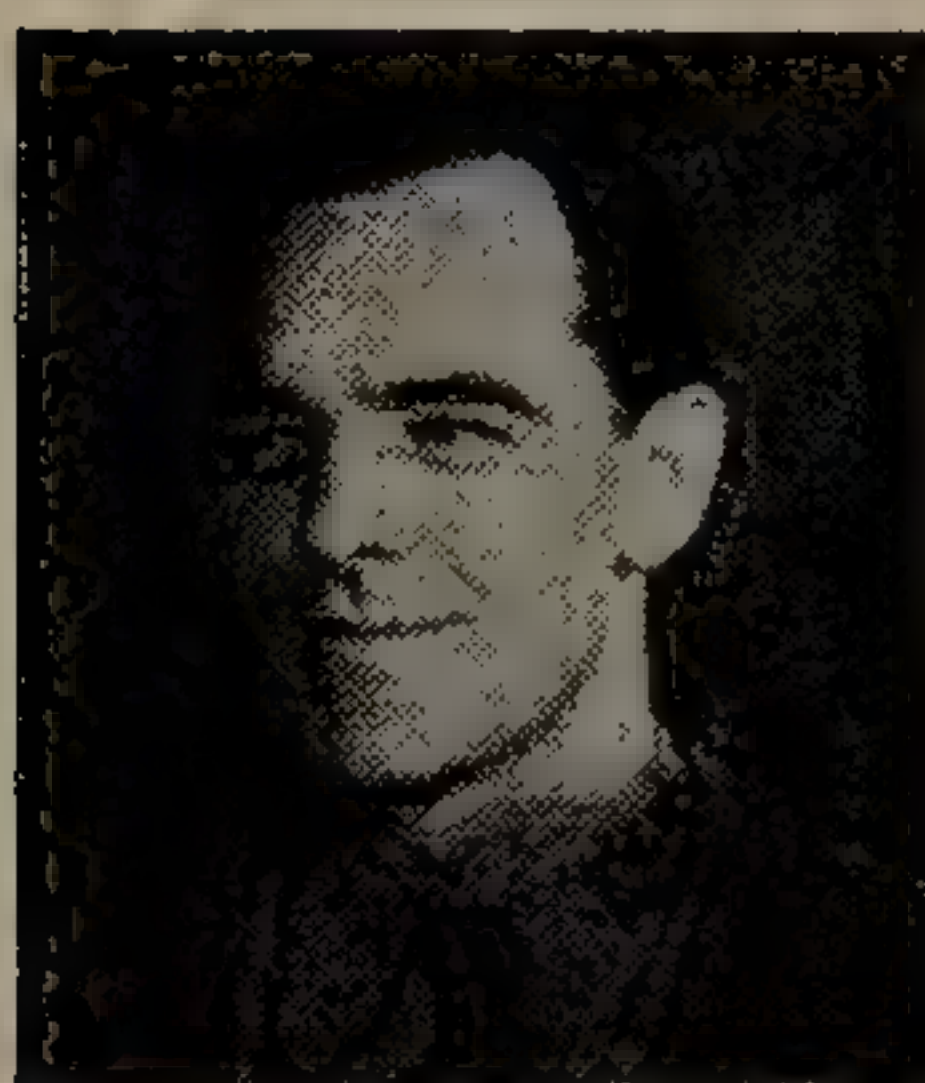
Mrs. Adams
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki, who hopes—and still believes—that marriage will turn her husband Roger Hoyt into a responsible person; Pamela Towers, who wants Roger just as he is; Mildred, the maid who came to Vikki on Pamela's recommendation, and who knows that Pamela wants the marriage to break up. **BACKGROUND:** In spite of her love for Roger, Vikki's life becomes daily more difficult. Living—at Roger's insistence—in a house she hates and cannot afford to run; under constant strain because of the trouble which her maid Mildred manages to cause,

Vikki now faces a further financial and emotional struggle as Roger decides to go into business with Pamela.

RECENTLY: At the advertising agency where he previously worked, Roger Hoyt had some kind of future . . . if he worked. But Pamela talked him into leaving. Attracted by her extravagant talk and ideas, Roger is enthusiastic at first. But soon he sees that by "big business" Pamela and her backer, Mr. Taylor, mean an unethical and underhanded kind of business in which Roger refuses to take any part.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Vernon Dutell
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Nona Brady, adopted daughter of Pat Brady; Vernon Dutell, important producer at Palladium Films in Hollywood; Thelma Powell, who expected to capture Vernon until Nona appeared on the scene; Emery Monaco, director, mysteriously murdered; Renee, his wife, who claims to believe that Nona is guilty.

BACKGROUND: When Pat Brady sought out his old friend Vernon, to introduce Nona to him, Vernon was struck by the girl's radiant beauty. As the result of a screen test Nona left her job in a law office and started

out on a screen career. But Thelma Powell, chief star at Palladium, means to get rid of Nona somehow, for she fears that if she does not she will lose Vernon to her. **RECENTLY:** All Hollywood is shocked by the murder of Emery Monaco. A crushing weight of circumstantial evidence leads the police to arrest Pat, Nona's foster-father; but Thelma Powell sees in the murder a fine opportunity to rid herself of Nona. Working with Renee Monaco, she helps build up a case against Nona herself. Will Vernon be able to protect Nona?

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday, wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope; Allan Drake, son of the late Edwin Drake, Sunday's friend; Sylvia, Allan's mercenary wife; Janet Lynn, the young girl who was engaged to Edwin; Priscilla, Edwin's malicious sister.

BACKGROUND: Edwin Drake's will made a strange provision of his money: he specified that a certified check for \$100,000 was to be given to Sunday, who was to decide whether the money was to go to Allan, the son Edwin had not seen for many years, or to Janet, Edwin's fiancée.

RECENTLY: Sunday's predicament is acute, for she refuses to believe—as even Lord Henry believes—that Janet Lynn is a fortune-hunter. On the other hand, she feels that perhaps Edwin's son Allan has the best right to the money. But she discovers that Sylvia Drake will do anything to get the money, and this makes her wonder if his father would have given the money to Allan under the circumstances. Sunday's bewilderment is increased where Sylvia cleverly gets Lord Henry on her side. Will Sunday and Lord Henry disagree?

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Peggy Trent
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper Young, red-headed young mayor of Elmwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Mrs. Ivy Trent, Carter's wealthy, selfish mother; Jerry Feldman, young pilot in love with Mrs. Trent's secretary, Ginny Taylor; Edie Hoyt, whose husband Andy has been lost in South America for over a year.

BACKGROUND: The arrival in Elmwood of Carter's mother causes trouble from the very beginning. The Youngs are particularly upset by Mrs. Trent's plan to keep Ginny and Jerry apart.

RECENTLY: Mrs. Trent, ill in Elmwood Hospital with a broken hip, goes ahead with her scheme to make Ginny her heiress, convinced the girl will think twice about giving up so much money for Jerry Feldman. Just back from South America, Jerry himself is not sure how he feels about Ginny. Also, he has brought a new problem for Edie in his reluctant report that the man he went down there to investigate cannot possibly be Andy Hoyt. But Edie can't give up hope. Leaving little Edith with Linda and Pepper, she plans a trip to S.A. to see the man for herself.

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, sharp-witted criminal lawyer; Della Street, his secretary; Paul Drake, the detective who works with Perry; Martha and Don Smith, defended by Perry on a murder charge; Audrey Beekman, an important and hard-to-find witness; Allyn Whitlock, another witness whose importance Perry realizes almost too late; Walter Bodt, Allyn's mysterious, powerful boy friend. **BACKGROUND:** The murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer, of which Martha and Don are accused, disrupts the lives of many others whom he was blackmailing. Among

them is Audrey Beekman, who knows that her evidence can help Martha—but if she gives it she will have to tell why Palmer was blackmailing her, and she fears her happy life with Ed, her husband, will end right there. However, Perry persuades Audrey to talk, and her evidence clears Martha.

RECENTLY: A tan coat and certain traits of personality finally lead Perry to the truth. In a dramatic courtroom scene he twists Allyn Witlock up in her own testimony, and exposes her as the woman who stabbed Palmer to death.

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia Blake
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Manning, lawyer, married to writer Walter Manning, who has just become managing editor of a local newspaper; Mr. Staley, publisher of the paper, and also owner of a lumber yard whose employees are becoming militant over the lack of proper safety and health precautions; Christopher, Walter's brother who has fallen in love with Portia.

BACKGROUND: Worried about money and the possibility that he had become a second-rater in his profession, Walter accepted his newspaper job in a spirit of grim

determination to prove he could still handle an important job. But will the accusations made against Staley by his lumber yard workers make it impossible for Walter to continue on the paper?

RECENTLY: Has Walter become hypocritical in an effort to protect his job? Portia refuses to believe this, but as the poverty-stricken factory workers press their claim she feels so strongly that it is justified, and so definitely that Walter's employer is at fault, that she may not be able to maintain an open mind about Walter's future conduct.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Connie Wakefield
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who has lost the custody of her son, Skippy, to her divorced husband, Dwight Kramer; Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancée; Annette Thorpe, head of a newspaper chain which is backing Miles' candidacy for the governorship; Dr. Dick Campbell, an old suitor of Carolyn's.

BACKGROUND: As a lawyer and as a lover, Miles has helped Carolyn through many troubled days. But now she feels that it is due to his leaving her just as the trial over Skippy approached its crisis that Dwight obtained custody of the boy. The

fact that Miles was forced to leave to further his political ambitions, and the fact that Annette Thorpe is so intimately connected with those ambitions, have not lightened Carolyn's fears for the future.

RECENTLY: Learning that Dwight intends to move to Chicago with Skippy, Carolyn desperately plans to remove Skippy from the jurisdiction of the court that awarded him to his father. With increasing desperation she wonders just how much she can count on Miles for help and love, if Annette Thorpe should decide *she* wants him.

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, whose wife Carol has never satisfactorily explained her recent year-long absence; Beth Lambert, the actress trained to impersonate the real Carol Brent by a gang of international gangsters interested in Jim's top-secret work at Wheelock Hospital; Dr. Carson McVicker, head of Wheelock; Dr. Joel Clark, in love with Beth; Rockwell, head of the gang.

BACKGROUND: When Beth, posing as Jim's wife, falls in love with him, she begins to falsify her reports to Rockwell. Suspicious, Rockwell plants Ed Cochran as a printer in

the newspaper plant of Frank Dana, Jim's friend, and learns enough about Beth's treachery to make two attempts on her life.

RECENTLY: Frightened, Beth makes a full confession to Joel Clark, who thinks her story is a fantasy and that she is suffering a nervous breakdown. Dr. McVicker also believes "Carol" is going to pieces; but for safety's sake she reports the story to the FBI, which immediately sends Dr. Olin Ferguson to Merrimac to investigate. Will he be in time to frustrate Rockwell's plan to destroy the laboratory?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Gil Whitney
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, brilliant Hollywood gown designer; Gil Whitney, her fiancé; Cynthia Swanson, wealthy widow who has long tried to make Gil believe that his friendship for her could easily turn into love; Daisy Parker, gossip columnist whose hatred for Helen Trent is almost as vicious as Cynthia's.

BACKGROUND: The hideous ordeal is over. Karl Dorn, on his deathbed, made a full confession of the murder of Rex Carroll—the murder for which he had so successfully framed Helen Trent that her conviction for

it seemed almost a certainty. It was Gil's persistent belief in Helen's innocence, and his desperate efforts to bring Dorn to justice, that finally resulted in Dorn's confession and Helen's freedom.

RECENTLY: Happily, Helen and Gil make their plans—plans that include marriage very soon, and a more exciting career than ever for Helen. But Cynthia Swanson, a determined and resourceful woman, has made an ally of Daisy Parker. Together these two, inspired by malice toward Helen, may yet destroy her happiness with Gil.

ROSEMARY



Bill Roberts
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

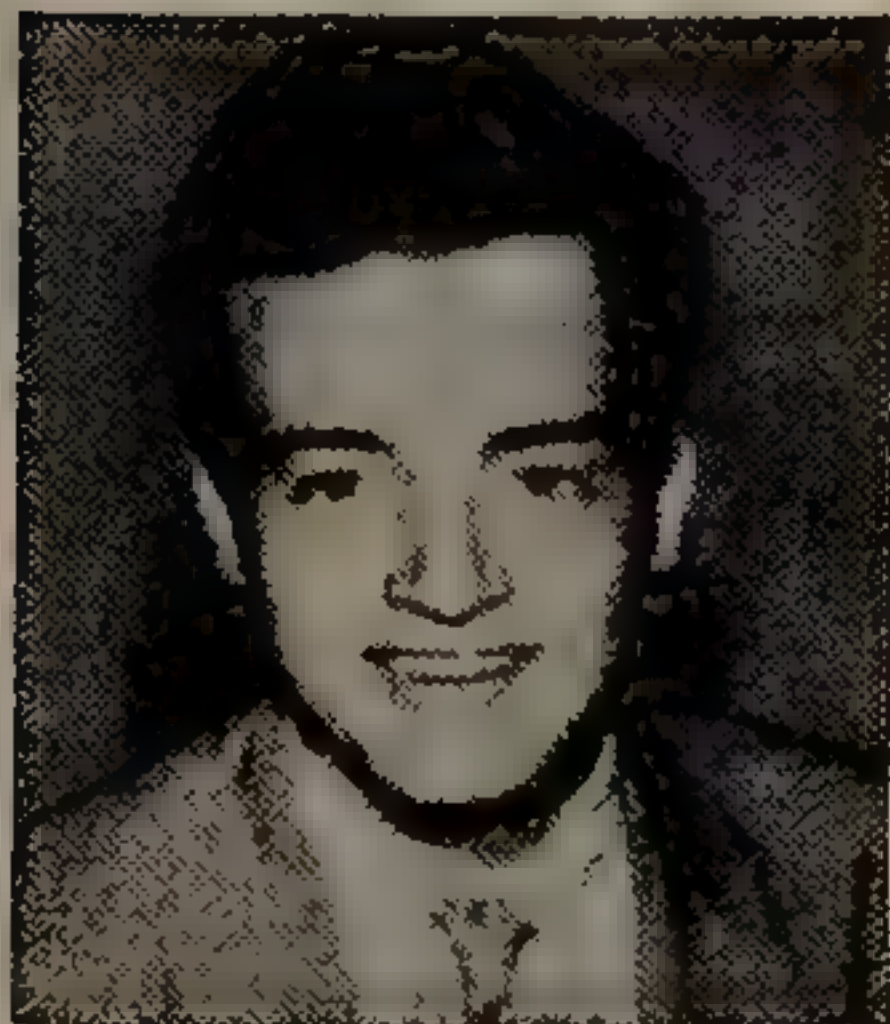
CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts; Blondie, the neighbor who has become Rosemary's friend, in spite of Bill's dislike; Mr. Wilson, Bill's boss; Blanche Weatherby, divorcee daughter of the Wilsons.

BACKGROUND: A new perplexing life is opening up for Rosemary, as Bill's job with Wilson's advertising agency takes them to New York City. Established in the penthouse apartment of Blanche Weatherby, who says they may remain as long as they like, Rosemary tries to fit in with the glamorous life of the big city. Though Bill is completely at

home there, Rosemary finds herself longing for Springdale.

RECENTLY: Bill does not know that his boss has made Rosemary a proposal that shocked her—he has asked her to be his go-between in an affair with Blondie. When she refuses, he warns that Bill's job may depend on her help. Blondie, resolved to see that no trouble comes to Rosemary, undertakes to handle the situation. Bill, meanwhile, finds the lovely and lonely Blanche very appealing. What will her return to New York mean in Rosemary's life?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Brad Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, Dickston merchant; Brad, teen-age son of Stan's first marriage; Wendy, the baby.
BACKGROUND: Stan is asked to undertake a secret mission for the government—so secret that he must take his family abroad without allowing them to suspect that he is going for anything other than business purposes.

RECENTLY: Almost from the moment he accepts the assignment Stan is made aware that his life is in grave danger. Though he and Terry, with Brad and Wendy, board

their ship safely, several incidents that occur on board make him realize that his every move is being watched by enemy eyes. His resolution does not waver, however, until at Waterloo Station in London an attempt is made to kidnap Terry and Wendy. Horrified, Stan tells Terry she must go home with the children—he will remain abroad alone. But before he can put this plan—so startling to Terry—into operation, he contacts the man who is waiting for him in London, and finds himself unable to alter the course of his mission.

STELLA DALLAS



Laurel Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, self-sacrificing mother; Laurel, her daughter, wife of wealthy Dick Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's widowed mother; Minnie Grady, loyal friend to Stella; Iris Devin, Minnie's newly-discovered niece.
BACKGROUND: The recent horror in which Stella was involved—the horror caused by Mrs. Grosvenor's foolish infatuation for a scoundrel, which led to a murder of which Stella was accused—is over. Stella has been cleared of all suspicion, and is back at home. Laurel's marriage to Dick, rescued from the threat of interference by a family tragedy,

resumes its pleasant course, and Stella once more is able to rejoice in her daughter's happiness.

RECENTLY: Suddenly a dramatic change comes into the life of Minnie Grady. She discovers she has inherited a fortune. With the fortune, however, comes a niece, who arrives to live with Minnie. Stella doesn't quite know what to make of Iris, but a new development starts her wondering . . . and worrying. Minnie abruptly and unaccountably becomes ill, under circumstances that make Stella suspicious.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



George Stewart
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with lawyer Charles Dobbs; George Stewart, Charles' brother, who is being sued for forgery as part of a campaign by young Tom Morley to bring trouble upon Charles; Suzanne, young pianist in love with Tom; Dorothy, George's glamorous wife.

BACKGROUND: Blaming Charles for the death of his father, Big John Morley, Tom has become a vengeful youth carried away by his hatred of Charles. After the reconciliation between Dorothy and George, when Dorothy pawns a bracelet to provide George

with medical care, Nora turns her attention to Tom and discovers him on the edge of a mental breakdown.

RECENTLY: Nora makes Tom realize that he may have a distorted idea of his dead father's character. Tom refuses to admit it completely, but he does turn to Suzanne, and with her love to lean on he recovers his mental health, and revises his ideas about Charles. As a result, when George is on trial Tom upsets the prosecution by defending him, and George receives a suspended sentence.

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Madame Sophie
heard on
NBC 11 A.M.

CAST: Madame Sophie, who began life as a down-to-earth French peasant, and has now become the most glamorous couturiere in New York; Paul Tracy, debonair lawyer, Madame Sophie's friend.

BACKGROUND: Madame Sophie, who enjoys re-designing the lives of her friends as much as she does designing a new creation, has been working recently on two human problems, trying to make them come out the way she feels everyone concerned would be happiest. Most intriguing to Madame Sophie is the determination of beautiful

young Elizabeth Johnson to marry Orville Hudson, who—though wealthy—is crippled and three times her age.

RECENTLY: Can Madame Sophie and attractive Paul Tracy, working together, convince Elizabeth that Hudson is too old for her? And how formidable an enemy would Hudson become if their interference should be successful? Meanwhile, the problem of Jim and Thelma Carlton still disturbs Madame Sophie. Will she be able to patch up their broken marriage in spite of the clever opposition of Jim's mother?

WENDY WARREN



Mark Douglas
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, successful newspaperwoman; Don Smith, her managing editor; Dorothy Chaffee, who loves Peter Wotton, her boss; Kitty Hayes, in jail on a narcotics charge.

BACKGROUND: Believing Kitty innocent, Don puts up \$20,000 bail for her. With this money he planned to buy the paper to keep Mary McKenna from selling it to a stranger, so he is hard hit when Kitty disappears, forfeiting bail. Suddenly Dorothy comes to Wendy with a strange report.

RECENTLY: Dorothy's engagement to Pete,

which she naturally assumed would end in marriage, came to a grim end when she learned he was already unhappily married to a wife who refused to divorce him. But Dorothy is still in love with Pete, and continues to work for him because of his plea that he can't get along without her. Half-happy, half-miserable, she wonders how it will all end until one day she finds an invoice among Pete's papers which she cannot understand. When she asks him about it, he becomes a snarling stranger who orders her brutally to forget she ever saw the paper.

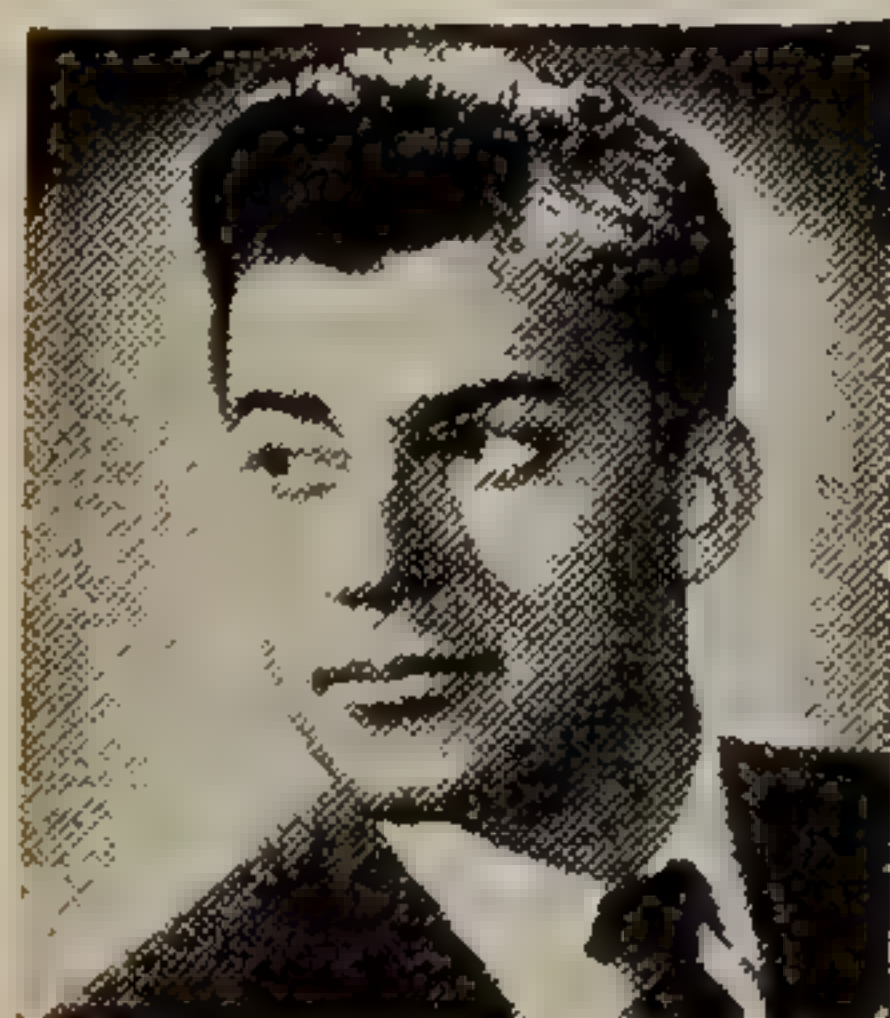
WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Phil Stanley
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis, wife of Harry Davis; Dr. Ralph, responsible for Harry's recently restored memory; Dr. Morley, eminent British brain surgeon interested in Harry's case. BACKGROUND: After a highly dangerous and delicate operation, which he agreed to undergo as a last resort, Harry finds his lost memory completely. It is like being re-born into happiness. At last he can take up his life again with Joan, the wife he loves and with Sammy and Hope, and look forward to the new little child who will arrive before many months have passed. RECENTLY: But fate has plans for Harry and Joan which may interfere with the quiet life they plan on their Beechwood farm. Dr. Morley, on a visit from England, hears of Dr. Ralph's surgically brilliant feat and becomes interested in Harry's cure on behalf of a patient of his own, whose case is similar to Harry's. At Morley's earnest request, Joan and Harry agree to try to help. They are startled when Dr. Morley reveals the name of the sick man, whose wealth and prominence have made him a figure of international reputation.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Dr. Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Anne Malone, separated from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone; Sam Williams and his son Gene, both in love with Anne; Lucia Standish, who runs the Institute in New York where Jerry is working; Mother Malone, trying hard to reconcile Anne and Jerry; Dr. Browne, who understands Lucia's sinister influence over Jerry. BACKGROUND: As the separation prolongs itself, Anne loses hope that she and Jerry will ever come together again. As for Jerry, he bluntly tells his mother that he thinks he is in love with Lucia Standish. Working hard as the superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks—the job Jerry left to go to New York—Anne tries to concentrate on her job. But she finds that the affection which both Sam and Gene keep thrusting upon her only make her long all the more for Jerry. RECENTLY: Little Jill, the Malones' daughter, is the chief sufferer in this strained situation. She misses her father desperately, and Anne arranges to have her visit him in New York. Mother Malone is fearful and outraged when she learns that Lucia Standish has offered her country estate for the visit.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, young widow who supports her two children by running a tearoom in Simpsonville; Dr. Anthony Loring, her fiancé; Glen Halliday, whose marriage to the unsuitably young and flamboyant Mitzi started a tragic chain of events in town; Pete Duval, Mitzi's brother; Bruce Weldon, blinded as the result of a mysterious attack by an unknown assailant. BACKGROUND: In spite of her old friendship for Glen, Ellen almost had words with him over his accusation that Anthony Loring, resentful of Bruce's avowed love for Ellen, had attacked his rival and caused his present blindness. Ellen pointed out that Glen himself had more reason to hate Bruce, for Mitzi had been paying a scandalous amount of attention to him. RECENTLY: Secretly, however, Ellen suspects that Pete Duval may be the guilty party. Suddenly, a series of suspicious circumstances lead both Ellen and Anthony to wonder if Mitzi herself might not have struck the blow that has ruined Bruce's life. Anthony even has a theory about what Mitzi's motive was. Is he right?

DAYTIME DIARY—

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet	Local Programs	Old Fashioned Re- vival Hour	The Garden Gate
8:45				Memo From Lake Success
9:00	World News	Happiness Hour	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs
9:15	Wormwood Forest	Dixie Quartet	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30	Bach Aria Group			
9:45	Male Quartet			
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30	Family Time			
10:45				
11:00	Morning Serenade	Christian Reform Church	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers
11:15		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:30	News Highlights			
11:45	Solitaire Time			

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	American Forum of the Air	College Choirs	Fantasy in Melody	Get More Out of Life
12:15				
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	Doubleday Quiz	Dr. Ward Ayer	Charles Collingwood
1:15				Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers	National Vespers	Invitation to Learning
1:45				
2:00	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	To be announced
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	Galen Drake
2:30		Veteran's Information	Drama	Jack Sterling
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family	Treasury Variety Show	Speaking of Songs	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15		Juvenile Jury	The Lutheran Hour	
3:30	The Quiz Kids			
3:45				
4:00	Edwin C. Hill	Hopalong Cassidy	Voices That Live	
4:15	Facts Unlimited	Martin Kane	Milton Cross Opera Album	Record Parade
4:30	High Adventure	Private Eye		
4:45				
5:00	Richard Diamond	The Shadow	Think Fast	Earn Your Vacation
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	Strike It Rich
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	My Favorite Husband
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Henry Morgan	Nick Carter	Music With the Girls	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00	Christopher London	Adventures of the Falcon	Phil Bovero	The Jack Benny Show
7:15		The Saint	Amazing Mr. Malone	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show			
7:45				
8:00	Adventures of Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15		Enchanted Hour		Red Skelton
8:30	Theater Guild on the Air			
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Corliss Archer
9:15			Louella Parsons	
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Music	Jimmie Fidler	Contented Hour
10:15				
10:30	Bob Crosby Show	Phil Napoleon Orchestra	Jackie Robinson	



BERNICE BERWIN—known to listeners as Hazel in One Man's Family (NBC, Sun. 3 P.M. EST) is married to a San Francisco lawyer and has a son, sixteen.

Dear Reader-Listener:

A new research system has been set up in order to insure there being more up-to-the-minute information in Inside Radio than ever before. This new system will enable time, program and station changes to be made as late as the tenth of the month before RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands. Some changes, of course, will be received too late to include but on the whole you'll find the Inside Radio listings a precise guide to what's on the dial.

The Editors.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauine Frederick	Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Home Towners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From The Tropics H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Thomas L. Thomas	Bobby Benson Peter Salem	Ethel and Albert Henry Taylor Buddy Weed Trio	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts Crime Fighters	Leighton Noble's Treasury Show Rex Maupin	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Nightbeat Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Arts Quartet	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauine Frederick	Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

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1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
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8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adven- ture Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham We Care, Drama	Life With Luigi Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense BusinessManagement	Philip Marlowe Pursuit



BOB CROSBY—recently resumed his dual role of emcee and singing star of CBS's Club 15 (M-F, 7:30 P.M. EST). Bob's musical career began at Gonzaga College in his native Spokane when he got a job singing nights for the contestants at a walkathon. Anson Weeks heard him during the broadcast portion of the show and gave him a job. After two years he joined the Dorsey Brothers and six months later organized his own band.

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaire Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
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8:00 8:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	Dr. I. Q. Casebook of Gregory Hood	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	Mr. Feathers Family Theater	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Buzz Adlan's Playroom	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Oklahoma Symphony	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Burns and Allen Lum and Abner



BILL REDFIELD—familiar to radio fans as Gene Williams on Young Dr. Malone and Grayling Dennis on Brighter Day, is known to theater-goers as the star of Broadway's "Miss Liberty." Billy, who is only twenty-two, made his first stage appearance at six and has since taken part in eleven top shows. His radio career is equally exciting—he first talked into a live mike at the age of nine and has been mikeside ever since.



KEN CARSON—songwriter and guitarist on the Garry Moore Show (CBS, M-F, 4 P.M. EST) was born on an Oklahoma ranch. Ken's musical ambitions were aroused by a harmonica when he was "knee-high to a horse-shoe." By the time he was eleven he had composed some original tunes and, in junior high school, led his own harmonica band. When the family moved to Los Angeles Ken took up voice and realized a long-standing desire to play the guitar.

T H U R S D A Y

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8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaire	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Art Van Damme Quintet	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Bobby Benson	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Sports For All	Blondie Date With Judy	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Music	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Supper Club Dragnet	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics	The Playhouse Hollywood Theatre



VIVIAN SMOLEN—who plays the title role on CBS' Our Gal Sunday (M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST) is one of those no-longer-rare creatures, a native New Yorker. Vivian started her acting career when she was thirteen. She found that she liked radio so well that she has confined her activities to broadcasting ever since. She enjoys all kinds of music from Raymond Scott to Wagner and, she loves to play the piano.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50PaulineFrederick	Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dave Garroway Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Bob Poole Doughboys	Modern Romances Quick as a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks The Playboys	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Note- book	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Welcome to Hollywood Hannibal Cobb	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Pick a Date	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Garry Moore 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Program	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy We The People	Bandstand U. S. A. Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Robert Q. Lewis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors' Playhouse Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Joan Davis Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Boxing Bout	Johnny Dollar Capital Cloakroom

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Mind Your Manners Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York Missus Goes A Shoppin'
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Show Mary Lee Taylor	Local Programs Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		Galen Drake Joe Di Maggio Show
11:00 11:15 11:30	Lassie Stamp Club Smilin' Ed McConnell	Your Home Beautiful Man on the Farm	Joe Franklin's Recordshop At Home With Music	Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm Lenny Herman	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm Home Voices Down the Wind	Joseph McCaffrey Jerry & Skye Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Roger Dann	Stars Over Holly- wood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Voices and Events Musicana Report From Europe		Dance Music	County Fair Get More Out of Life
3:00 3:15 3:30	Pioneers of Music	Dance Orchestra Caribbean Crossroads	Variety	Reports From Over- seas Adventures in Science Farm News
4:00 4:15 4:30	Living, 1950 Contrasts Musical	Dunn on Discs Sports Parade	Dance Music	Straight Facts For Veterans At the Chase
5:00 5:30 5:45	Slim Bryant Report on America Hollywood Closeups	True or False Radio Harris Hollywood Quiz	Tea and Crumpets	Jimmy Dorsey Local Programs Musical Notebook

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Religion in the News NBC Symphony Orchestra	Music Al Helfer Preston Sellers	Albert Warner News Roger Renner Trio Harry Wismer Melody Rendezvous	News From Wash- ington Memo From Lake Success Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Archie Andrews	Hawaii Calls Comedy of Error 7:55 John B. Kennedy	String Ensemble Bert Andrews Chandu the Magician	Young Love Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Star Theatre Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Heinie and His Band Hollywood Byline	Gene Autry Show The Goldbergs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Meet Your Match Guy Lombardo	Nightshift with Ray- burn & Finch	Gang Busters Arthur Godfrey Digest
10:00 10:15 10:30	Judy Canova Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	Voices That Live Dance Music	Sing It Again



JUDY CANOVA—star of her own NBC show (Sat., 10 P.M. EST) started out as an opera singer and wound up as a singing comedienne. Judy (whose real name is Juliet) and her sister started out as a singing team but it wasn't long before she discovered that her comic renditions proved far more popular than her attempts at grand opera. Judy's husband is Chester B. England and their five-year-old daughter Juliette is nicknamed "Tweeny."

Grandma

IS A FRESHMAN



A mother of seven and grandmother of thirteen, college freshman Elizabeth Lewis doesn't believe in telling her age. She says, "If you keep your mind alert, it'll keep you younger."

"I don't tell how old I am. It's a disadvantage and it dates you with the young people." That's what a recent Family Counselor, Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, mother of seven, grandmother of thirteen, and a freshman at New York University told us.

I was extremely curious to know what made Mrs. Lewis decide to start college after so many years. She explained, "I don't believe in older people just sitting down waiting for time to pass. Boredom just makes people get older fast. It didn't take me long to find that out. For after my husband died, and my children grew up and got married, I found myself becoming a lonely and aging woman. I could feel myself deteriorating, so I made up my mind to change my entire life."

That's exactly what Mrs. Lewis did too. She moved from Richmond, Virginia, to New York to live with her cousin. And she's started college—something she's wanted to do for nearly fifty years. Her course includes extensive study in sociology because she wants to help other elderly people get rehabilitated. Besides her actual class-work, she devotes a great deal of time to working with older people in a city-supervised settlement house.

Mrs. Lewis' advice for de-aging one's self is to have a hobby. This she recommends to everyone. Her hobby, believe it or not, is dancing. When I heard this, I must say I was a bit surprised. However, Mrs. Lewis feels this way about it: "Dancing is glamorous and gay. And I'm having a marvelous time perfecting my rhumba and tango. The samba, however, is pretty strenuous, even for younger people."

But Mrs. Lewis feels that there's no limit to what can be accomplished, and she is certainly an excellent example. When I asked her if she had been handicapped at all in her school work, she replied, "I had to learn to memorize practically all over again. But I certainly hadn't lost any of my creative faculties."

Although Mrs. Lewis never mentioned it, I happen to know that she's been getting straight A's in her work. Her comment was: "Others could do the same thing. My advice is not to be afraid of old age."

The way to prepare ourselves for later years, Mrs. Lewis says, is to have two or three goals in life. For a woman, it's a full time job to bring up a family. However, after the children are on their own, then you start a new career. It can be business, studying, writing, painting, or almost anything.

In summing up, Mrs. Lewis said, "Anything that isn't used deteriorates. You must keep your mind alert and if you do, it'll keep you years younger."

By TERRY BURTON

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EST, on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

She's full of surprises . . . that woman hidden within you



Her inner, joyous sparkle glows out from her lovely face

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's face has a way of lighting-up like sunshine, and flooding you with the warmth of her Inner Self. She *looks* the magnetic, charming woman she *is*! No wonder hearts are won by her! No wonder she makes so many friends!

There is a "made-out-of-a-rose" look about Mrs. Vanderbilt's complexion. She is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "It is especially soft to use—Pond's is a beautiful cream," she says.

Are you one of the many women who feel enveloped by a gray web of humdrumness? You need not stay this way. You can be a *lovelier* You.

A wonderful power within you can help you to find this new You. It is a power that grows out of the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you *look* and the way you *feel*.

It is this power that lights you so happily when you *look* lovely. But—it can deflate you, when you do not look your best. So never be careless about those everyday beauty essentials that add so much to your *outer* loveliness—your *inner* happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't ever allow yourself any "letting go" about the way you take care of your face. You'll find the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream has a most befriending way of making your skin glow like a rose—feel so clean, so soft. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give *your* face this lovely Pond's care:

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face to soften, sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold-water splash.

This treatment works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away skin-dulling dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of the treatment stirs up circulation.

IT IS NOT VANITY to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and you light-up with an infectious, happy confidence other people find delightful. And this brings them closer to the real Inner You.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Start this rewarding Pond's care now. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream—today!

World-famous saying—

"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's"

Father Is Best

(Continued from page 48)

blithe post-coffee mood is so exact, and has become so well-known to his daughters in turn, that each has learned to take advantage of it.

On a brisk morning, after having had a delicious breakfast and several cups of coffee, Bob dashes for the door on his way to an early radio rehearsal or a studio call. There, lurking in the shadows of a partly opened coat closet, is usually a daughter who hisses, "Daddy, may I go to a morning movie? This is Saturday, you remember, and all the children are going."

"Sure thing," booms Bob. "Have fun and tell me about it tonight."

The chances are that this minor domestic drama is going to lead to a larger drama because the daughter in question has already been told by Mother that Saturday morning movies are *verboten*. Sometimes Father does not know best—he merely wants everyone to be happy.

When these confusions in family authority occur, Bob swiftly awards all power to Betty. "Coping with the wiles of four dangerous representatives of the deadlier sex is too much for me," he has said. But his grin has cast a doubt over the statement.

His discipline seems to have been resourceful and effective. For the most part, order is preserved by simple threat. Bob told his eldest, Carol, on one occasion, "Unless you learn to put books away when you have finished reading them instead of scattering them all over the house and expecting someone else to do the policing up, you won't be allowed to bring anyone to our Family Night."

This was Big Stick No. 1, because Family Night is a precious institution. Friday is The Night on which the children are encouraged to invite guests (as many as they like) to the house for dinner. Afterward a current movie is shown in the spacious living room which is equipped with a built-in projection booth and a screen which, when not in use, is secreted behind one of the ceiling beams.

The motion pictures shown at these gatherings are almost never Bob's starring vehicles. The youngsters know that he is a picture and radio star, but they do not regard the occupations as exceptional. Neither are they impressed by the many famous people who are guests in their home. Since babyhood they have known celebrated men and women so their hero-worship is reserved for Disney characters and cowboy actors.

When the children were small they were fascinated by the fact that other children asked their father for autographs when the family dined out or went to the theater. They asked Bob for an explanation. He said that it was just a hobby: some people like to ride bicycles, some people liked to play cards, some collected autographs.

Carol and Barbara decided that they would like to try it.

Sighing, Bob and Betty bought pens and leather books and hoped their famed guests would not be pestered into vexation by two little girls abruptly become celebrity-conscious. Days went by. Weeks went by. Not one illustrious guest was approached.

Finally Bob inquired one day, "Didn't you girls do anything about your new autograph books? Did you change

your minds about the hobby?"

The girls were amazed. Of course they hadn't changed their minds. They had some lovely autographs, see?

Daddy looked. The Japanese gardener had drawn exquisite landscapes along with his signature. The milkman, two garbage collectors, the maid, the patrolman on the beat, the school teachers, the music teacher, and various small friends had done yeoman service toward filling the autograph books with verses and hearty good wishes.

Daddy beamed. "Take good care of those; they're more precious than you realize," he approved. "Some day, your own children will enjoy them."

Bob has always taken an interest in his daughters' rapidly changing hobbies.

He undertook to teach both of the older girls their rudimentary ballroom dance steps. They accepted his tutoring with mingled appreciation and reservations. Carol said tentatively one evening, "You're a *very* good dancer, Daddy, but the boys don't seem to know quite the same steps that you do."

"They'll come to them by and by," said Father. "It's just a matter of time." After that, however, the dancing lessons languished and a tactful silence on the entire subject of popular steps descended. Carol went off to private school. When she came home for holiday vacation, she undertook to teach Barbara some of the routines involved in positively the latest dancing sensation: a thing called the Charleston.

Bob came home from the studio in time to catch one of the routines. From the doorway he watched until the girls paused for breath, and Carol called out, "Isn't that tricky? It's the latest thing."

"I'll say it's tricky," observed Bob drily, "but watch this." And he produced a series of the snappiest steps ever to knock the crown out of a cloche hat.

The girls were argus-eyed. "Where did you ever learn *that*!" they gasped.

Bob left the room, whistling nonchalantly. At the stairway he turned to favor his entranced offspring with a slight bow. "I get around," he said.

Father didn't come off so well in last summer's family Canasta games. Not only was he put completely out of countenance, but he always worked himself to death.

Each summer, as soon as school is out, the Youngs pile into their car and hurry to their ranch in California's indescribably beautiful Carmel Valley. They leave the household staff in Beverly Hills, so the only help on the property is the couple who live in the caretakers' cottage the year around.

Each member of the family is held responsible for certain duties. Each takes care of his own room; one girl brings in the wood, one washes the dishes and another dries them. Even the tots help by setting the table, running errands, dusting, watering the flowers, and feeding the pets.

In the evening, it is the custom for the family to gather around a game table before the roaring fireplace and play Canasta. The visible stakes are matches, and each match represents one hour's work. The winner is entitled to as many hours' work from the loser as the trophy matches represent.

At the end of the first week, Bob owed Barbara three hours' work; he

owed Betty and Carol two each; he even owed Betty Lou an hour. He found himself bringing in all the fire wood, making his own and two or three additional beds, cooking three meals a day, and—in brief—destroying himself while the female of the species (all five of them) regarded him with a smug, if affectionate, triumph.

He decided to take the family into the village of Carmel every evening, terminating the Canasta tourney. It was supposed to be *his* vacation, too.

Like most families in which there are teen-aged daughters, the Youngs went through The Trial of the Telephone. There came a miserable occasion when Bob realized that he was going to be tied up by radio rehearsals until late in the evening. He wanted to explain the situation to Betty, and to ask her to join him for dinner in Hollywood.

He started to dial his home number at three-thirty p.m. He called every quarter hour, then every ten minutes, then every five minutes. Finally, at seven, he did not get the busy signal. Betty answered, her tone that of a woman tried beyond her strength. She said she knew Bob had been trying to reach the house, but that she had been away—also trying to call home—and only her arrival terminated the conversational marathon.

The next day Bob ordered a second telephone to be installed in the girl's suite. When he learned that they were on a two party line, he got in touch with the other party and explained that from three in the afternoon, the traffic was likely to duplicate a Senate filibuster. He supplied his own private telephone number and asked that an emergency call be placed to him in case the verbiage grew more impenetrable than an Amazonian jungle. He also laid down a little law to the parties of the first part: the moment there was a serious complaint, out came the telephone. And after that, the girl who placed an out-going call would be charged by the minute at the regular telephone company rate.

This was the haymaker, as the girls are mathematicians enough to compute instantly the havoc to be wreaked on their budgets by such a disaster.

Each of the girls (with the exception of Kathy, who is still a millionaire with a penny in her coveralls) is given an allowance for specific household services rendered. Carol gets one dollar and fifty cents per week for cokes, magazines, or movies. Barbara (who is twelve) gets one dollar per week, but she is required to deposit fifty cents in a piggy bank which may be opened only at Christmas time when she needs extra spending money. Betty Lou gets five cents per week as she is not yet a comic book fancier, and she scrounges her Cokes from her daddy.

For a time, Father seriously considered imposing a fine of a nickel—to be deducted from each girl's weekly allowance—each time the words "Yeah" or "Hi" were spoken around the house or over the telephone.

"In this house," announced Father, "the words 'Yeah' and 'Hi' are unwelcome guests. Let's get rid of them."

A day or so later one of Bob's best friends, to whom he had not talked for some time, telephoned. "Well, hi! you old son of a gun," said Bob heartily. "Sure is good to talk to you. It sure is."

Yeah, I play a little golf every chance I get—working at breaking ninety. Yeah, I'd love to. How about ten tomorrow? Right. See you then."

When he swung away from the telephone, Bob's family was lined up stair-step order. Each hand was extended toward Father. "Pay us," said a delighted chorus. "Five cents each for one 'Hi,' and fifteen cents each for three 'Yeahs.' Oh, Daddy!"

Father paid off.

Once more he had proved to his own satisfaction that his favorite epigram was true: When dealing with one's children there is only one sure thing: you can't be sure of anything, not even of your own rules.

A further proof of this axiom occurred just before Christmas, 1949.

Bob is a sentimentalist. He has always insisted that Christmas gifts were intended to be opened on Christmas morning, not one moment before.

In 1949, California put on a minor flood the Sunday before Christmas. Even so, the house was gaily decorated, the Christmas tree a glistening spire of color and light. And every closet burgeoned with fascinating shapes surrounded by exotic wrappings.

At breakfast, a late and leisurely meal on Sunday, Barbara told her father, "We really bought a honey of a present for you, Daddy. You couldn't guess it in a million years."

"That's rather a large statement," said Father jovially. "What was our understanding about exaggeration?"

Barbara regarded her male parent solemnly, fully realizing his meaning. It is likely that Barbara is going to be a writer because she has the knack of seeing an incident on the street and turning it into a minor drama during its retelling at the dinner table. She has been encouraged to start writing these stories in a copy book, but she has been cautioned against using sweeping generalities in conversation.

On this occasion she stuck to her announcement. "It's the truth. You couldn't guess in a million years."

Father ventured that he could. Probably a new golf bag. No? Well, then, a sport coat? No, he wasn't even warm.

By this time Father was well out on a limb. Worse than that, his curiosity was aroused. As Bob bogged down, the girls leaped to their feet, hoo-raing, and brought his gift from the closet.

It was a stereo-realist camera. Barbara had stated her case well; Bob admitted he never would have guessed.

During the remainder of the day the family experimented with the camera. They had what is known in the Young household as a "gorgiful" time.

This word, which fills a long-felt want, was coined in this way: One night, when Carol Young was watching her mother dress for a party.

Betty was wearing an exquisite pink net over pink satin, and she looked—as most auburn-haired women do in pink—radiant. Little Carol was lost in admiration.

Then Carol glanced up as her father entered in full dress, complete with top hat, evening cape, white gloves and cane. He was, without doubt, a most resplendent sight.

She swallowed hard. She struggled for expression. Finally her accolade came out in an awe-stricken voice, "Oh, Daddy, you're gorgiful!"

From that day to this, "gorgiful" is the adjective most applied by the Young girls, all five of 'em, including Betty, when describing Bob Young.

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This exclusive FELS blend of mild, golden soap and active naphtha is now further IMPROVED to make your washes whiter and brighter than ever.

Regular users of Fels-Naptha Soap have discovered a new wash day thrill!

This grand laundry soap—that brings TWO CLEANERS to the job of getting dirt out of soiled clothes—now contains the newest up-to-the-minute ingredients for making your family wash whiter and brighter!

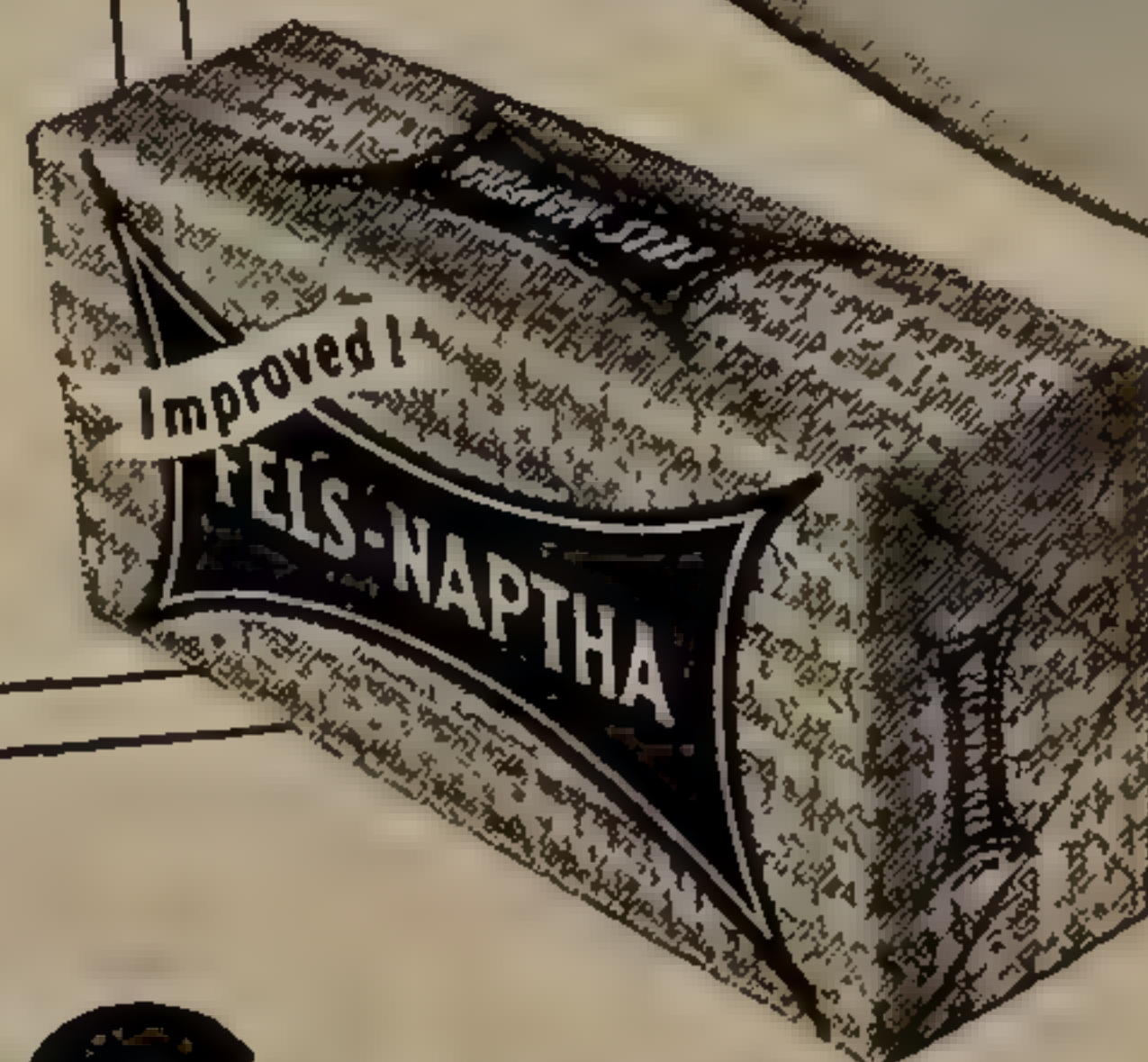
Women who use Fels-Naptha find all their white things whiter than ever, their washable colors brighter, their whole wash completely, fragrantly clean—as only Fels-Naptha does it!



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We suggest you follow the advice of these delighted Fels-Naptha users. No matter what laundry product you have used, including so-called 'miracle' detergents, see if you don't get better results with improved Fels-Naptha Soap.



Fels-Naptha Soap

WITH NEW 'SUNSHINE' INGREDIENTS



This bride didn't hint...

Alas, wedding gifts full of fancy glamour don't help a girl keep a house tidy. When a new husband dribbles ashes, she needs a handy Bissell Carpet Sweeper. So much easier than hooking up the vacuum each time!



This bride did...

She hinted hard . . . and got a Bissell Sweeper from her Cousin Bess. "Bless you, Bess!" says the bride, who uses her Bissell® every day for quick sweep-ups, saves her vacuum for periodic cleaning.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"® brush action

This miracle-action brush adjusts to any rug, with *no* pressure on the handle. Even gets dirt under beds and chairs, with easy swoops!



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BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

"They Knew Them When"

(Continued from page 42)

Quinn joined up with them in 1934—Quinn was broke too, and they're well up on their first million now and Quinn is, too—but "their standards haven't changed. From their houses, their cars, their clothes, the things they think are fun, they're no different from any other middle-class, middle western, ordinary good neighborly folks. For all their money shows in the 'conspicuous consumption' for which Hollywood is notorious they could have made their money in the feed and grain business."

The only kind of conspicuous consumption, apparently, which occurred to the Jordans once they had money to jingle in their pockets was an investment in bigger and better wood working equipment for Jim's shop, super-special wheel toys for grand-daughter Diane, and newer and fancier electric gadgets for Marian's kitchen.

Their old ways are good enough for the lush days—and, as would naturally follow, so are their old friends.

The people who know them best, and whom Jim and Marian love the most, are people who knew them *when*: When getting up the rent was a monthly crisis. When Jim rented a tux and wore rubbers to simulate evening shoes to keep a ten-dollar singing engagement at Chicago's Edgewater Beach hotel. When Don Quinn, who was writing their daily show, Smack Out, for five dollars a script, was willing to double as baby sitter so the Jordans could get out to a ball game.

Their early days in show business were anything but big time. Their singing duo act never played in the Palaces and Capitols of vaudeville; they got into radio before the others who were to be their contemporaries in network broadcasting simply because they were not too proud to work for the buttons and carfare radio paid its performers in those early, experimental days.

"It was rough work, for low pay—if and when you could get it," says Tom Fizdale, another old friend of the Jordans who was probably the first press agent to see potential gold in radio. But the McGees were tough. Radio could throw nothing at them any worse than the bad hotels, draughty theaters and dirty trains which were daily fare on the tank-town vaudeville circuits.

"Jim and Marian stuck it out," Fizdale believes, "because they took the good breaks without letting it go to their heads, and weathered the bad breaks by supporting one another."

Bill Thompson, who, as a series of fabulous characters from Nick dePopolis to Mr. Wimple, is a fixture on the Fibber and Molly program, remembers seeing that support in action.

Jim and Marian had just launched their first comedy program. "It was sustaining, of course. So sustaining that it was kicked all over the schedule. One day it would go on at 7 A.M. and the next day at 4:30 in the afternoon, if a sponsor with a show—and three bucks—had put in a bid for the morning time. It was written by whatever staff writer had an extra fifteen minutes, probably by some poor guy writing five shows a day already."

This was a strain, especially for Jim, who is a notorious worrier.

He was a comedian, but he was in no mood for jokes. When he arrived one day to be told that the broadcast time

had been changed again—"Three forty-five today," the engineer told him, straight-faced, and three forty-five was at that moment five minutes hence—he nearly blew his top.

"On the air," the control room signalled while he was still blowing. In the next ten minutes every horror known to radio happened. The sound man dropped his props; the drummer sat down on his cymbals; strangers wandered into range of the microphone, looking—out loud—for Tony Wons.

After ten minutes the engineer had had enough laughs, and he confessed. The "broadcast" was what is called a dry-run—this time change existed only in the engineer's fertile imagination.

Jim went absolutely white, and speechless.

Marian, her eyes filled with tears, made the only protest. "You shouldn't have. It upsets Jim."

It was no wonder, in those days, that when Don Quinn first set eyes on Jim Jordan he asked "Who's the sourpuss?"

"When they told me the glum looking little guy was a comedian, I fell down laughing."

Quinn was a not-too-successful cartoonist at the time, and hung around Radio Station WENR "for laughs—and to dance with the beautiful hostesses. It was a cheap evening."

The Jordans proved more sociable on acquaintance than Jim's gloomy face had indicated, and Quinn took to throwing them jokes.

"I figured it would be a good test of what was commercial"—as a cartoonist he was in the joke business—"and besides it was fun hearing my stuff on the air."

Jim Jordan knew good material when he saw it, and he asked Quinn to try his hand at the Smack Out scripts.

In Smack Out, Jim Jordan played a small town grocery store proprietor, given to tall stories, who always was just "smack out" of whatever the customer wanted.

Quinn, as he confessed, had never been off the hot city pavements in his life, and the only neighbor of whom he was conscious was the girl in the apartment across the air shaft who forgot to pull down the shade when she showered. He may have known nothing about country stores, but it turned out he knew a great deal about humor. With Quinn writing the jokes, Smack Out prospered.

There was no such thing as form—or formula—in the early days of their collaboration. Don was experimenting, trying everything. "Everybody in radio was, then—we made our own rules."

Still thinking of themselves as singers, Jim and Marian had been injecting a song or two in their fifteen-minute routines. "If I wasn't feeling particularly bright," Quinn says, "I'd simply write in another song."

But, little by little, Smack Out began to develop in the right direction. The listening audience grew; what was more important, the show attracted daily listeners.

Sponsors were nibbling, but a series of auditions came to nothing. Jim, his puss sour again, thought seriously about looking in the closet for his patent leather rubbers.

But then one morning John J. Louis an advertising agency executive, heard Smack Out over his auto radio on his

way to work. His agency was in the market for a new comedy program, and he thought the tall-story-telling character Jim played on Smack Out might "work into something."

He called Jim, who snarled at him. Why should they break their heads over another audition show, just so one more advertising man could have a funny record to take home to his wife?

But Louis persisted, and Quinn, as he says, "hacked out a script." Jim and Marian made the record, and everybody—they thought—forgot about it.

At about this time, Jim—through a little expert finagling by Tom Fizedale—won the National Liar's club award. It was nice timing. And it probably determined the name, Fibber McGee and Molly, under which Jim and Marian Jordan were to grow rich and famous—and also the advertising agency!

For the agency bought the Jordans—and Quinn along with them—and Fibber McGee and Molly were launched on a national network.

"There never was an agency—or a sponsor—like ours," Don Quinn will tell you. "They went along with us for years when we were stinking. They rolled with it." But it paid off. In 1943, the "little show" on which Jack Louis had taken such a long chance rewarded them with a Hooper rating which is still radio's all-time high.

It was a slow rise, but from the beginning of their sponsorship things looked up for the Jordans. They were doing well enough to give up their crowded little North Side apartment in Chicago, and move to a house they built (an almost exact replica of the old homestead on Pradley Avenue in Peoria, Illinois) on suburban Virginia Avenue.

There, on Saturday nights, Jim and Marian gave a series of parties about which their old friends still grow sentimentally nostalgic.

Marian would cook a whopping supper, with an inevitable chocolate ice box cake, and a crowd would gather around the fireside to sing and swap stories until midnight. Bill Thompson would drop in with his old Irish melodeon, Jim would break out his fine Irish tenor, and Marian, as the evening wore on, would dazzle the group with her Irish clog dances.

The Harlow Wilcoxes would be there—Harlow, then, as now, a superlative audience ready to laugh uproariously at the mildest joke, Hugh Studebaker, the actor whose Silly Watson character was then a regular on the McGee show, Isabelle Randolph, the pretty young widow who was clicking on the show as Mrs. Uppington, Hal Peary, in apprenticeship then for his eventual Great Gildersleeve, Cliff Arquette, a scattering of musicians from Ted Weems' band who were then appearing on the show, and Weems' vocalist, a serious-faced young homebody very much in love with his wife—Perry Como who was soon to light fires in the hearts of the bobby-soxers.

A lot of the spontaneous fun of those Saturday nights turned up later on the air. Bill Thompson remembers one night when he knew he would arrive unfashionably late for the party, stopped at a drug store on the way and armed himself with a cheap watch.

Greeted with "High time!" and "Where have you been," as he walked in the front door at the Jordans, he pulled the watch from his pocket, barked "This blankety-blank watch!" walked quickly across the room and threw it in the fireplace.

"It got a gasp," Bill recalls.

EXTRA



EXTRA

A built-in rattle, too.

Mennen gives you not only angel-soft baby powder, but an *extra* built-in rattle, to make powder time play time.

EXTRA

Baby oil with Lanolin, too.

Mennen gives you not only pure, fragrant oil, but the *extra* of soothing Lanolin. MORE oil for your money, too.

Also Mennen Medicated Baby Oil for *extra* protection.



MENNEN

gives you the extra in baby care!



make 'em sit up
and take notice

in your new

Sea Nymph

swim suit by jordan



SMART IN TARTAN are the plaid-trimmed panty and bra of this sigh-catching two-piecer of FAILLE LASTEX. And the strap unbuttons for suntanning. In Navy, Daisy, Emerald and Rose. Sizes 32-36.

About \$8.95

At smart shops, or write to Betty Brown

JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

The next week the gag was inserted in Jim's pre-broadcast warm up. Unfortunately, most of the ebullient Thompson humor could be employed professionally *only* on the warm-ups, since it was chiefly visual.

Passionately fond of costumes, Bill was apt to turn up on a Saturday night in a nightshirt and cap with a pet snake in a basket. And as his salary grew his costumes grew fancier. He would arrive on one Saturday in the vivid uniform of an African Zouave, the next in the plumes and trappings of the Eighteenth Hussars.

In Marian Jordan, whose passion for make-believe is equally inventive, he found a ready collaborator. Their efforts are confined for the most part to the living room, but once, on St. Patrick's Day, 1940, they broke out of bounds.

That was after the program had moved to Hollywood. Bill and Marian were at the Brown Derby, waiting for Jim's arrival to order lunch, and wearing—like the other guests—the green carnations sentimentally provided by the management.

But nothing was happening. "Quiet, isn't it?" Marian said, ominously.

"Too sedate for St. Pat's," Bill agreed. They whispered for a moment, and Bill disappeared—to emerge from men's room in kilts and blowing his bagpipes. "It was quite a parade," says Bill.

Broadcast day lunches at the Derby are a ritual with the cast. For the four years the show originated in Chicago, it was a Tuesday night dinner at the Pit—everybody ate ribs, Jim's favorite dish, whether he liked it or not.

One night at the Pit, the group began speculating about the Crossley ratings which were about to be published. "Let's make a pool," Harlow Wilcox suggested, and everybody took a number—Jim's, characteristically, the most pessimistic.

Bill Thompson was feeling expansive and risked a whopper, 14.7. (The McGee's all-time high, five years later was 37!)

Everybody laughed. But it wasn't funny, McGee. "You may be right, Bill," Jack Louis admitted—and if he should be, Louis promised, he would throw a party for the whole group at the Tavern club. "It was quite a party," says Bill.

It was at that party that one of Tom Fizdale's insane stunts—the story of the radio comedian who found a pearl in an oyster—backfired. Rumors are that

Jim swallowed the pearl, but maybe the less said about that the better.

In 1937, Fibber McGee and Molly were famous enough for Jim and Marian to get their first Hollywood picture offer, and the whole troupe moved to the West Coast to stay.

Jack Louis likes to recall that migration west. It was the Jordans' first journey on a really first class train, and Marian and Jim could barely eat or sleep from excitement.

"Such service," Marian remarked dreamily afterward, "why the steward even boned the fish for us." The milk trains of their vaudeville days were nothing like that.

So the Jordans, unchanged, lived happily ever after in the Hollywoods—but not of them.

They can walk the length of Hollywood Boulevard today, these famous "unknowns," without causing a flutter. But the people who knew them when will never forget them.

During their visit to France last year, Jim impatiently saw the Paris sights with Marian but exacted her promise that she would spend one day in the country with him visiting the scenes of his World War I adventures.

Jim had stayed on in France in 1918, after the Armistice, and organized a show for the doughboys waiting demobilization. He was particularly anxious to show Marian a theater in Rouen, where his company had played.

They got to Rouen, despite Jim's spotty French, and their cab drivers' reluctance to take American spenders too far off the tourist path. And they found the theater. But it was locked.

He had to get inside, Jim insisted to his driver. He wanted Marian to see his old dressing room.

The cabby disappeared in a little restaurant next door, and from the time he took, Jim and Marian were sure he had gone to eat lunch. They tapped their toes nervously. But the driver reappeared, escorting an ancient grey lady in long black skirts, who wore a belt weighted down with rusty keys.

"She'll open her up for you," he indicated.

The old lady was clinking away with her keys, trying to find the one to the theater, and hadn't taken notice of the curious strangers.

She found the right key at last, and shoved open the theater door. And then she took a good look at the Americans. Her face lit up like a Christmas tree, Marian reports.

"Jeem Jordan!" the ancient concierge cried, and she ran into his arms.

Watch for it! "MEET THE WINNERS"



Ralph Staub's on-the-scene film of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:

Jane Wyman
James Stewart

Olivia De Havilland June Allyson Ingrid Bergman
Loretta Young Kirk Douglas Cary Grant Bob Hope
William Bendix and other screen celebrities

A Columbia Short Coming
This Month To Your Local Theater

Don't miss it!!

How to Stop the Music

(Continued from page 58)

Library of Congress. In one Ohio college, a girls' dormitory accepts no incoming calls from eight to nine on Sunday evenings. Each new mystery melody brings an avalanche of letters to columnists, movie studios and radio commentators requesting the name of the mystery melody.

Most bedeviled in the storm is Bert Parks, the snappy, happy master of STM. He is button-holed on the street, cornered at parties and swamped with letters begging him for the name of the current tune. Yet the surprising fact is that even Bert sometimes doesn't know the mystery melody for several weeks. This goes not only for Bert but the producers, the sponsors and the sponsors' wives.

"I wouldn't want to know it," anyone of them will tell you. "If I did, friends would drive me crazy."

But there is one man who, after sealing the name in an envelope and locking the envelope in a safe, carries the secret alone. This man guards the secret so jealously that he has never whispered it to his closest friend, his wife or child. Of that I am sure—for I am the man and I won't tell anyone.

On the other hand, I can appreciate the effort thousands make to learn the mystery melody and I want to give RADIO MIRROR readers some tips, for I, too, have spent many weeks in the attempt to unearth the real name of a familiar melody. One tune everyone knows has evaded me for over a year. It's the simple melody to the words, "I like coffee, I like tea. I like the boys and the boys like me." If you know the correct, original title of that tune, send it to me in care of Stop the Music, New York City and I can assure you that the first person with the right answer will be a couple of hundred dollars richer.

Finding mystery melodies for STM has become a full time job. As one of the original fathers of the program, I know that none of us expected the immediate overwhelming response the program got and in the beginning I chose the mystery melody by simply riffling through my files. It wasn't long before I had to hire three musicologists to assist me.

These experts work independently and don't even know each other's names. Having remained anonymous for almost two years, they still go by the identification of Messrs. X, Y and Z. Today neither my secretary nor my wife flinch when she gets a mysterious phone call.

"This is Mr. X calling," a man will say. "Tell Harry I've found the name of that tune."

One of these experts discovered that his son knew about the work he was doing and he had to swear the teen-aged lad to secrecy. The boy gasped, "Gee, Pop, it's just like working on the atomic bomb."

Another researcher, who lives in a small town, insists that I pay him in cash. He explained, "If I take a check to the local bank signed by Harry Salter, the whole town will know that I'm working on the show and I'll never get a moment's peace."

One of the chief functions of the musicologist is to give the tune a double-check to make certain that other people can trace it. Usually I'll

It's here! New Drene Shampoo with *Beauty Conditioner*



Now! For Natural Sheen Natural Softness

*Don't just "wash" your hair—
Condition it
with New Drene*



When you see how naturally lovely your hair will look after you use New Drene Shampoo with Beauty Conditioning Action, you'll never be satisfied to "just wash" your hair again!

You'll want to *condition* it with New Drene . . . condition it to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness. Yes, and all this without the bother of special rinses or lotions. Just shampoo—that's all you do!

New Drene can promise you so much because Drene—and *only* Drene—has

this new Beauty Conditioner. It's a cleansing discovery found in no other shampoo—a Procter & Gamble exclusive! Try New Drene today!

- ① New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
- ② Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- ③ Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Quickly removes loose dandruff from hair and scalp!
- ④ Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

ONLY NEW DRENE SHAMPOO *has this Wonderful New Beauty Conditioner*

No other dentifrice has all these SQUIBB benefits



FRESHENS TASTE AND BREATH

No soapy foam...no soapy after-taste. Real mint cleans breath... gives lasting freshness.



HELPS NEUTRALIZE MOUTH ACIDS

Magnesium hydrate counteracts mouth acids widely held to be a cause of tooth decay.



REACHES HARD-TO-GET-AT PLACES

Smooth, foamless texture permits better penetration.



EXTRA SAFE...

Polishes teeth to normal whiteness without endangering precious tooth enamel.



No Other Dentifrice Has Been Proved More Effective...

hand one expert the music just the way it will be heard over the air and say, "This is going to be a mystery melody. See if you can find the title."

Most melodies have their origin in folk songs, old hymns or marches. The important thing is not to be misled by the first name that comes to mind for it is probably a new version built on the general pattern of the original melody.

A good example of this was the famous mystery melody, "Get Out of the Wilderness," published in 1860 by Captain Minter, one of the best known bandmasters in the United States. However, in the last nine decades other well-known versions of the tune appeared with such titles as "The Old Gray Mare," "Down in Alabama," and one contrary composer rewrote the tune to "Go Into the Wilderness." And each one was different. These variations threw thousands of STM listeners off the track and it was seven weeks before someone cracked the jackpot.

The rhythm, too, should give you a clue as to whether the tune is a hymn, jig, ballad or march but remember that the important thing to get accurately is the melody line. If you can copy the notes on paper, either by ear or with a recorder, you are in a far better position to make a check against that stack of old sheet music in the attic.

Everyone working on STM realizes that some of the winners get their titles from outside sources but even in this case the contestant must be sure the title is letter perfect. There was the case of a Chicago woman who read the name of the mystery in a newspaper yet lost the loot for one tiny error.

It happened when the Chicago Times discovered the title of the mystery melody but in printing changed one letter.

Bert Parks was startled by the woman's answer. She was so close and yet so far from the correct name. Without trying to hide his excitement, Bert asked, "Will you please spell the last word?"

"B-U-F-F," she said and repeated, "Army Buff."

Still anxious to give her the chance to correct her mistake, Bert pleaded, "Will you please give me a word beginning with the first letter of the word you just spelled?"

The woman replied, "B as in beautiful."

Bert groaned, "Lady, you'll never know how close you were."

The correct title was "Army Duff."

Many people probably get the title from newspaper columnists or radio

commentators but there are other sources. Several Congressmen use the resources at their command to learn the name of the mystery melody for their voters. Music dealers throughout the country have found a ready market for the sheet music of the mystery melody.

One Sunday evening listeners gasped in astonishment when they heard the new mystery melody. They recognized it immediately as a march they heard at newsreels. But they didn't know which newsreel and never had known the title. An enterprising chain of theaters came to their aid the next day with freshly painted signs:

Do You Know the Name of the Mystery Melody?

Come Inside

See It and Hear It

Many office workers gave up their lunch hour to go into movies and see the title, "World Events March," flashed on the screen.

Another famous picture tune that set the country on its ear was "Sun Dance." Every man, woman and child remembered the Indian music as something he had heard in cowboy movies. This time Congressmen for some strange reason were really bombarded with queries. One harried legislator got to his feet and boomed, "Does anyone here know the name of the mystery melody?"

The late Sol Bloom, New York Representative, answered, "I do. I wrote it."

And he had, many years before when he was owner of a music publishing company.

Since STM went on television, the confusion and excitement has doubled, for now there are always two mystery melodies. As Bert Parks counsels the audience, "Remember, a different tune is used for the TV show. It's never the same one you hear on Sundays."

Bert sympathizes with listeners on this new problem for it has given him a couple of near headaches. Not too long ago, Bert had a contestant on the phone during the TV show and when she gave him the name of the mystery melody, his face broke into a grin and he began to wave one arm.

"You're absolutely right," he shouted.

The audience applauded as Bert hurriedly reached for the list of prizes. Then suddenly he froze. He realized the woman had given him not the TV mystery melody but the radio tune. He backtracked fast.

But let me tell you this, television tunes are chosen exactly the same way

the man who spreads the golden rule . . .



Listen To Radio's Good Neighbor

JACK BERCH

and his human stories of human kindness.

Every Morning Mon.-Fri.

NBC

Read Jack Berch's "Heart-To-Heart Hook-up" column in

TRUE EXPERIENCES magazine
now on newsstands.

as the radio mystery melodies. The same rules apply.

As a contestant you have to concentrate on more than the mystery melody so it might be well to know how the other quiz tunes are chosen, the titles that must be named before the contestant tries for the jackpot.

These mystery tunes are nothing more than a super collection of hits. There is nothing tricky about them, except that I insist that each must have been among the top ten list of popularity during its hey-day. That's why you'll find such a curious mixture as "I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," "White Christmas," "London Bridge is Falling Down," and "The Anvil Chorus." If you anticipate any trouble with these tunes, I would advise you to have anywhere from three to four generations of your family present to help, for these numbers are chosen to appeal to all age groups.

As eager as most people are to have that call from STM, a startling fact is that frequently the telephone operators have a very hard time convincing the people that they call that it really isn't a gag.

"Cut out the kidding!" contestants will say, time and time again.

If the doubting Thomas is difficult to persuade, the operator has a thorough convincer.

"Now listen to the radio," she'll say, "and I'll tell you the name of the next city being called before you hear it over your radio."

Once the listener realizes it is no joke another problem arises in keeping him calm.

Betty Gallagher, a typical operator on the show, has some good advice for potential contestants. Betty is an intelligent, radio-wise young lady, for her full time job is secretary to one of ABC's executives.

"A contestant should get someone to move the radio near the phone while she is getting settled," she suggests.

In Betty's experience with contestants, she has found phones are either at a great distance from the radio or in a different room so that it takes a bit of time and juggling to move a small, portable set near to the phone.

Betty and the other girls at the switchboard are extremely sympathetic, because they realize how much the prizes mean to winners and appreciate the eagerness of everyone to win. But they are not allowed to discuss the mystery melody or even listen to a few pre-game guesses.

Sometimes they will get an elderly person on the phone who is alone and just doesn't want to play. Occasionally a woman will say, "I'm not an expert on music. No sense in my trying."

The operator will generally answer, "Your chance is as good as anyone else."

And that operator is right. Quite the best proof of this is the story of a famous newspaper man who almost regularly divulges the name of the mystery melody in his column. A lot of people have guessed as to whether he employs tune detectives or is himself a musical genius. The truth of the matter, and he himself admits it, is that he gets his information from readers. When a good many of them suggest the same title, he goes to a library and makes a check. They are nearly always right.

That's what I mean. Nearly everyone has a chance to identify the mystery melody and win the jackpot on Stop the Music. It could be you!

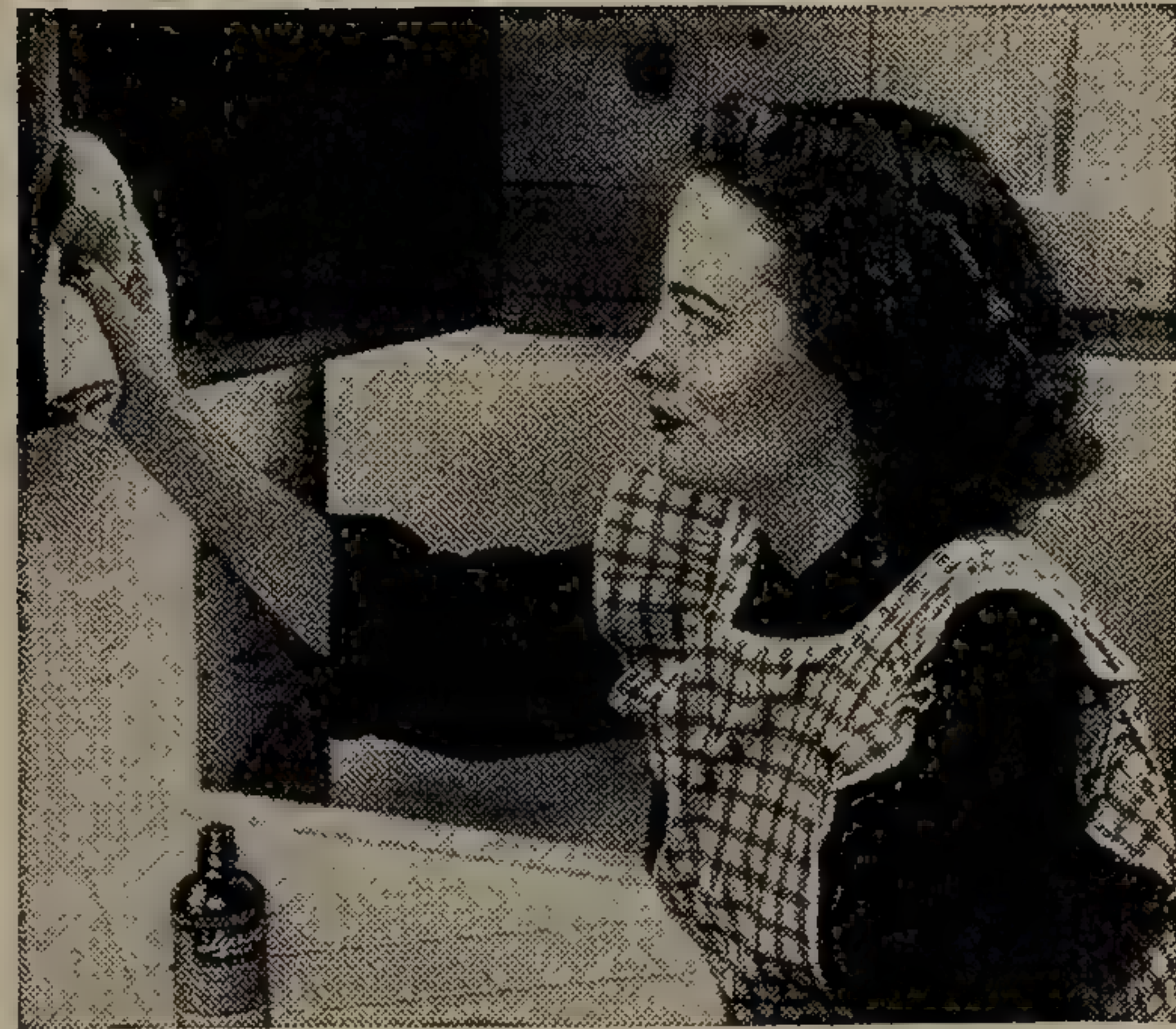
SPRING CLEANING Must Guard Against Germs



MRS. FRANCIS BARR, DALLAS, TEX., declares: "Spring cleaning calls for extra vigilance,

with potent 'Lysol' for all cleaning . . . woodwork . . . walls . . . our whole house."

Wise Mothers Fight Infection Risks



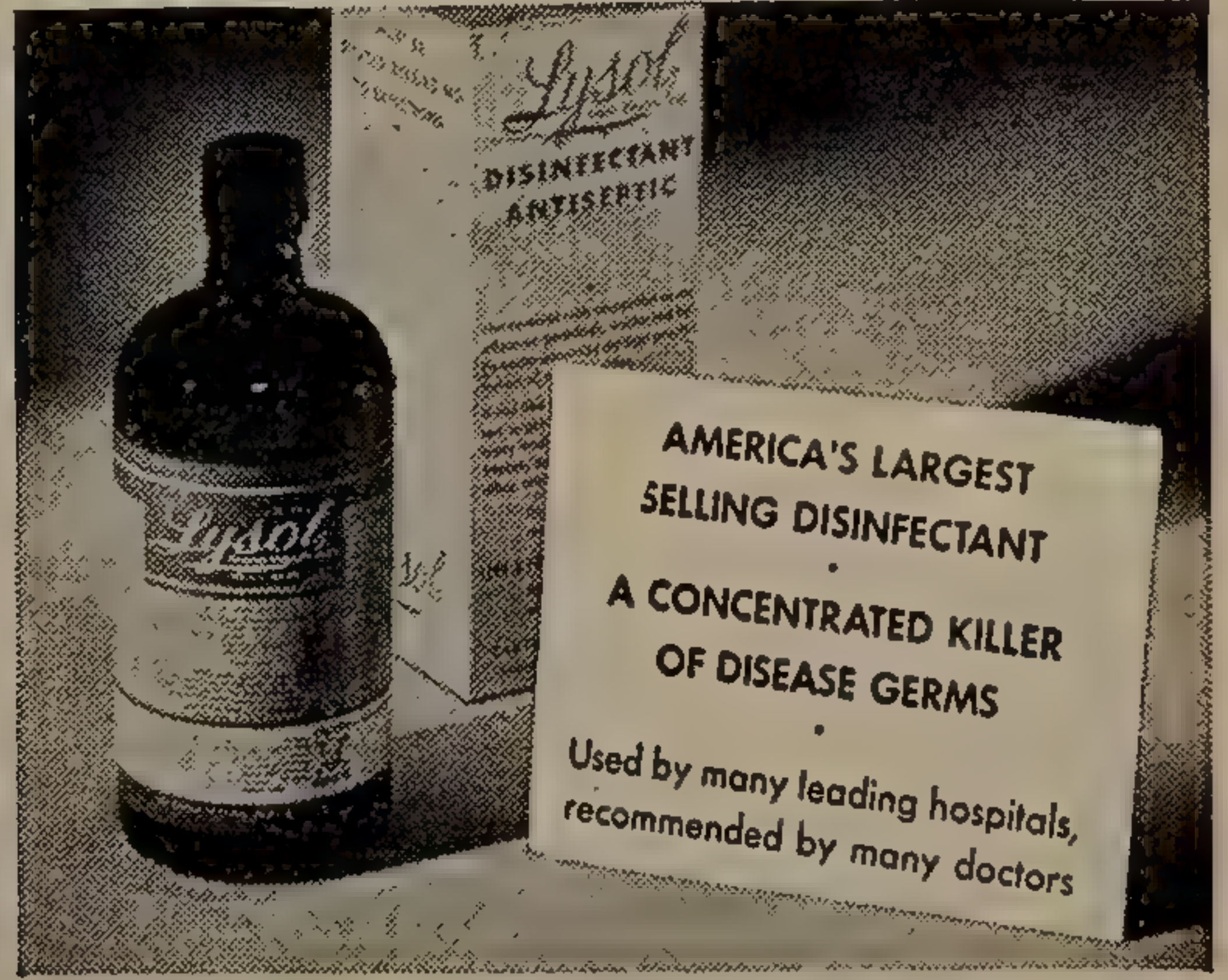
MRS. B. VERNON SMITH, BALBOA, CALIF., says: "I use 'Lysol' when cleaning bathroom shelves, all cabinets, other dust collectors, as well as all the routine places."

A CLEAN HOUSE, these clever young mothers realize, is not necessarily hygienically clean. Because many disease germs lurk in ordinary house dust. So these, and other wise mothers from coast-to-coast, add potent, effective "Lysol" brand disinfectant to the cleaning water, daily, to fight infection risks.

"EVERY DAY," they say, they use "Lysol." And in a thorough job like spring cleaning, they use it all through the house. Walls, floors, everywhere. Just 2½ tablespoons of economical "Lysol" to a gallon of water—and house cleaning becomes an important step in guarding family health.



MRS. ELVIN ERICKSON, BAY RIDGE, N. Y., says: "'Lysol' works wonders . . . I add it to the water when cleaning the kitchen, the baby's room . . . and our whole house."



IN YOUR HOME, as you get rid of winter's dust and dirt, fight disease germs with effective "Lysol," as these and millions of other smart mothers, all over America, do.

YODORA

the deodorant that works

2 WAYS



stops

perspiration odor

Wonderful Yodora does not merely mask, but stops perspiration odor. Effective for full 24-hour protection.



softens

and beautifies underarm skin

Made with a face cream base, Yodora keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Tubes or jars 10¢ 30¢ 60¢

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!



McKESSON & ROBBINS
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 62)

campaign for the presidency against Herbert Hoover, "the great engineer." It is curious that radio came into its own as the most powerful political instrument the world has ever known through these two particularly inept speakers.

Al Smith had a magic personality in front of audiences, but it did not go through the mike. His "sidewalks of New York" accent sounded foreign to voters outside of his home state. Hoover's dry, flat delivery was hardly spell-binding, either. Both used broadcasts extensively in the campaign, however. They had to. The air audience was now far too big to ignore, so the colorful day of political barnstorming passed forever, and the processes of our democracy took a giant stride closer to the individual voter.

In the leveling light of history, one event in each year of radio's story stands out above all the rest. In 1928, nobody guessed that the arrival of an obscure band leader named Hubert Prior Vallee was an outstandingly important event in the broadcasting of entertainment, but it was. He changed the structure of radio shows. He set a new style of singing. He was not only a great star, he was probably the greatest of the talent scouts. The roster of his guests during the decade in which his show led all the rest reads like a *Who's Who* of show business. In biographies of literally scores of stars of today is the notation "made first air appearance on the Vallee show"—Bob Hope, Judy Canova, Joan Davis, Alice Faye, Ezra Stone, Olsen and Johnson, Carmen Miranda, to mention a few. Vallee was born in 1901 in Island Rock, Vermont. There, was no show business in his background. His father owned a drug store, and Hubert's introduction to business was tending the gas pump out front during summer vacations. His executive talent showed itself early. While still in college he organized a dance band, "The Yale Boys" which became "The Connecticut Yankees" after graduation.

Nicknames were the fashion in those days. He did not fancy "Hubie." He admired Rudy Wiedoft, sax player and song writer, so, as a compliment, he took "Rudy" for a nickname. His band had a pleasant success and kept busy on small dates from the start because it was different. There was no raucous blaring of brasses. Everything was soft, confidential, easy and romantic as Rudy murmured the lyrics of songs through a megaphone instead of shouting them. He used "Heigh-Ho, Everybody" as his airmark—a greeting that was to become famous in one evening as the result of an accident.

This is how it happened. CBS had a sustaining program called Night Club Romances. One night, just before it was to go on the air, consternation reigned. Somebody had forgotten the music score, especially arranged and irreplaceable. What to do? The program director began to telephone frantically for a band with music in hand. Everybody was busy. Finally, as a last hope, somebody reached all the way down the line for Rudy. Yes, he would go on, provided they picked him up from his night club. The network wasn't happy about it, but he was better than nothing. Perhaps the listeners wouldn't rebel if the announc-

er made the substitution sound important, so the introduction was "As a special attraction, we take you tonight outside the studio and directly to the Heigh Ho Club to hear Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees."

The result staggered everybody. Rudy's nasal wail sped out over the country, and the next morning he was the most sensational thing on the air. "My Time is Your Time" became the theme song of the nation, with "The Maine Stein Song" as a runner-up. He built his show into a glittering weekly revue and made The Fleischmann Hour the outstanding entertainment of its kind to 1936. Then he ruled supreme on the Royal Gelatin Show until 1939. He had an uncanny sense of what the public wanted. Every week there was something new—from an unknown ventriloquist (Edgar Bergen with his Charlie McCarthy, of course) to the condensed version of some 250 high-brow stage plays or the swinging romp of old songs like "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." When other producers copied his interviews with famous people such as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and Max Baer, he did an abrupt about-face and put on unknowns in the news, setting the pattern that was to reach its full development in *We, The People*. His public appearances caused such traffic jams that he needed a police escort to get him from his Villa Vallee to the studio and then to the Paramount where he broke records by staying ten weeks as master of ceremonies.

All of this was irresistible to the movies. In 1930 he made his first feature length film, "The Vagabond Lover" with Marie Dressler and Sally Blaine (Loretta Young's sister.) In it he played a deadly serious romantic lead with no hint whatever of the sensationally funny comedy talent he was to develop much later, but his followers flocked to it. Anything with Rudy was wonderful. News of his current romance filled the papers. His marriage to Leonie Cauchois McCoy had come to an end, and he was free to confide to the press, "A wonderful thing happened to me last night. I didn't even know her name, but from the moment I looked across a dance floor into her eyes I knew that she was going to be terribly important to me." Ah, vagabond dreams with million-dollar trimmings! This was Fay Webb, who indeed was to be important. Their marriage was stormy, but undaunted. Rudy later married Betty Jane Greer, and then in 1949, Eleanor Kathleen Norris. Since the war, and his service in the Coast Guard, Rudy has lived in Hollywood. He has just made a triumphal comeback with a new network show on Mutual.

Trying as was his "vagabond lover" period to the masculine half of the nation, no one denies that he was second to none in his particular contribution to radio, and all who remember old slant-eyes in the twenties take hats off reverently to the boy who ushered in the age of the crooner singlehanded.

Two shows of great service value started in 1928. The late Dr. Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour was put on the NBC network as a sustaining show. It cost the company a fortune, but it contributed enormously to the culture of the rising generation

because it reached five million school children in three thousand schools. The National Home and Farm Hour began on the same network. It started locally on KDKA in 1923 when Frank E. Mullen, an editor of *The National Stockman and Farmer* began giving market and weather reports. Though not of interest to city listeners, it gives invaluable aid to farmers and its rural following is huge.

The Voice of Firestone also made its bow this year, featuring outstanding music from the start. Vaughn de Leath, its first soloist, was followed by scores of brilliant singers like Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Lawrence Tibbett. He joined it in 1932, appearing on alternate weeks to Richard Crooks who later alternated with Nelson Eddy and Margaret Speaks, just as Eleanor Steber and Christopher Lynch do today. Its list of great conductors include Hugo Mariani, William Daly, Alfred Wallenstein, Howard Barlow, Andre Kostelanetz and many more who brought the best of music to millions of listeners to whom opera and symphony were a wonderful new experience.

Romance was the thing, however. A tenor named Frank Luther was coming along fast, and later was to open his show by breathing "This is your lover," so portentously that lonely ladies were known to swoon dead away beside the radio. Luther was born in Kansas and had been an ordained minister of the gospel before he took to the air as a singer with the Happy Wonder Bakers. Remember their theme song? Yoho, yoho, yoho ahead!

*We are the bakers who bake the bread
For mama and papa and Nellie and Ned
And also for little sister.*

Yoho, yoho, yooo . . . hooooooooooooo!
He also was heard in Lucky Strike's quartet when they warbled another deathless commercial, starting 1932, *Jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*

We're touring alluring old New York town

*Broadway, the Follies and Park Avenue
Where everyone's happy and no one feels blue. . . .*

They were the days when the little ones could really get their teeth into the radio plug, and many of those radio rhymes outlived such brief successes as "I Faw Down and Go Boom," the nonsense song of 1928. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians had started to play "the sweetest music this side of Heaven" for CBS where he stayed on and on, delighting everybody, even the devotees of jazz who described his music as "pure corn." They meant corn syrup, and most definitely not corn whiskey which half of the country was now drinking hot from the still and which was just the opposite of soothing. His sweet music was a signpost pointing to a new era—the age of the crooner.

1929: The country was booming. Bellhops and nursemaids were in the market buying stocks on margin. Everybody seemed to have money because everybody was buying everything on the installment plan—cars, houses, jewelry, clothes and, of course, radios. \$843,000,000 worth this year. Set manufacturers expanded plants feverishly and poured out novelty models built into all manner of fancy chests, tables and whatnot. Radios no longer were considered a luxury, so there were plenty around to bring the news of the stock market crash to the stunned nation in October, though before that shattering climax to the Terrific Twenties, everything was wonderful, and

Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo



It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, too! \$1.00; economy size \$1.75

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut ENRICHED CREME Shampoo with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better

*powdered, 1%

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights

R
M

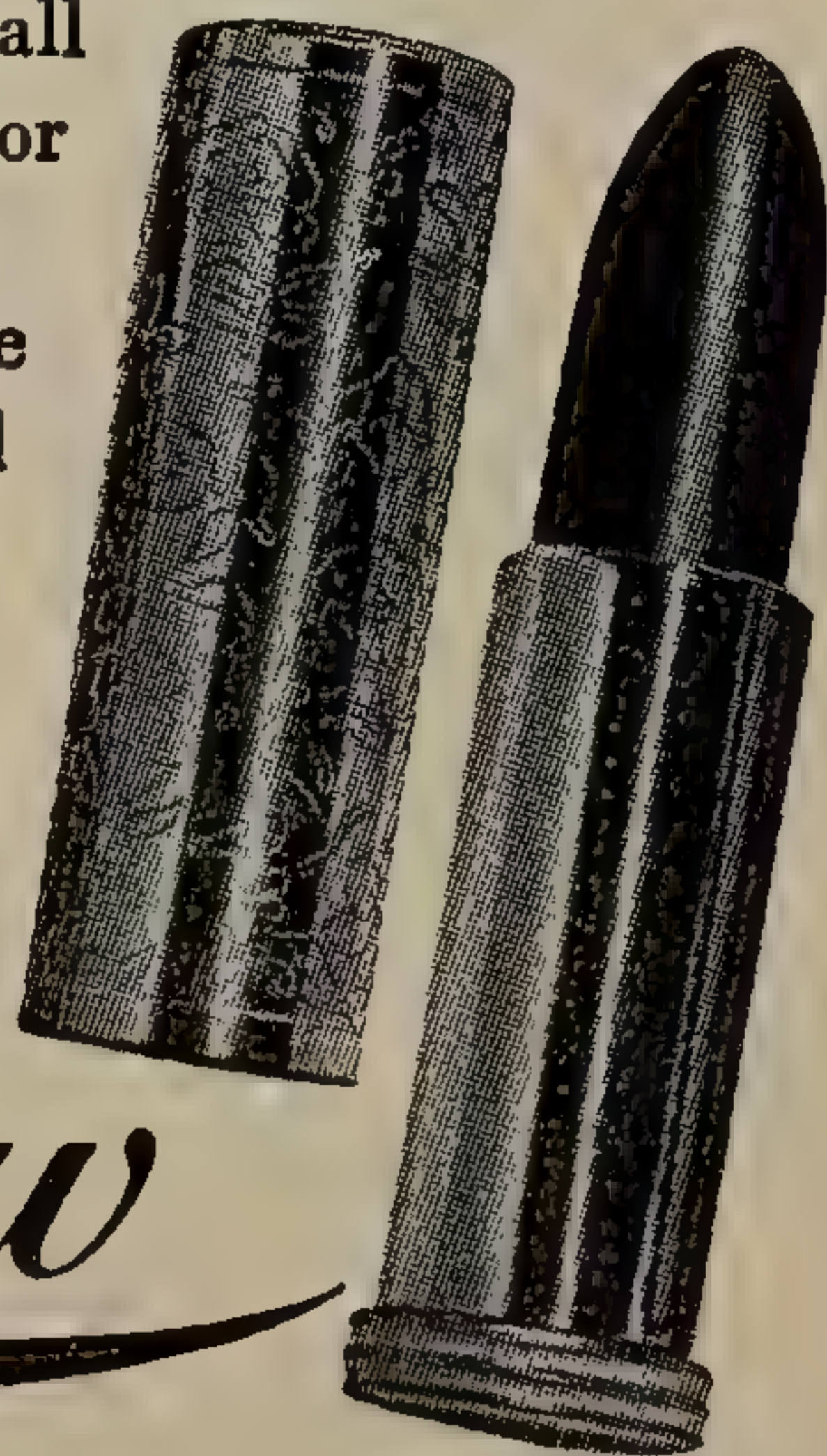


for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE
New
Tangee
LIP STICK

everybody was in the mood for "making whoopee" as the new saying had it.

Skirts had reached their shortest, only a flutter below the knee. Helmet hats covered shingle bobs except for a couple of pointed locks swept out over the cheeks. Belts were way down around where the hips used to be. You were unfortunate, indeed, if you still had them because the boyish form was the thing. No smart coat had buttons. One hand stayed permanently somewhat left of center to keep the rear wrapped stylishly tight.

Great days, and packed with radio news.

Amos 'n' Andy were already a sensation in the area reached by Chicago's WMAQ. Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles J. Correll (Andy) started in 1924 with free appearances for fun as singers. In 1926, they invented a black-face act, Sam 'n' Henry, for WGN. These names belonged to the station, so they called themselves Amos 'n' Andy when they moved to WMAQ in 1928. In 1929 they started on the NBC network, sponsored by Pepsodent. Within a month, their seven o'clock show became a national date. Telephone calls dropped to nothing while they were on the air. Theatres stayed empty until desperate managers hit on the plan of stopping the movie and routing the broadcast through the loud speakers. Hotels suspended room service during their fifteen minutes. The help threatened to quit otherwise. A doctor sent letters to his patients asking them not to telephone between 7 and 7:15 except in gravest emergency.

There has never been anything like it on the air before or since. They expanded the listening audience by millions. "I'se regusted," "Check and double-check," "Sho-sho," and "Ain't Dat Sumpin'?" were the catch words of the day, and Madame Queen's breach of promise suit against the Kingfish the hottest scandal. They were radio's first million dollar talent deal—\$200,000 for the first year with options. That was a walloping sum to pay two blackface comedians when many huge variety shows with full orchestras cost less.

Beyond doubt, they were the biggest thing in radio. Pepsodent was gleeful that it had signed them, but it was hard to forget that they had been working for nothing only four years ago. When renewal time came, Pepsodent sent out feelers to see if they couldn't take a cut. After all, the market had crashed and times were hard. Amos 'n' Andy heard the rumors of this plot and were prepared when no less than the president of NBC, M. H. Aylesworth himself,

came around to tell them of Pepsodent's emotion about all that money. They had their answer ready. Before Aylesworth could speak, they announced that they wanted a raise. They thought \$300,000 a year would be nice. When the ugly word, "cut," was mentioned, they laughed him to scorn.

"We're worth what we're getting, and we'll show you," they said.

But how? There was still no system of gauging the size of listening audiences. Finally the boys hit on a plan. They invented a town, Webb City, for The Fresh Air Taxicab, Incorporated to operate in, offered a free map on the air, and held their breaths. All depended on what the mailman would bring. What would they do if nobody wrote for the map? They needn't have worried. Over a million letters clogged the mails. Within a week, 200 typists had been hired to handle the mountain of responses. After that there was no more talk of a pay cut. Radio had proved itself, beyond argument, as a forceful advertising medium, if the show were right.

Though not the first show with a continued story, Amos 'n' Andy was the first really big one running six days a week. The idea was to be developed immediately into what we know as the daytime serial, following their success and that of another great show whose famous opening line, "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bloom," was heard for the first time this year.

When a young mother, Gertrude Berg, took a hand-written script to NBC, the first man who read it said, "This has about as much entertainment value as a telephone directory." Just the same, a month later she had a contract to do what was first known as The Rise of the Goldbergs, and the glorious Molly has been interfering rashly and lovingly in the lives of her neighbors ever since.

Though she had studied dramatics at Columbia University for a year before her marriage to a chemical engineer, Mrs. Berg had not thought of writing professionally until the burning of a factory cost her husband his job just as the depression struck. Molly enchanted listeners from the start. The character is based on Mrs. Berg's grandmother, her own mother and in some degree on herself in its facets of warm, emotional family devotion. Sammele and Rosalie are not based on her own children, however, who were babies when the show started. During the twenty-one years The Goldbergs have been on the air (with time out only for the writing and playing of the stage hit, "Molly and

"It expands my world"



● Many women have voiced this feeling about "My True Story"—the true-life radio program that comes to you every morning, Monday through Friday. And here's the reason! This program brings you a *complete* story every day about *real* people and their problems, culled from the files of True Story Magazine. You feel that you know the characters personally because so many times the stories they tell are within the realm of *your* experience.

Tune in

"My True Story"

American Broadcasting Stations

Me") the famous Mrs. Bloom has never been heard from except on one historic occasion. Molly was giving her a massage and the country was electrified by an emotion-packed "Oiy!" It was her one line, never heard again.

Though these two shows were opening the whole new field of radio drama, dance music was still the advertiser's best bet, and they were reaching out for the biggest. The Old Gold Hour was built around Paul Whiteman, "the jazz king." It was announced by Ted Hus- ing who turned the job over to a promising unknown named Harry Von Zell when the band went on the road. Whiteman's was the first program band to travel, broadcasting as it went, a custom unheard of until 1929. He in- vented the idea when he was signed to make "The King of Jazz" and de- cided to make the journey to Holly- wood count as a concert tour. The troupe barnstormed luxuriously in ten train cars, and gave performances in seventeen cities before their triumphant arrival on the coast.

Among the featured entertainers was a male trio called "The Rhythm Boys." Few knew their names—Bing Crosby, Harry Barris and Al Rinker. While in Hollywood, Bing sang at night with Gus Arnheim's orchestra in the top dance spot of the town, the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove. His new method of putting over a song made a big hit. He just stood still and let his melodic "boo-boo-ba-boo" fall quietly on the enchanted ears of the dancers. If he felt really lively, he let his eyes move as much as an inch from side to side. The fans, already intoxicated by Rudy Vallee's sweet and lovely mur- murs, were breathless with delight at their new discovery.

Bing had something else on his mind beside singing. He was courting one of the brightest of the rising movie stars, Dixie Lee. Her studio frankly did not care for this. They would much have preferred a romance with a more glam- orous figure—somebody who had a future in the movies. They warned her that she was wasting her time on the sloppy-looking, jug-eared singer who was here today and would be gone tomorrow. Just the same she seemed to welcome his company. There was no explaining women, was there?

Everybody loved Bing's singing, but nobody saw any use for him on the screen except Mack Sennett who made a series of one reelers in which Bing sang "I Surrender Dear," "Just One More Chance," "Sing, Sing, Sing," and "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" which was to be- come his theme song later. These films trickled out into the theatres without anyone taking any particular note of the man who was to win Photoplay's Gold Medal as the most popular male star in all the land for four consecutive years starting in 1945.

It was to be two years before Bing was to get his first big radio break by a curious happenstance that will enliven the record of 1931 when we get to it.

In the meantime, 1929 was a great year for new personalities in news re- porting. Floyd Gibbons, one of the greatest, had already won the title "ace of the war correspondents" before he went on the air. He had covered Pancho Villa's campaigns in Mexico in 1915, was with Pershing's forces in our brief but bloody Mexican Border War in 1916. He lost an eye at Belleau Wood in the First World War, and after that he wore a black patch.

Gibbons has the distinction of being

ARE YOU A MODERN MOTHER in whom your daughter can confide?

GEE, MOM, IT'S SWELL TO
BE ABLE TO DISCUSS THESE
INTIMATE THINGS WITH YOU

WELL, HAVEN'T WE
ALWAYS BEEN PALS?



There's a womanly offense greater than bad breath or body odor

Isn't it a comfort for a modern mother to help her daughter shake off old fears and inhibitions—to discuss openly the intimate facts of life she should know? A modern mother will explain to her grown-up daughter that there's just as much need for her to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (*internal* cleanliness), for her health, charm and after her periods, as there is for an older, married woman. A mother will certainly warn about a very common odor which her daughter herself may not detect but is often so apparent to people around her.

And what an assurance to know that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this purpose is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Principle Developed By A
Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Doctors know that much unhappiness can be traced to women using dangerous

products, overstrong solutions of which can gradually cause serious damage. On the other hand, what woman wants to depend on weak, homemade solutions? Here's why ZONITE is such a modern miracle yet so inexpensive to use!

ZONITE is powerfully germicidal, de- odorizing—so very effective yet absolutely safe to tissues. Non-poisonous, non- irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as you want—without injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External
Hygienic Protection

ZONITE deodorizes not by just 'mask- ing'—it actually *destroys*, dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. ZONITE has such a soothing effect and promptly relieves itching and irritation if present. ZONITE gives daily *external* hygienic protection, too, leaving you with such a dainty, wholesome feeling. Buy amazing antiseptic-germicide ZONITE today at any drugstore.

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE TESTED
FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SAFE TO TISSUES

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Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-50, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in the U. S.

R
M

Am I
too conservative?
Am I
behind the times?
Am I
living in the past?



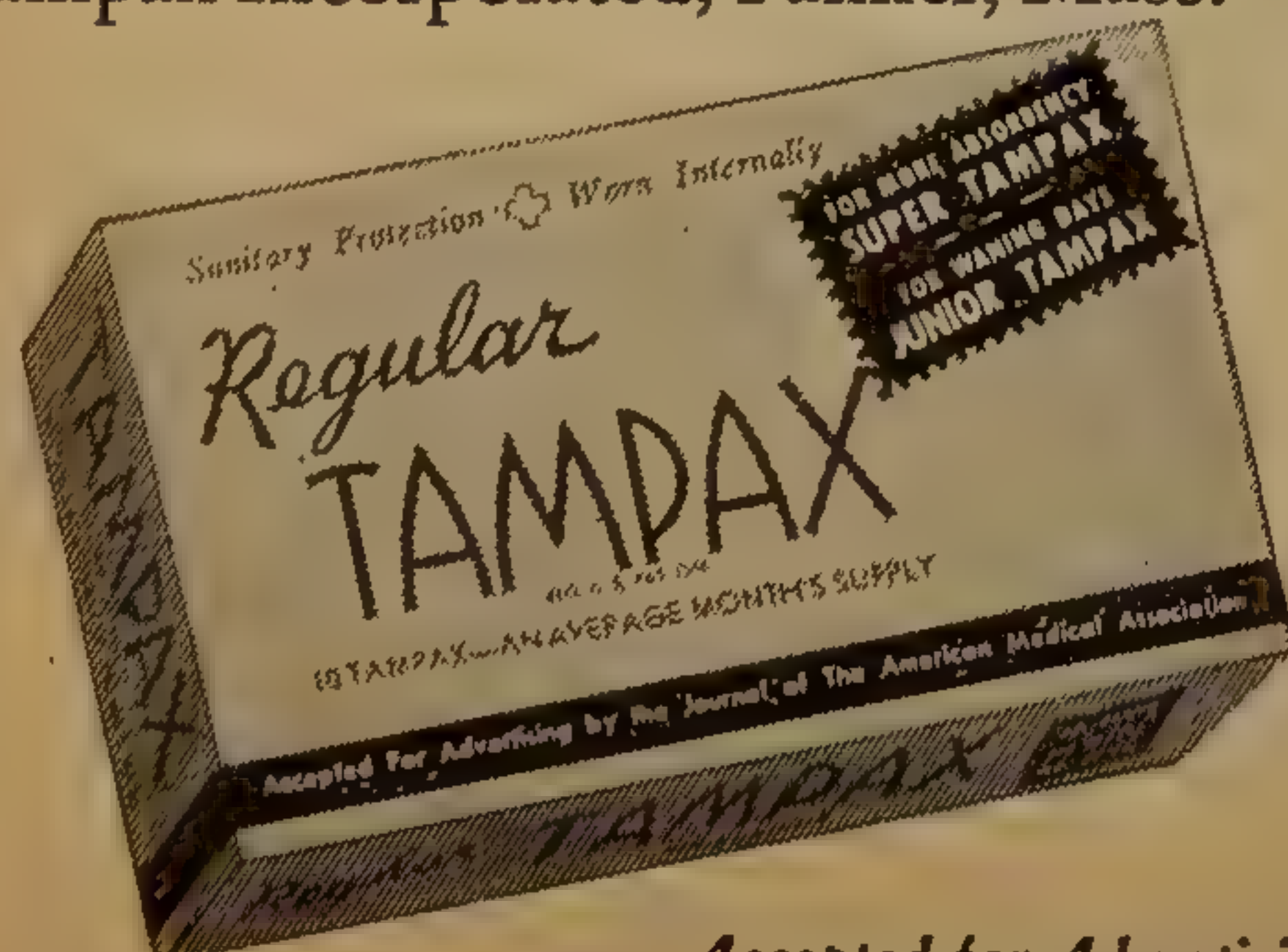
ASK YOURSELF why you hang back from adopting an improvement like Tampax (monthly sanitary protection) which can make so great a difference in your daily life. *Really ask yourself why....* Do you

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

want more assurance, more evidence? Remember that Tampax was invented by a doctor and millions of women now use it. Who is different from these millions?

Tampax works on the principle of *internal absorption*, well known to the medical profession. It is extremely simple and practical. Pure surgical cotton is compressed into slender white applicators for neat and easy insertion. Good-bye to belts, pins and external pads! Good-bye to odor, chafing, ridge-lines that "show through".... You cannot feel the Tampax while using it and you can even wear it in tub or shower bath. Disposal is no problem at all.

A full month's average supply of Tampax slips into purse. Buy it at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Try Tampax and relieve the tension on "those troublesome days." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

the first reporter to carry a portable short-wave transmitter, a mammoth stride forward in on-the-scene reporting. Before this, lines had to be strung and newsmen of the air had to broadcast from fixed field stations. A so-called "mobile unit" was known as early as 1922, but it weighed 560 pounds and had to be hauled around on a truck. Gibbons' new equipment was cumbersome and very heavy, but a strong man could stagger around with it unassisted. He was the dismay of all other reporters when he turned up at Lakehurst, New Jersey, to cover, for NBC, the second visit of the Graf Zeppelin. Ted Husing, there for CBS, was bitten deep with envy. He was the only reporter present who spoke German. When the dirigible's captain, Von Eckner, asked him what the radio men wanted him to do, Husing translated somewhat freely. He and his pals were trying to lure Von Eckner closer to their mikes, since, unlike Gibbons, they were not walkie-talkies, but Husing felt such technical details would just confuse the birdman. "They want you to take off your cap," he said in German, indicating with a wave of the hand Gibbons' mike as a convenient place to hang the official headgear. Von Eckner innocently followed the suggestion, effectively muffling Husing's competition for the first minutes of the interview.

Portable units came into widespread use immediately. A. L. Alexander, who who had started as an announcer in 1925, was the first to adapt it to a brand new kind of show, the Man in the Street interviews which set the pattern of the unrehearsed audience participation shows that were to flood the airways a decade later.

Clem McCarthy joined NBC this year, where he still is. He was already famous following his broadcast in 1928 of the first Kentucky Derby to go on a national network, and has been the greatest of the turf reporters ever since. Familiar to all fans is his breathless style and trip-hammer tongue. He lent his talents to other sports events, too. Notable is his dead-pan coverage of the National Croquet Championship finals, and his no less dramatic report of the hassle of the house-wives that brought out the riot squad to control a nylon line at Gimbel's Department Store in 1946.

Bob Trout was on a local station in Washington, D. C., and having his troubles. Those were the days when radio reporters were considered a nuisance in the Capital. The sergeant-at-arms in

the White House was forever shooing them off, saying, "Get away, stand back—your cables are in the way of the newspaper men." They were so firm about this that once Trout was waved all the way back into a closet. The door was promptly closed by a traitorous colleague. Trout claims to be the first reporter to do an "eye-witness" account in total darkness.

Will Rogers began his first regular series and instantly became one of the most widely quoted of commentators because he had a faculty for saying what everyone was thinking with an original twist of humor in even his most stinging observations. He loved to kid Congress: "Every time they make a law it's a joke, and every time they make a joke it's a law." About the market crash: "We have the distinction of being the only nation going to the poorhouse in an automobile." His column was in hundreds of newspapers and he was the top boxoffice movie star in 1935 when the little plane, carrying him and Wiley Post on an Alaskan holiday, crashed and ended his great career but not his great influence.

In 1929, one of the finest of all sustaining shows began on CBS, the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. This vast, unpaid chorus of 375 voices was formed in 1890. It has drawn its talent from every level of the community since—farmers, doctors, grandmothers, high school students, mechanics, clerks, everybody. It originates from the vast Mormon Temple. During all but its first ten broadcasts it has been produced by Richard L. Evans who also does the commentary.

In the East, Leopold Stokowski was trying an experiment. He was then conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony. At his insistence that he was the logical man to control so vital a thing as the volume of sound on a broadcast concert, a special booth was rigged for him by the doubtful NBC. It had glass sides so that his orchestra could see the waving hands of the maestro when they were not busy with the control buttons. It was a noble experiment, but after he had blasted WEAFF off the air three times in the first half-hour, Stokowski let the sound man return to his job.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a singing cowboy, Gene Autry, was getting ready to leave KVOO and find fame and fortune in Chicago. He did. He became widely known on The National Barn Dance, and in 1934 blazed the trail of the singing Western in Hollywood. Shades of Tom Mix and Wm. S. Hart!



you can get into the act on the

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW

with

JIMMY DURANTE DON AMECHE VERA VAGUE

By tuning in on your local NBC station

Every Friday Night

see local newspapers for time

see the May issue of True Story magazine for a warm inside story about America's favorite comedian, JIMMY DURANTE.

Nila Mack's Let's Pretend, a show for children that was to receive many prizes, was getting under way at CBS where children are still taking magic carpets and other unlikely vehicles to the land of make-believe. This show began as The Adventures of Helen and Mary with only two children in a sizable cast of adults. It soon became evident that adults were not the type and children took over the parts of witches, kings, giants and parents, making the show the oldest continuous offering with an all-child cast. Many players famous today began radio careers there—the Mauch twins, Skippy Homeier, Billy Halop, Eddie Ryan, Donald Buka, Joan Tetzl and Peter Donald.

Great names of this year were Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, musical comedy stars, who took to the air on The Blackstone Plantation. They were to invent The Battle of the Sexes in 1938 when the quiz craze was raging. They had retired to their home, Dunrovin, in Massachusetts before Frank Crumit died in 1943, but many fans still write to this magazine asking why they are heard no more—a happy memory.

A man who was to originate many new radio forms reached the NBC network in 1929. Phillips Lord, far better known as Seth Parker, was born in Hartford, Connecticut. His father was a Congregational minister. This early influence is evident in all of his shows which have won official praise from the Federation of Churches. He had his own orchestra in college and spent a year on a local station before making a quick hit in the big time. This was with his Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's and his Country Doctor which he wrote and played in until 1933 when he set off on The Cruise of the Seth Parker, a round-the-world trip.

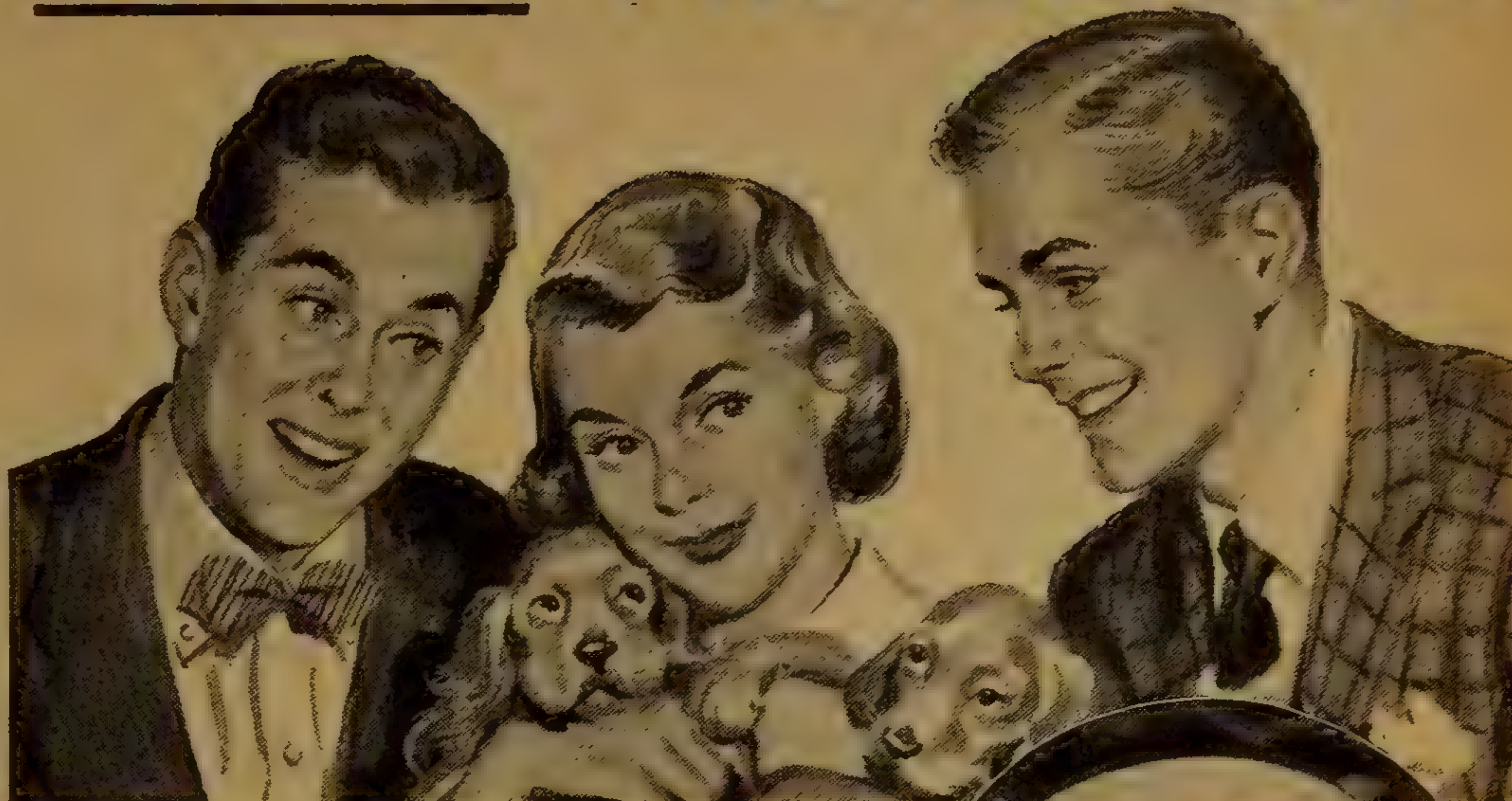
This was no imagined voyage. Lord and a rash crew actually took to the high seas. Their vessel, an ancient tub, was regarded with alarm by professional seaman. She wallowed sluggishly out to the middle of the Pacific. Then no one was surprised to hear she was in trouble. She radioed news of a typhoon. Ships raced to the rescue, not once, but twice while the devoted air audience held its breath. It was great while it lasted, except perhaps for the captains who left their courses to pound to the rescue. On both occasions, they found the Seth Parker lapped by dead calms and were not amused. The famous voyage ended in the Islands, and Lord came back to write and appear as master of ceremonies of We, The People and to originate Counterspy and Gangbusters. Lord now is an outstanding producer of package shows, The Robe, for one.

But all of this was in the far future in 1929 which was dancing gaily straight toward the terrible October 24 when sixteen and a half million shares changed hands; when stocks tumbled thirty, forty, fifty points between reports on the jammed tickers; when Variety printed its classic headline, "Wall Street Lays an Egg;" when the Jazz Age came to its end and radio came into its own as the country's chief entertainment—because no one had money for anything else.

NEXT MONTH

Who started the daytime serial? The birth of Colonel Stoopnagle. Crosby thinks he is a failure, Kate Smith invents "Thanks for Listenin'."

Veto-Colgate's Deodorant—Gives You DOUBLE PROTECTION!



1. CHECKS PERSPIRATION...

Quickly, effectively! Veto safeguards you night and day. Rubs in easily and checks perspiration at once. Yet Veto is mild, gentle for normal skin . . . safe for clothes.

2. STOPS ODOR INSTANTLY!

Veto's scientific formula was perfected by the famous Colgate laboratories. Veto works like a charm, is always delightfully smooth and creamy. Let Veto give you double protection!



Veto Lasts and Lasts From Bath to Bath



Have
"SECOND LOOK"
Legs!

Kept smooth and
hair-free longer . . .
by Nair . . .
the safe, odorless
depilatory lotion . . .
that removes leg hair
quickly, easily . . .
leaves legs smoother . . .
more exciting . . .

Lady, throw your razor away—use Nair, new cosmetic lotion that keeps legs hair-free longer! Dissolves hair skin-close—no ugly razor stubble. Easy to use—rinses off quickly. No clinging depilatory odor, no irritation to normal skin. For "second look" legs—get Nair today!



FOR LEGS THAT DELIGHT
USE NAIR TONIGHT 79¢ plus tax

FIRST AID for ACHES and PAINS



If aching muscles cause distress
Around this time of year,
I find that Alka-Seltzer
Helps such things disappear.

Use it also for FAST RELIEF of
Headaches · Acid Indigestion
Discomfort of COLDS

Alka-Seltzer

All drugstores
U. S. and Canada



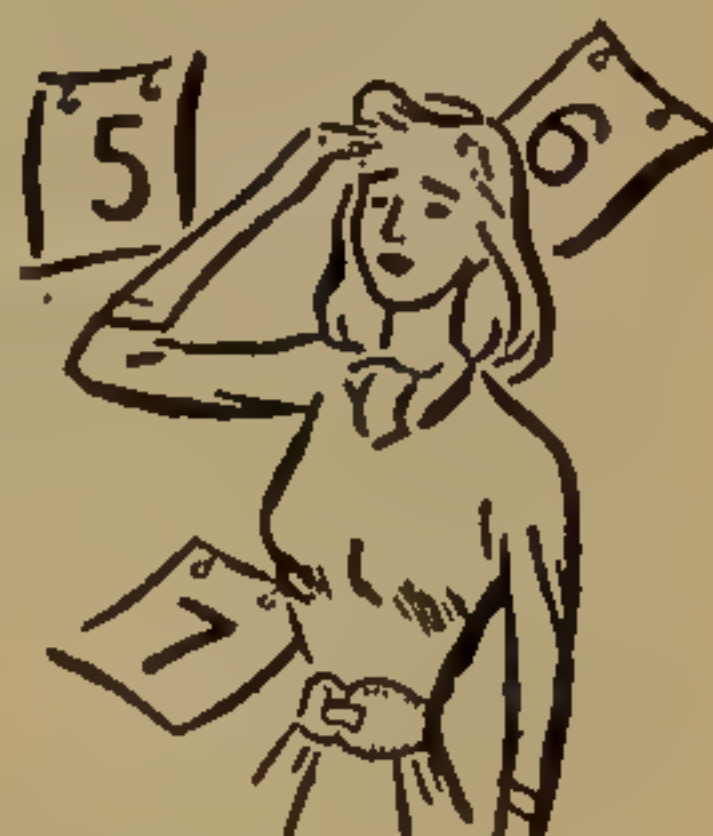
Is Your Daughter A WALLFLOWER Because of Periodic Pain?



No modern girl need be "a wallflower," miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE

Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.



MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...

Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.



MIDOL CHASES "BLUES"

The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it *in time*. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.



MOTHERS: Free copy of "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. B-50, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

MIDOL

is the Thing to Take for
FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN



Best Job in the World

(Continued from page 47)

the fifty-thousand who audition for the show each year. At seventeen he had already been deprived of what most of us consider our natural heritage: the love and tenderness of parents. Willie was raised in an orphanage at Asheville, North Carolina.

As a child he often danced for his buddies in the home. They knew Willie was good and decided he better come up to New York to audition for the program. Every boy in the orphanage dug into his pocket and when the pile of pennies was counted, it was enough for a one-way ticket to Broadway.

We didn't know any of this but Marie Correll who puts the amateurs through their paces recognized Willie's talent immediately.

"He's got the makings of another Bill Robinson," she exclaimed.

We all agreed with her. I called up Bojangles, whose recent death saddened millions, and asked him to come to the broadcast. He watched Willie dance then came up to the stage.

"You know," he said, "I can see myself as a youngster when I look at Willie."

And then he turned to the youngster who was awe-struck by the great man.

"Everybody's gotta learn," Bill said. "You've got to crawl before you walk."

But Bill Robinson wasn't through. In the last public statement he made before his death, he told Willie about America.

"What you do off stage is just as important as what you do on," he said. "Manners and behavior can take you where money can't, no matter what color you are."

Big Bill and little Bill became close friends before the great dancer passed away and the boy's spirit was already strengthened by Bojangles' philosophy.

Willie, whose dancing is already touched with genius, will be among the finalists on the June show along with other great amateurs, Tommy Knull, Jeanette Rosensteel, Tommy Wright, John Alexander and Ray Leizer.

All of these kids are smitten by show business but you've got to crawl before you walk. It's a long, hard road and too often you're broke and heartbroken. Take it from me. I know.

My mother died when I was sixteen. Dad was a railroad brakeman and didn't care much for the entertainment business. My mother, who had been a pianist and school teacher, gave me a real feeling for music. It came out when I worked as an usher in a Denver theater and saw an act called the Six Brown Brothers who raised the roof with their saxophones. After hearing them, I thought the saxophone was the instrument God had meant his children to play.

I didn't have the money to buy an instrument but I bought a mouthpiece and practiced on a friend's sax. Finally, Dad bought one for me.

By the time I was in college, I began to play with a small orchestra and found myself in pretty fast company. Some of the other Denver musicians were Glenn Miller, Matty Malnick, Harry Barris and Bob Green. A group of us, called the Colorado Cowboy Orchestra, made a trip to San Francisco to fill a one-week theater date.

But we didn't go back to Denver—too much pride. We nearly starved on crackers and beans while we looked for work. Then I got my chance. I was

offered a job in a Tia Juana club. It sounded glamorous but it wasn't. The club was a broken-down saloon surrounded by cactus. I had plenty of time to do nothing or to work. I worked, learning to read music, arrange and blow that horn. And it paid off.

A big-time orchestra headed by Art Landry picked me up and finally I went to work with one of the first big swing bands in the country, Ben Pollack's. There were a lot of kids on their way to fame in that red-hot combo. Musicians like Jack Teagarden, Bix Beiderbecke and Red Nichols.

But love for a woman can move mountains, start wars or take the hot licks out of a jazz musician's life. My college sweetheart, Marguerite Overholt, was on her way to California to teach. She was a lovely, trim brunette then and today, after twenty-three years of marriage, she still is. I left Pollack's orchestra to marry her.

We settled in Los Angeles and I conducted a pit orchestra. I was as naive about show business as only a novice can be but I decided that it would be clever to introduce an act with a humorous remark.

Most comedians learn a routine that they buy from gag writers. One of the best gag writers was Al Boasburg. He was writing for movies and some of the best comedians in the country, but he took time out to help a kid who didn't even know why comedians were funny. And that was how I became a "talking orchestra leader." There were only two or three others at the time. One of them was Jack Benny.

It changed the direction of my career, taking me out of the smaller confines of the music field. Eventually it led me to the top in vaudeville—the Paramount Theater on Broadway.

Being on top of the world is a wonderful place to be. The only trouble is that the further you have to fall, the harder you hit. When the big depression came and stage shows folded, I went back into the band business.

My wife Marguerite had long before given up teaching to travel with me. As wife of a bandleader and emcee she got to know the country well.

She usually did the driving so I could catch up on my sleep. And she never got lost. I've often thought she could have taught a lot to Daniel Boone about pathfinding.

But even the band business got so bad during the depression that I had to give it up. Marguerite and I moved to California where I worked as musical supervisor for MGM. From that job I went to work with Major Bowes who had already started his Amateur Hour. The Major was looking for a man to work on auditions and organize the road show units.

I knew from the moment I was offered the job that I would like the work. I reasoned something like this, "I've taken enough of the bumps in show business to know just how rough it can be for youngsters. What could be more satisfying than being in the position where I can help them?"

So we packed again and headed back to New York where I found Major Bowes as imposing as he looked. We got along well even though he never stopped kidding me about my name. My real name was Maguiness until a theater manager changed it.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

It's a fact! More women than men listen to mystery shows on the radio . . . which just proves that we girls really know a good thing! But it's no mystery to me that American Broadcasting Company programs lead the ladies' lists of "preferred" spine-tinglers.

Right through the week chills and thrills come thick and fast via your local ABC station with mysteries and adventures sponsored by alert advertisers who know we've a sweet tooth for sleuthing! For instance, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 PM (ET) DAVID HARDING, chief of the Counter-Spies, keynotes dashing adventures on "COUNTER-SPY," sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

The mood of mystery is maintained on Wednesdays at 8:30 PM (ET) when MARTIN GABEL recounts amazing tales culled from "THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD." Hard on HOOD's heels is my favorite man of mystery fiction, the bard of Baker Street, with "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES." The great SHERLOCK unlocks the doors to his famous detective domain at 9:00 PM (ET) for Petri Wines.

Friday, of course, is the night of nights for nifty, top-notch shows . . . with *three* thrillers, interspersed with a half-hour of comedy—our good friends OZZIE AND HARRIET, heard at 9:00 PM (ET). The prize-winning parade leads off with Norwich Pharmacal's "THE FAT MAN," the corpulent contender to the helm of the crime realm. Following the portly private-eye is one of the great radio programs of our time (and not really a "mystery") . . . "THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.," an exciting and authentic dramatization of cases from the official files of the F.B.I. This dynamic documentary is sponsored by the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. At 9:30 PM (ET) "THE SHERIFF" winds up mystery-filled Fridays as he pursues hunted hombres relying on modern methods—rather than old-fashioned, shooting-tooting tactics. "THE SHERIFF" is sponsored by the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Secret missions to far away places make "CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN" stimulating fare at 7:30 PM (ET) on Saturday nights. Yes ma'am, when it comes to suspenseful listening and high adventure, intrigue and romance . . . CHANDU is the man for you—and me!

Off-the-cuff-crime-stuff:

From coast-to-coast the girls all agree
The great mystery shows are on ABC!!

Joan Lansing

Since 1935, when I began to work on the Amateur Hour, I and my associates have screened nearly a half-million applicants. Ten thousand of them were good enough to appear on the air or road shows. Hundreds went on to become famous. Since most auditions and programs are now heard in New York, Marguerite and I have been able to live a more normal life.

We have no children but for the first time in our twenty-three years of marriage we have a home of our own.

One day we were coming down the Boston Post Road, through Sleepy Hollow territory, when we passed a sign advertising a Model Home.

Out of sheer curiosity, we turned off the highway. Immediately we were surrounded by trees and flowers. We felt as though we were in the middle of the mountains. Then we saw a ranch-type house. Before we got back in the car, I knew this was it.

"I love it," Marguerite said.

That cinched it and shortly after we moved in. I bought myself a book telling a husband how he can be handy around the house and with it built a 400-foot brick terrace. My only help came from friends who came out week-ends because they like to do manual labor.

Usually, there are just the three of us, Marguerite, myself and our setter dog. But besides running the house Marguerite has "her kids."

When we lived in Manhattan, she collected a group of children who live in a crowded, run-down section of the city. She took them on hikes, visits to museums. Now two or three at a time come out to the house for several days.

In show business, too, it seems to me that the professional entertainer is often called on to take a fatherly interest in the novices.

"Cultivate a youngster's talent, don't exploit it," I've told mothers who hope their children are budding stars.

A parent can't force a child into show business but when a boy gets the bug, nothing will stop him. And then it takes years of incredible work before he makes good. I remember when Robert Merrill became an Amateur Hour winner and traveled in one of the road units. He seldom joined the others when they went out to see the town. He practiced.

And there is the story of the Hoboken Quartet that my associates Wanda Ellis, Lou Goldberg and Lloyd Marx recall. A baritone in the quartet wanted to sing a solo; he usually sang only eight bars of music by himself. But he knew where he was going and got there too. The baritone's name is Frank Sinatra.

They were all amateurs once. It's remembering this that makes our work so inspiring. Any broadcast may mean the beginning of a great career.

There is a man named Ray Leizer you will hear on the finalists' contest. Ray has no hands. They were blown off when he picked up an anti-personnel bomb in Israel. But when Ray got mechanical hands, he had the courage to master the piano again.

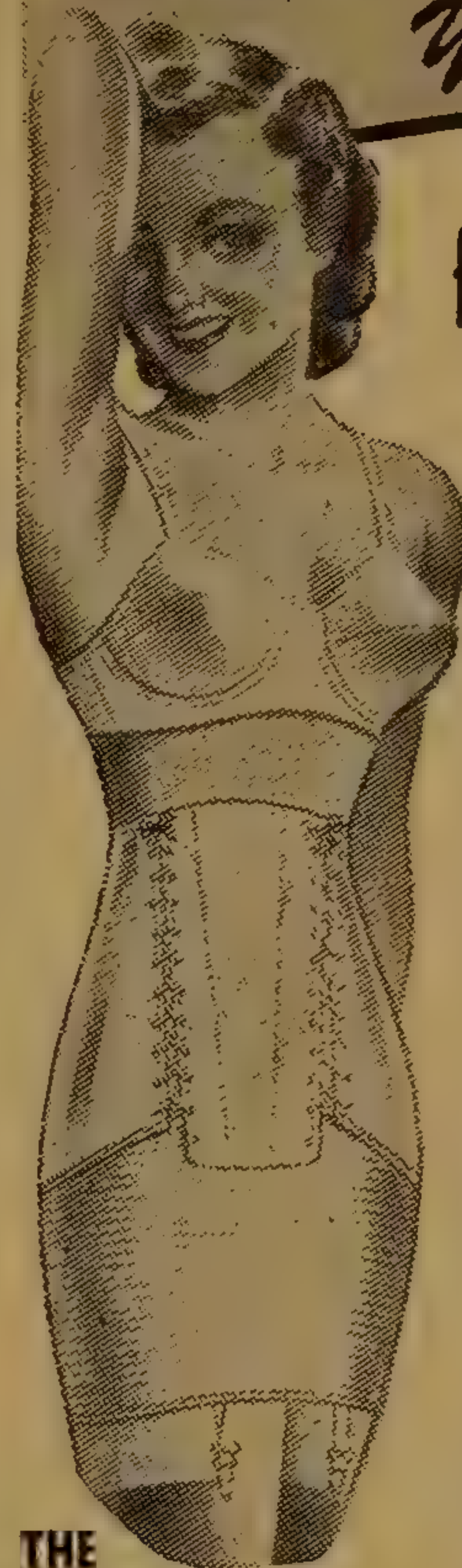
Ray's talent and courage so impressed the radio audience that he became a three-time winner this year. Ray turned to me then, almost trembling with emotion.

"Ted, I wish I could repay you in some way," he said.

Ray had already repaid me a thousand times. What greater satisfaction can a man have than to know he's been of service to his fellow man.

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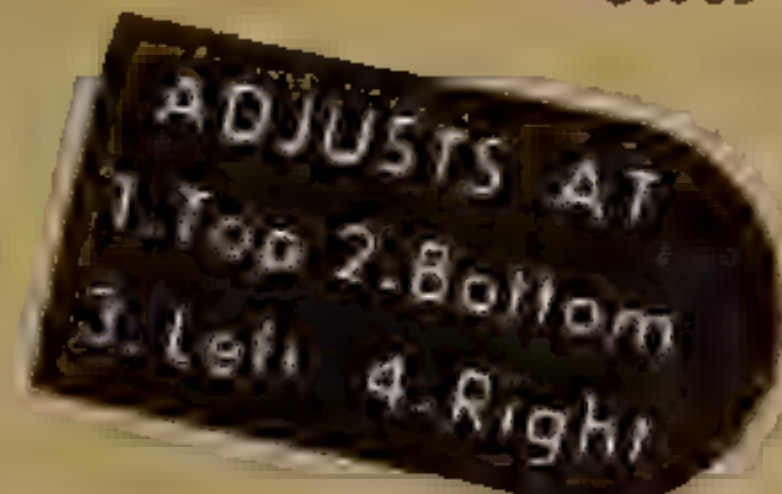
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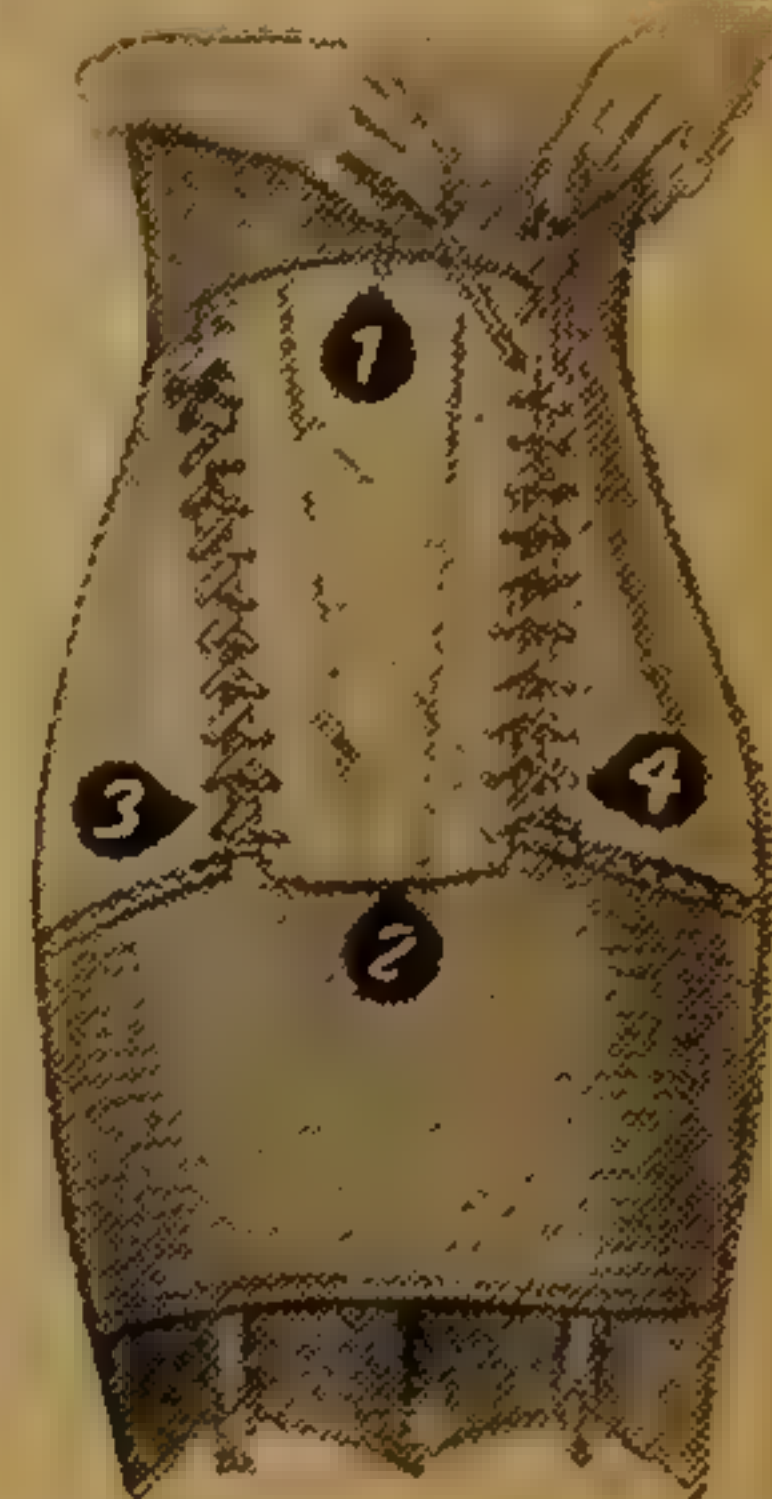


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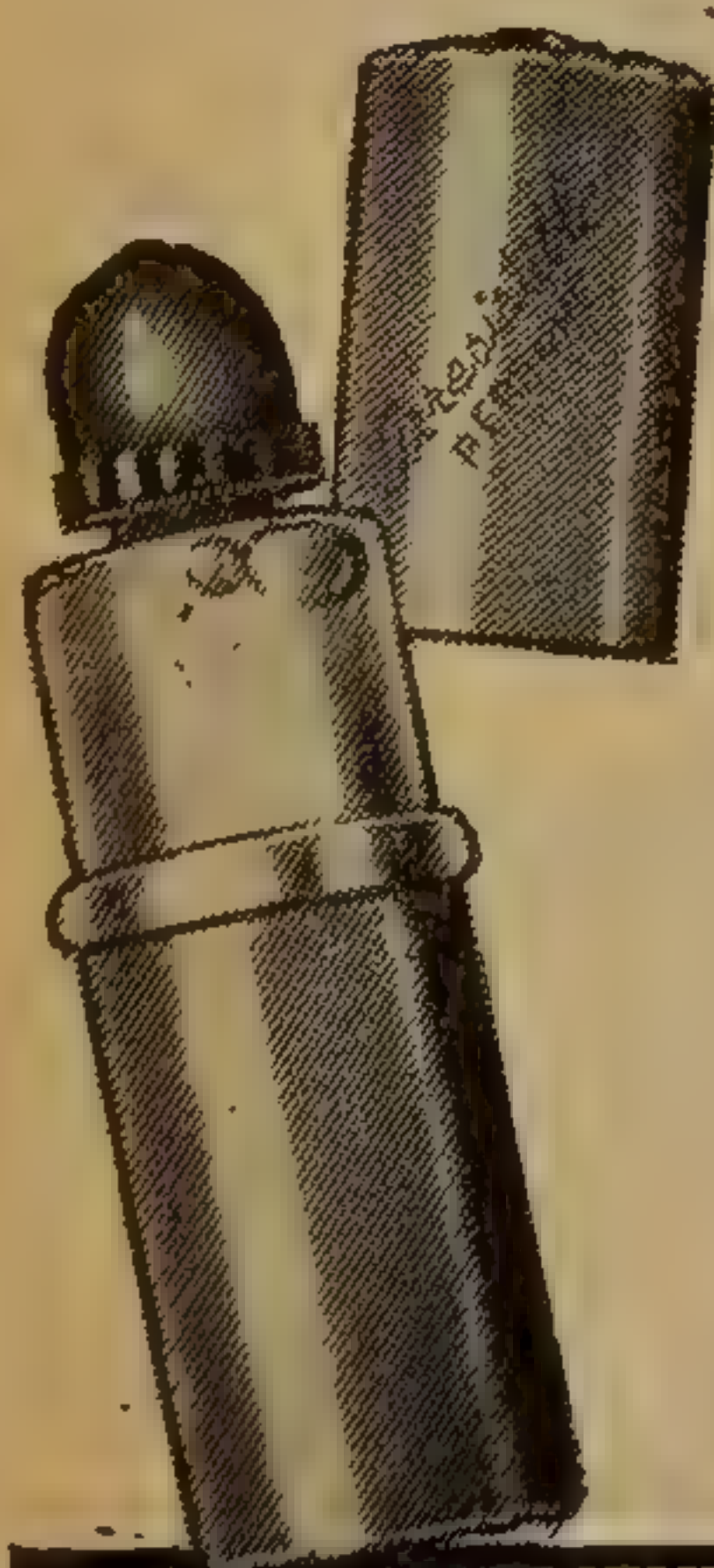


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Make your dreams of romance and exciting dates come true! Learn the secret of glamorous girls who beautify dull, drab hair with Nestle Colorinse.

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Lasts through 3 shampoos!



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Fran's the Favorite

(Continued from page 55)

business than it does in a small town, did nothing to allay his suspicions. She'd been discovered, he had heard, by Bennett Chaple, the speaker at a Coe College class reunion at which she was principal soloist. On returning to Chicago, Chaple, the friend of an NBC executive, had arranged an audition and she had landed on the staff. The way Archie added it up, he'd better not expect too much.

On arriving at the studio, Chicago's handsome, sharply tailored young man about music took one look at the Iowa import and changed his mind. Tall Frances Allison's flashing brown eyes were almost level with his own. Her dark hair was smartly coiffed, and she greeted him with the infectious smile television audiences, as well as Archie, have come to love. She sang his song in a throaty contralto and his own heart did flip flops. Promptly, he invited her out to dinner.

Primly making it clear that she regarded it as a song conference rather than a date, Fran accepted. There's still a note of wonder in Archie's voice as he says, "And then I found out she knew more about music than I did."

He learned too, during dinner, that Fran was one of those small town girls inevitably headed for show business. A kitchen chair was her first platform; her mother her first audience.

Hard luck had hit the Allison family of LaPorte City, Iowa. While Fran was still a child her father suffered a paralytic stroke, and her mother, the unconquerable Nan, supported the family by sewing. Fran and her brother broke the monotony of her mother's long hours of work and her father's invalidism by make believe. When the circus came to town, Fran and her brother borrowed the family milk money to buy tickets, and on their return home played out every role, from lion to ringmaster. Mimics both, they also picked up the trick of aping the voice, gestures and manner of speech of everyone they encountered.

Though money was a scarce commodity in the Allison household, pride and ambition were plentiful. As descendants of a pioneer family, they had a position to maintain. Lynn, the brother, became a fine musician. Fran did her part by attending Coe College and later teaching school. She earned part of her tuition by traveling around Midwest cities producing home talent plays for civic organizations.

With this grass-roots background in entertainment, she got her first radio job, Archie learned, at WMT, Waterloo, Iowa. Hired as a singer, she found herself spending more time writing and

selling advertising than crooning. "Yep," Fran told him, suddenly assuming a flat, nasal twang, "I sure did everything around that station. Even sold separators and spreaders. Manure spreaders, that is."

Little realizing that in telling of the character she dreamed up she was actually forecasting her own entrance into network radio, Fran went on to tell the increasingly amazed young man about Aunt Fanny and how she came into being.

An announcer, Joe DuMond, who also made a name for himself in radio, then had a show Josh Higgins of Finchville, on which everything—including Fran—happened. He stepped up to the microphone one day, but instead of introducing her song, he stated, "Well, here's Aunt Fanny. Just rode up on her bicycle. Let's have her say a few words."

Amazed though she was, young and beautiful Fran fell into the spirit of the thing and became for the moment a sharp-tongued old maid. "Well, hello folks! You know I just got away from Alma Googert. Now that's the outtalkingest woman I ever seen. She can say longer in half an hour than most people can say in three weeks."

Aunt Fanny, Fran confessed, had become so entrenched at WMT that it had taken the chance encounter at the class reunion to get her back into a singing career again.

Meeting background with background, Archie told Fran that the music business had been the career farthest from his own expectations. Although educated as an attorney, he had traveled west to Denver and gone into business as a broker. During the Depression, when stocks and bonds found few buyers, he came to Chicago, encountered a friend who was a music publisher and had joined his staff to promote tunes. His admiring glance across the table indicated that if plugging songs brought him the acquaintance of such singers as Fran Allison, the job had advantages not outlined in the original prospectus.

The first dinner established the trend of their meetings. Says Fran, "It's funny, but I don't remember Archie ever asking me for a date. Things just turned out so we were always together. He'd be going around town during an evening to see the different band leaders and that interested me, too, so I went along. Then he'd have a song he wanted me to try, so he'd come to the studio or he'd come to the apartment and I don't think we ever knew ourselves how much was business and how much romance."

Of Archie, it's been said, "Sometimes

I think he must have two hearts. One couldn't hold the kindness and generosity he shows."

Of Fran, Betty Mitchell, secretary of AFRA, the radio actors' union, says, "I couldn't tell you the number of persons she helped, but the outstanding instance came the time a girl who was her closest rival for singing jobs got herself into incredible difficulties and ended up in the hospital. Fran, although she had little enough for herself at that time, paid the girl's hospital bill and helped her get back on her feet."

Unselfish though such generosity might be, it wasn't conducive to meeting the cost of setting up a new household. It was the war, and threat of separation, which finally propelled Fran and Archie into marriage February 2, 1942.

Fran's obligations were easier to handle by that time, for her father had died and her mother had moved to Chicago. Nan and Archie got along famously and since Fran was frantically busy, it was Nan who made the preparations for him to move into their apartment.

Recalling it, Fran says, "It darned near broke up the wedding at the last minute, too. I'd been running around all day, fast as I could go. By the time I'd done three shows and two auditions, all I wanted was a chance to catch my breath before my wedding.

"I came into the apartment, and what did I find? There were Nan and Archie emptying out the dresser, heaping her stuff up on the bed so he could put his things in the drawers. Archie, right then, was the last guy I wanted to see, even if I was going to marry him in half an hour. Racing the way I had all day, I couldn't quiet down. I led Archie by two steps, all the way to the altar."

Marriage for the young Levingtons was slightly hectic. Fran's first major network break had come on the Don McNeill show where she auditioned as a singer but had turned comedienne as soon as Don and his incessant heckler, Sam Cowling, found out about Aunt Fanny. Listeners, too, were delighted with the spinster who sounded as though she knew all their best friends back home. Her popularity was growing, but Fran, pleased though she was with the success, realized she must look elsewhere for outlets for her singing talent. Such engagements were becoming more frequent.

And then Archie, who was beginning to reap the rewards of hard work in his own business, received Uncle Sam's familiar greeting. They had been married only a few months when he was inducted into the Army.

Fran made the same choice as many other wives. She gave up her career and followed Archie, first to Texas and

later to California. It was only after he completed Officers' Training that she returned to Chicago and the Breakfast Club, spending such time as she had to spare appearing on war bond shows.

It was at a bond show on Michigan Boulevard, in front of the Wrigley building, where she met the other loves of her life, Kukla and Ollie.

Burr Tillstrom, creator of the irrepressible pair, tells it this way: "Fran and Sam Cowling had just done a skit and then it was our turn. Never missing a pretty girl, Kukla and Ollie tossed a couple of remarks at her. She came right back with an answer. We liked that, for she treated Kuke and Ollie like people instead of puppets."

Burr remembered it when, the war over, television came out of its freeze and he was offered a show on what was then Chicago's only TV station, WBKB. Although Burr had waited for such a chance since he did television demonstrations at the New York World's Fair, the prospect had its appalling side.

Doing a new show, sixty minutes in length, each day, five days a week, was simply beyond one man's endurance. Although it was far from conventional puppet procedure, the only solution was to add a human to the cast.

It must have been spontaneous combustion of thought, for Burr and the director of the new show, and the head of WBKB, all arrived at the same conclusion: "Let's get Fran Allison."

It was a show, right from the beginning—but Burr, remembering the first week, recalls, "None of us knew just how it would shape up, for nothing like this had been tried before. Fran, feeling her way along, was just a little stiff and schoolteacherish. And then she tangled with Madame."

Madame Ooglepus, a character of slightly mildewed glamor and multi-colored coiffures, was telling Fran of her great and undefined past in the theatah when suddenly she broke off to remark with acid sweetness, "My deah, I hate to mention it, but are you sure your hair is on straight?"

Fran, that queen of ad lib who had swapped quips with Walter O'Keefe, Allan Prescott and Ransom Sherman and come out even, gave Madame one of those if-looks-could-kill glances. She tossed her head. "I'll have you know my hair is always on straight. Mine grows."

"With that," says Burr, "we were off. Lines struck sparks. Fran found her true character. She's like Alice in Wonderland and the Dorothy who went to Oz. Because she believes the Kuklapolitans, everyone else does, too."

Archie, back from service, first regarded the Fran of Kukla, Fran and Ollie in the same light he regarded Aunt Fanny. She was just one of his



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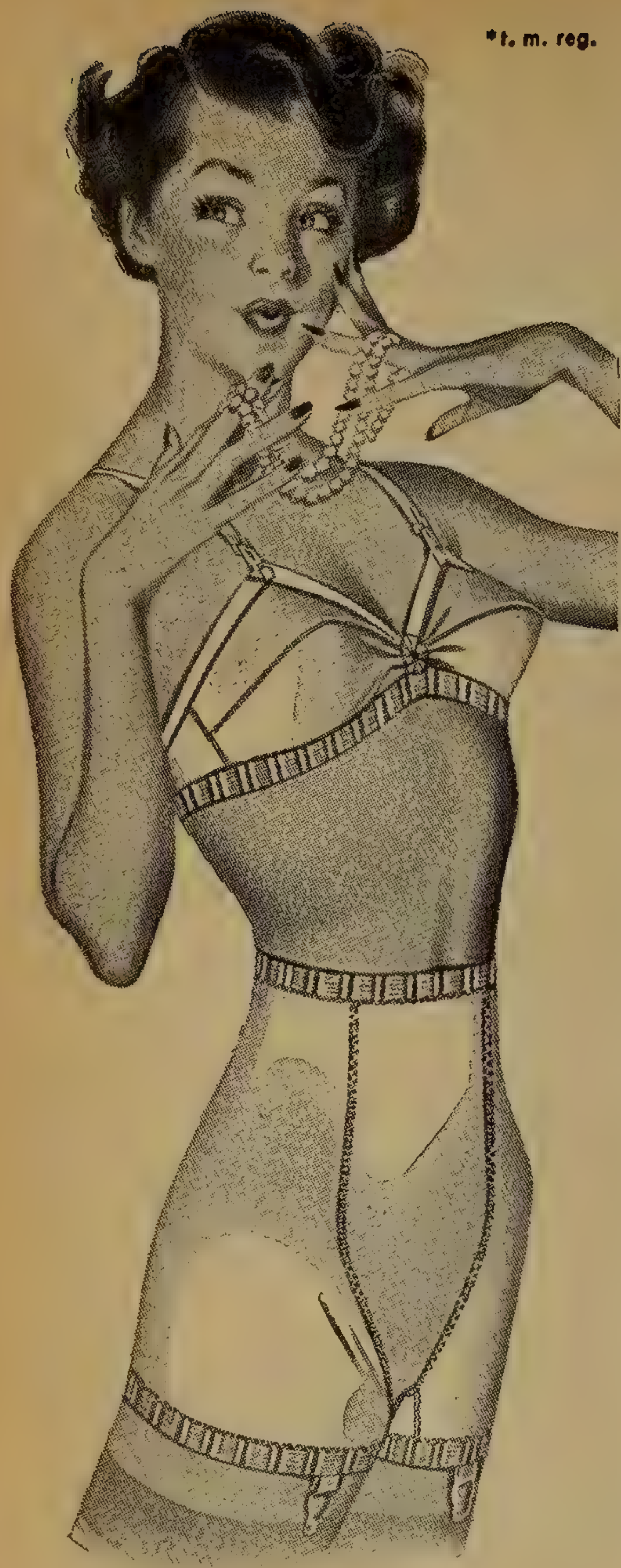
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You'll love their comfort! *Garters* are removable, adjustable. Sizes: small, medium, large; in *bride-white*, *petal-pink*, *baby-blue*. \$2.95. And... to match... also of *Nyralon-tricot*, this beautiful *Flexaire Bra*, in the same dainty colors! AA, A and B cups, 32 to 38. \$1.50

talented Fran's characters, and no one would ever associate that character with Mrs. Archie Levington. He found out that television was different.

Says Fran, "As many years as I had been going into the Woods building to meet Archie at his office, Old Bill, the elevator man, never dreamed I was anything other than a housewife. Then came the evening when dawn sort of broke over his face and he said, "Why you're *Fran*, aren't you?" Come to find out, every day, during his lunch period, he went around the corner to a tavern to watch the show."

The same sort of thing happened more and more often as the number of television sets in Chicago increased. People stopped them on the street, in stores, in restaurants. The climax of such encounters came recently at the home of their friends the Murphys.

Bob—announcer on the Breakfast Club—and Louise frequently entertain people whose names are tops in Chicago radio and it never causes a ripple among either the five young Murphys or their playmates. Preparing dinner for such guests one evening, Louise became aware that eyes were peering in the windows and that her back porch was filling up with small neighbors.

When the crowd got thick Louise went to the door said firmly, "Look, kids, fun's fun, but scoot along home. It's dinner time; we've got company."

A wail went up. "Please, Mrs. Murphy," the youngsters begged, "won't you ask her to come out? We heard Fran is here."

In the two and a half years the show has been on the air, the Kuklapolitans have become part and parcel of the Levington's home life as well as their professional life. Archie, although he has never appeared on the screen, very much is in the act. Burr, when he telephones, is just as likely to assume the voice of Kukla, Ollie or Beulah Witch as his own, and Archie talks back, just as naturally as Fran.

Archie admires Burr tremendously. He says, "Burr is as ambidextrous with his mind as he is with his hands. I've never heard him mix up a voice. Each Kuklapolitan character lives."

The Levington home has become a favorite meeting place for people associated with the show—Burr; Lew Gomavitz, the director; Beulah Zachary, the producer, Jack Faschinato, the music director, Joe Lockwood, costume designer, and others, for when visiting Fran and Archie they find music, good food and gracious hospitality.

Fran and Archie solved their personal housing problem by buying a carriage house situated back of one of the old Gold Coast mansions. The first floor is the garage and Archie's workshop where he has a great time repairing furniture—when, like most husbands, he gets around to it. Fran's Christmas and anniversary gifts recently have been electric tools for the shop, but she sighs, "I don't know why I ever do it. He never has time to use them."

The living room of their house, stretching across the entire front of the second floor, is furnished in a modern manner with a low sofa, huge hassock, deep chairs and a huge built-in work table. Bookcases, crammed both with books and their record collection, flank the fireplace.

There's a clear space at the side reserved for the motion picture screen. Making movies was one of Archie's pre-television hobbies and now that the Kuklapolitans are part of their life, the

evenings devoted to viewing are more frequent. Fran, who says the show happens so fast she has no idea of what she has done until it's all over, borrows the kinescope recordings as soon as they have made the rounds of the stations not on the coaxial cable. She and Archie play them over so they may study her performance. Archie is both critic and fan. First with applause, he is also likely to make a quiet suggestion for change, particularly in costumes.

Fran's clothes are definitely Archie's department. Wise in the ways of show business, he supervises both her professional appearance and her personal attire.

Meals in the household are usually of the meat and potatoes variety, prepared by Fran's mother, Nan. "We both work like the dickens," Fran explains, "and when we get home, we're hungry as truck drivers. A steak and a baked potato suit us best. The only place we're likely to get exotic is on salads."

For Fran's best liked salad, the Roquefort dressing comes first. To make it, blend in a large wooden salad bowl the dry ingredients: salt, celery salt, onion salt and paprika. Add 3 parts of oil to 1 part garlic vinegar and mix. Add 1 tbs. mustard mayonnaise. Add ¼ lb. Roquefort or bleu cheese and mash up well. Stir the whole mixture thoroughly. Add the greens—lettuce hearts, artichoke hearts, chopped avocado pears and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Toss lightly until the dressing covers the greens.

Favorite guests at their home, in addition to the Kuklapolitan crew, are the Breakfast Club cast and their families. Archie and Fran, though they have no children of their own, adore youngsters. With them it goes much farther than mere giving of presents. One mother in the group tells of holding dinner an hour, waiting for Fran to come down from the bedroom where she went to leave her wraps. Investigating the delay, she found Fran with her children, singing song after song for the entranced youngsters.

There's just one thing about being Fran's husband that Archie doesn't like, but having made some glowing achievement in his own field, he's able to turn philosophic about it. "It used to gripe me when anyone called me 'Mr. Allison'. Now I realize it's their hard luck, not mine, if they aren't smart enough to realize a girl like Fran is almost certain to retain her maiden name professionally.

"But I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to write a skit for a benefit and get a batch of guys in the same boat to perform it with me. In the manner of the old Gallagher and Shean team we're going to sing, 'Oh, Mr. Allison; Yes, Mr. Darnell...' And then Pev Marley and I are going to yell, 'Hey, that's not us' and laugh our heads off."

But he contradicts his own promise every time after the show when he waits in Fran's dressing room to help take the telephone calls. If a small, piping voice asks to speak to Kukla, Archie will explain gently that Kukla and Ollie both go to bed right after the performance and that Fran is signing autographs for other youngsters. He'll converse as long as the child wants to talk, and from the tone of his voice and the look on his face, you know that at that moment, if it would please the little fan, Archie wouldn't mind being called "Mr. Allison." He'd even stand for being called "Mr. Fran."

"I'm a teacher..."



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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 11)

er. My older brother left home because my mother did the same thing to him. And they aren't good friends to this day.

What shall I do? My mother has no legal right to my money, but does she have any moral right? Why doesn't she want me to be happy? How can I reason with her so that we may all be friends and talk this problem out?

O. M. Jr.

Dear O. M.:

If I can judge from your letter you seem to be a sensible fellow, and quite mature for your years. Your problem is one which you will have to face in a mature fashion. I think it might be wisest for you to issue an ultimatum—but, if you do, make up your mind that you're going to stick to it.

You do have a right to a fair portion of what you earn, even while living under your parents' roof, especially in view of the fact that your money is not vitally necessary to the support of the home, and particularly inasmuch as what you propose to do with the money can't be construed as foolish spending.

I suggest this: Tell your mother that you will pay her a fair amount each week, and that the rest of the money is yours. Tell her that unless she agrees to this plan, you will live elsewhere. Then stick to it—that is, if she demands more of your wages, go ahead and get yourself a room somewhere else, and go ahead with your plans.

This month's problem letter comes from Mrs. H. L., to whom RADIO MIRROR's check for \$25.00 has been sent. RADIO MIRROR will purchase, for twenty-five dollars, the letter from a reader which offers, in the opinion of the editors, the best advice to Mrs. H. L.

Dear Joan:

My husband died leaving me with two small children. Living in a suburban area with no transportation I was unable to leave the children to find work so life became very lonesome. Two years before my husband's death we had bought a new home and had managed to pay half before he passed away. My first thought was to continue the monthly payments. I managed pretty good on small pension checks but home just didn't seem like home.

Eight months after my husband died I met Hal. I hadn't thought of remarrying but he seemed to fill the emptiness in our home. After much gossip and disapproval of my in-laws I married him. He has taken over perfectly and the children adore him but I know he isn't contented. His trouble is this, to him this is "my house" even though he will finish paying for it.

He has heard the remark made that he had it pretty soft meeting a widow with a nice home and it was pretty good having another man set you up in housekeeping. This hurt him deeply and me too because I know Hal married me because he loved me. He wants me to sell and put the money into a trust fund for the children and let him buy us another home, but if I do this it will mean going deep in debt again. I did without things for twelve years and I know the hardships that will confront us. We have such a little left to pay then we can call it ours and then we will be out of debt. I want our marriage to be a success and for him to be happy but I don't want to be burdened by another big debt.

Mrs. H. L.

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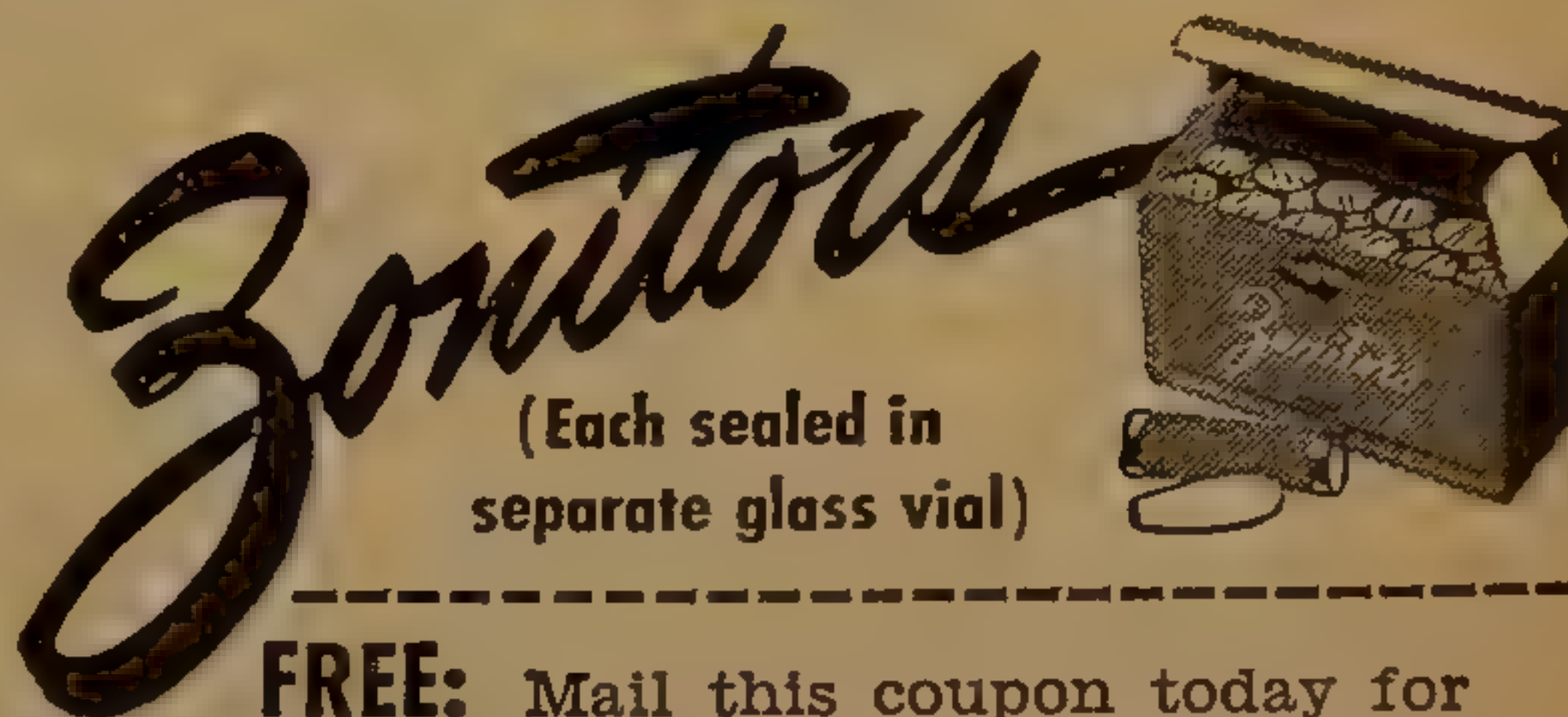
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The Case of the Suspect Sweethearts

(Continued from page 65)

just behind it. "We ran into a storm—horrible weather. We had to put the others ashore on a little island in the bay—they were all so sick and helpless. But Harold and I—that was the boss's son—neither of us got sick at all. We decided to go back to the mainland to get help. But something went wrong with the boat." She began to twist her handkerchief again. "We didn't get in until two days later. We were alone on that boat for two days."

She paused. Perry said casually, "So what? Everyone knew it was an accident. Happens every day."

"Not in Hilton Falls," Martha Herold smiled bitterly. "So little happens in a town like that, they weren't likely to let go of such a juicy morsel. Oh, I don't think they were all so sure Harold and I had... sinned, to put it the way they would put it. But what did they care? It was something to talk about—two days alone together on a boat. Harold's girl broke the engagement. His dad fired me. It was pretty obvious I couldn't get another decent job in Hilton Falls. Even so, Mr. Mason—even so I'd have struck it out, if I'd been another kind of girl. But I don't fight. I run."

Perry asked softly, "That's how Palmer got you?"

Martha nodded. "I had an awful time for a while. I nearly—well, I didn't, though now I'm not so sure it wouldn't have been better. Then I came here and got a pretty good job, and things began to straighten out. I saved a few dollars. Then... one day... he called me up." Her words were coming quickly now; her small hands clutched each other as if for comfort. "From the way he spoke I had to see him. He—he said he'd tell them, at the bank where I worked—tell them I'd been run out of town at home. He had pictures—they were faked, Mr. Mason. I don't know how or where he got them, but they had nothing to do with me. He said he'd make them believe it was me, though. I was frightened. I didn't stop to think that I could go to the police then, or even go to my employers and tell the truth. I gave him fifty dollars."

"He said he'd never bother you again, of course."

Martha nodded wordlessly. Perry went on, "And a few weeks later—maybe a few months—he was back. How much was it that time, Martha?"

"Fifty again. And then again. And then... then I met Don."

My pencil point snapped against my pad and I reached for a fresh one, crossing glances with Perry as I did so. I was beginning to see daylight. She hadn't done anything wrong; timid and frightened as she was, even Martha would remember that one day, and demand police protection against this bloodsucker. Even she would see that in a town as big as ours a petty little piece of small-town gossip would rate about as much attention as a couple of taxis brushing fenders—if that. She'd see it, sure... unless she happened to be afraid not of losing her job, which wouldn't happen, but of losing the man she loved. This was the fear that was tearing Martha Herold apart.

Listening to the rest of her story, I felt as much pity for Martha as I'm willing to let myself feel during business hours. Being in love myself, I

could hear sort of between her words how she really felt about this Don. She worshipped him. Up to now she'd had a small, plain, quiet life. He was the best, the most precious thing that had ever come into it.

The best thing... and the worst. Because through him, through her frantic fear of losing him, Palmer had been able to tighten his hold to the point where Martha literally didn't know where to turn.

"You'll say to tell Don," she said earnestly. "I know you will. I might even take a chance and do it; I know if we were reversed—if he told me such a story about himself—I'd only want to kill the person who was hurting him so, and comfort him. But he's worked so desperately hard to get where he is. He's got a good job, a good future... If Wilfred went to his boss and told him those lies about me, about the girl his assistant is going to marry—his boss isn't an understanding man, Mr. Mason. He's kind, and fair, but I know what he'd do with a thing like this. I can't ruin Don's life! I've got to keep paying—or else—"

"Or else—what?" Perry prompted.

"What?" she repeated. "Oh... go out of his life, I guess. Leave him..."

Abruptly she seemed to pull herself together. She got up and held out her hand to Perry. Almost with decision she said, "I was wrong to come. You can't help me—no one can, except myself. There's no legal case. Thank you for your time and your kindness." And with startling swiftness she was gone, leaving Perry and me staring, open-mouthed, at her empty chair.

It seemed to me that almost before we got our mouths closed after Martha's visit, Wilfred Palmer turned up on the front pages... dead. Murdered.

"My, my," Perry said as he ran his eye down the details. "This fellow must have had some more lucrative clients than our little friend Herold. You don't live at 963 Lincoln Avenue on fifty bucks every now and then. Hm—mm. Bloody business, wasn't it? I don't care for a knife myself. Well! That'll be a weight off that nice girl's mind, anyway. She can go ahead and... now, Della, what's eating you? You ought to be glad for her. Your womanly heart was broken when she told her tale. She's out of trouble now. Smile!"

"Who are you kidding, chief?" I asked morosely. "If that girl was in trouble the other day she's in *deadly* trouble now. The police will get her name and the whole thing will come out."

"Maybe not. It says here the guy's wall safe was open and empty. Police don't even know yet what his business was. Must have been one of his... er... clients who did him in, public-spirited type. Took away all his files on the other victims. Good job! There won't be anything to tie little Martha up with the corpse."

I made an indefinite, but dubious, sound, and Perry glared at me. "Now, baggage, don't go getting instinct. That little mouse wouldn't lay a hand on a fly. She's not the type!"

"Who is till the time comes?"

"Who indeed?" Perry agreed politely. He thrust the paper aside and rapped smartly on the desk. "Okay, baggage, shall we get down to the daily labors?"

We got down to it, but my mind didn't. I kept wondering how Martha

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would take the news ... how she'd look when she saw the headline. What would happen now to her and her Don? Would they be happy ever afterward? Would she, at last, have a little luck?

The answer to that was *no*, and I only had to wait a few days more to learn it. At the end of that time Don Smith himself called us up. He had a nice voice, a little stiff, but maybe that was because he was trying so hard to keep it steady. I wouldn't have blamed him if it had shaken a little, because what he wanted to tell Perry was that Martha had disappeared. He wanted Perry to help him find her.

"But I'm not a detective. I'm a lawyer," Perry objected.

"I know," Don said. He hesitated. "We ... we might need a lawyer. Martha told me she'd been to see you, told you about—about Palmer." His voice burst its controls for a moment. "If only she'd told me sooner. She should have had more faith! She should have known I'd do anything for her—"

"Careful, Smith!" Perry said sharply. "Palmer was killed, remember."

"I'm not likely to forget! Mr. Mason, you've got to help me find my wife—before the police do."

"Your wife!"

There was a nervous pause. Then Don said soberly, "We were married right after the news came out about Palmer. I guess that wasn't so bright."

Gripping the extension phone, I drew a sharp involuntary breath. No, it wasn't so bright. Nobody was going to miss the fatal implication of what they'd done. By our law a wife or husband cannot be made to give testimony against his spouse ... Was that why they'd rushed their marriage?

Perry's tone told me he certainly hadn't missed it. "Just how bad is it, Smith?" he asked.

"Very bad, Mr. Mason. I'm afraid it's—that's why I want you to find her, be with us when the police ... I'll pay anything ..."

"Never mind that," Perry snapped. "Where are you?" He scribbled rapidly, and said over his shoulder, "Della! Get your hat and the car!"

Finding Martha was pathetically easy. She'd left a trail a mile wide all the way across town. She'd taken cabs, asked directions, made an effort to modify her appearance, and acted so distraught that everyone who had seen her recalled her. We ran her down in a couple of hours, in a dingy hotel on the cheap side of town. The only trouble was—if we could do it that fast, so could the police, and faster.

She went completely to pieces when we walked in—a real fit of hysterics. But oddly enough that saved us more time and trouble than anything else would have done. Because with the tears came her admission that she had run away to protect Don—she thought he had killed Palmer, and her confused reaction had been to run away. If she ran away, there would be nothing to connect Don with Palmer—no reason for the police to suspect him!

"But—if you thought I did it—then you couldn't have done it." Don stumbled and stopped. They looked at each other almost elatedly. "You didn't," Don went on. "And I didn't. Mr. Mason—"

"Yes, and what's even more important is that I believe you both," Perry said crisply. "When I've heard your stories about where you were and what you were doing at the time of the murder, I'll probably cut my throat from despair, but—oh, well. I believe

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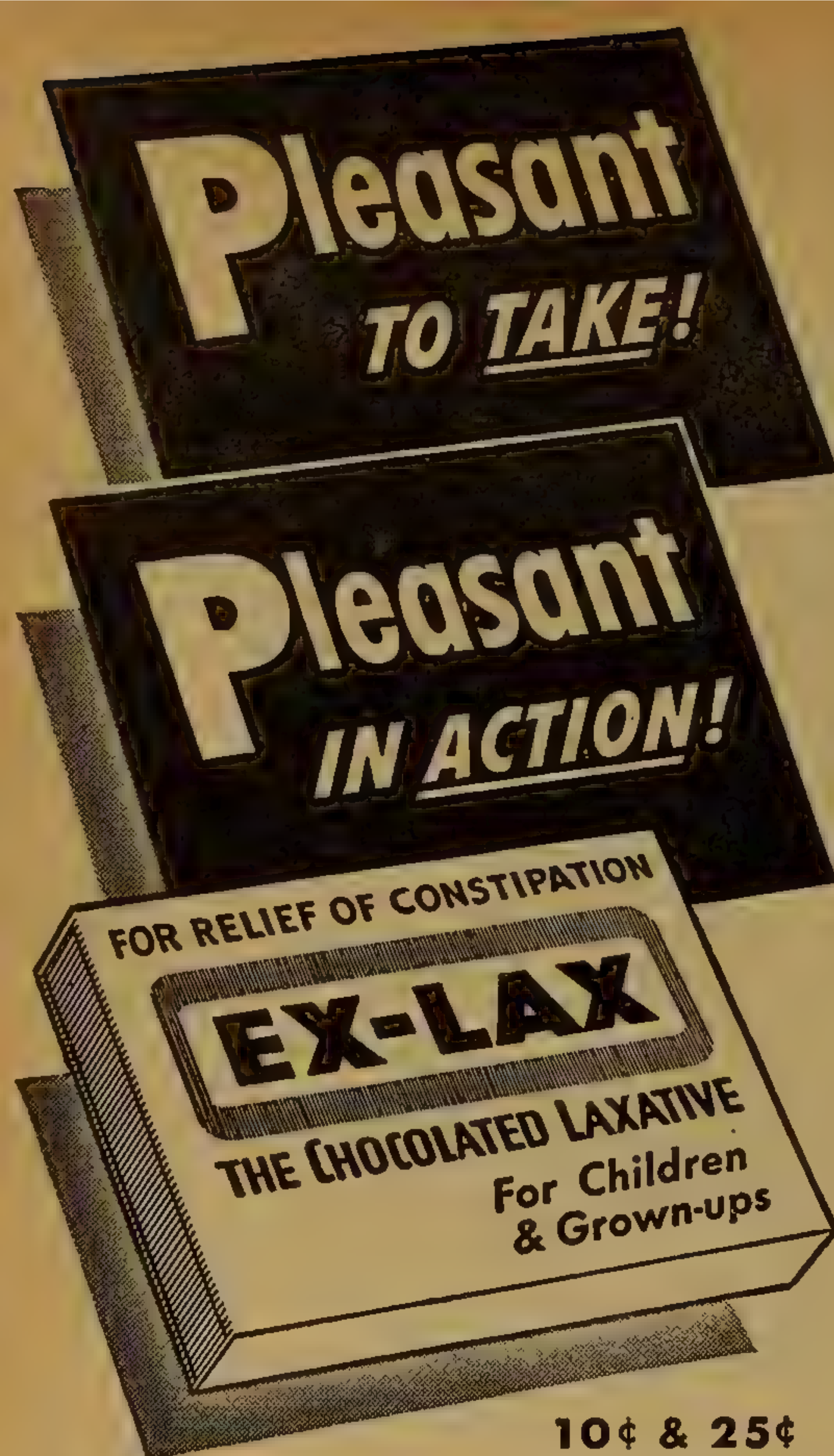
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neither of you is guilty. Now if you'll calm down and tell me in three words just why you were so sure the police would suspect you, I'll get to work."

As Don had said on the phone, it was bad. It turned out that Martha's visit to our office had been her second attempt to find a way of ridding herself of Palmer. Her first had been, unfortunately, more direct: she had found out where he lived and gone there to plead with him to take a last payment and leave her alone. He had been out, but Martha herself had been seen and noted by the building manager. Trying to get by the lobby desk without announcing herself, she had naturally attracted more attention than she otherwise would have, and she was sure the manager would remember her nervous demand to see Palmer.

Then had come her interview with Perry, as a result of which she had gone to Don and told him the whole truth. His reaction was more than she had dared hope for—his horror at what she had gone through, his deep love and desire to protect her, opened up a new world, a world in which quiet joy and security might be possible even for her. There was just one thing wrong. Knowing Don's terrible temper, she had tried to conceal Palmer's name from him, but his steely insistence had forced it out of her. When Don left her she was suddenly seized with the conviction that he was going to Palmer. Panic overcame her. She only knew she had to get to Palmer before Don did—get there and head Don off.

She rushed over to Lincoln Avenue, to Palmer's building. She was on her way up the stairs, not stopping for the elevator, when a sudden, terrifying scream froze her in her tracks. Something—and I thought grimly that it was the only bright thing in her story—had told her to go back, to get away without going any closer to Palmer's door. She ducked out. In a few moments police arrived; the lobby was suddenly full of buzzing, curious people. On the point of going away, she saw Don entering the building. She ran up to him and managed to get him away before he impressed himself on anyone's mind by asking too many questions. But in the meantime, while she'd been waiting, she had heard what she half expected to hear: Wilfred Palmer had been killed—stabbed to death—in his apartment.

It had occurred to her, frightened and mixed-up as she was, that Don's entry into the building might have been a blind—that he might have gone up, killed Palmer, sneaked down the stairway just as she had and then re-entered, looking just like all the other citizens drawn by the police and the commotion. And it had occurred to Don, when she drew him away from the building, that she had had plenty of time to do the same thing. And so, partly in a desperate desire to clutch at any happy hours they might have together, partly in a pathetic hope that if they were husband and wife they would never have to admit what they suspected of each other, they decided to get married at once.

The biggest trouble was that on their way to the out-of-town Justice of the Peace where they planned to be married, Martha discovered she had lost a glove. She had no idea where . . . but she feared the obvious.

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glove near Palmer's door. Being Martha's glove, of course it had had a cleaner's tag in it—just to make things a little easier for the police!

The next day's papers showed pictures of Martha and Don above the caption "Held for questioning in Palmer murder." A few days later the caption read "...accused of the murder..." And it seemed like no time at all, after that, that the trial itself began.

From the outset I had no illusions about the Smiths' chances for acquittal. I know Perry so well—I can tell just from the way he carries himself in court whether he expects a tough fight or an easy one. The worse things are, the more suave and relaxed he appears. It's a good technique for two reasons. He saves his own nervous energy and keeps firm control over himself, and he usually manages to make the opposition bite its nails with fear that he may have some terrific trump card up his sleeve. And outwardly he was awfully, awfully relaxed during the early days of this trial, when the jury was being chosen and Prosecutor Noble began his attack.

What an attack it was! Of course they had learned very swiftly how Palmer made his money, and how Martha fit into his scheme of things. That established motive. Her marriage to Don intensified the motive, for—if the jury were like most people—they would look upon people in love as not quite in their sober senses. Then the prosecution went on to opportunity, and had little difficulty showing that neither Martha nor Don had any alibi for the time of the murder. The glove, of course, practically clinched things. And even so Noble didn't have to depend exclusively on the glove to place Martha on the scene of the crime. Not only had he turned up more witnesses than he needed, but all his witnesses seemed to be equipped with more than the usual number of eyes and ears. Nobody had missed seeing a girl in a tan coat—Martha's only coat was tan—in the vicinity of the building at various times. One man had seen her remonstrating or arguing with Palmer in a nearby restaurant one evening—he remembered in minute detail the fear and desperation she showed. The Justice of the Peace who had married the Smiths remembered how nervous they were. And of course there was that all-seeing building manager, Charlotte Power her name was—she recalled with relish how excited Martha had been the day she tried to see Palmer, and failed. "She might have done it then if he'd been home," Miss Power whispered ghoulishly. Judge Neumann rapped and ordered that line out of testimony, but—the jury had heard it.

All through this Martha was a girl moving in her sleep. None of it penetrated through the shell which had closed round her the day the police first led her away for questioning. Her only emotion seemed to be fear for Don's well-being. I finally figured that she was either numb with despair or confident that Perry Mason would prove she and Don were innocent.

But I couldn't figure Perry out to save my life. Why, as the days went by and the case looked worse and worse he seemed to feel better and better! I thought it was darn peculiar, but being under a strain myself I might not have trusted my own observation if Paul Drake hadn't been worried too. Paul's the detective who does most of Perry's leg work—the running down of clues and witnesses, and that kind of thing. He's been around crime and juries for so many years that he's got a kind of

CORNS

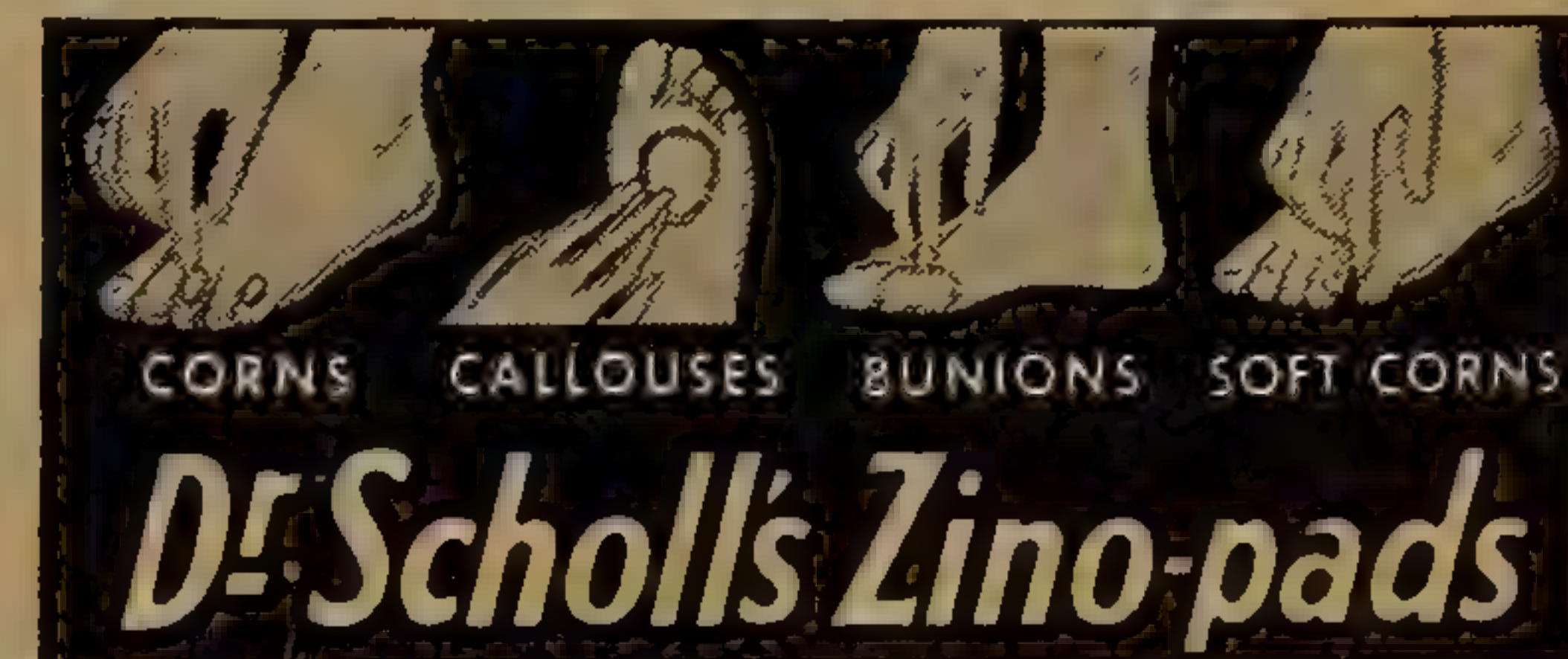
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instinct about how things will break. When I saw he was puzzled about the chief's behavior I began to get really upset.

"He's hardly even sent me on any wild goose chases this time," Paul complained one evening. "What's he doing in there anyway?" He jerked his head toward the inner office, where Perry sat in unaccustomed isolation.

"Thinking," I retorted. But Paul saw my uneasy frown.

He shook a late paper out on my desk. "Look at here. Noble makes the headlines again. You know what, Della—if Bob Noble wasn't the prosecutor I'd give more than a dime for our chances. As it is—the chief and Noble have had too many court battles. Noble's just got to win this one if he wants to get anywhere in state politics—and there's no doubt he wants to get there! He'll fight this tooth and nail."

"So?" I said coldly. "Let Noble fight. The chief'll still win. We're on the right side." Paul shrugged, and my heart sank as I saw that he wasn't so sure about that "right side." "You know Perry won't take a client who might be guilty," I insisted. "Give him time—we haven't even started our defense yet."

Paul stabbed at a subhead in the paper. "Get this—prosecutor hints mystery witness. Did the chief say anything to show he knew this was coming? No. Usually he's way ahead of the other side—calls all the turns. That's what I mean. Something's loose with this case. I don't like it."

Well, I didn't let Paul know it, but I felt just the same way. What was Perry planning? What was he waiting for? What was he so hopeful about?

Next day, I began to get a glimmer. This was the day Noble's mystery witness was scheduled to take the stand.

If the prosecution wanted a sensation, they got one. When the witness's name was called even Judge Neumann's gavel couldn't quell the gasp that went up from a couple of hundred throats. Perry jumped as if he'd been stung by a live wire. As for me, I went limp with astonishment. *What was Allyn Whitlock doing in this business?*

I guess every town has its Allyn Whitlocks. Long ago she had been the debutante flower of a family that balanced its wealth with its dignity and had plenty on both sides. Long, long ago. She finished her first season with a scandal so explosive that the details were still told in whispers, and ever since then there had been a trail of escapades that flashed her name across breakfast tables at least twice a year. Her family kept her in money, but had nothing else to do with her by mutual consent.

Under Noble's smooth, smug ques-

tioning, Allyn testified that she had an apartment just down the corridor from the late Wilfred Palmer's. "So that's it," I thought. The blackmail business must have been doing well if Palmer could afford to live in a building that was fit to shelter glamorous, lacquered Allyn Whitlock, her eight fur coats, her fabulous collection of emeralds, her noted series of boy friends . . . and her bad, bad reputation. Somebody must have been paying him the kind of blackmail that runs into four figures. I wondered if that was the reason for Perry's optimism?

I couldn't tell from his face what he was thinking. Like everyone else, his attention was riveted to Allyn. And how she knew it! Watching her, I felt that special irritation that any girl feels when she comes face to face with a scene-stealer. You know the type—no matter how good-looking you may be, a girl like Allyn comes into a room and you're nowhere. They send out a ray or something, and you can't see anything but what they want you to look at . . . themselves.

As Noble's questions began to pick up speed and point, I stopped looking at Allyn as a woman and started really listening. It became pretty evident that she wasn't up there just to show off her figure. Unless Perry broke her down in cross-examination, Allyn Whitlock—charmingly anxious to cooperate with the law, carefully phrasing her words in her elegant finishing-school voice—had succeeded in putting Martha Smith into the electric chair.

Briefly, what she had to say was this: On the night of the murder she had planned an early supper and bed, and was relaxing alone in her apartment when a shrill scream startled her. Running out into the corridor, she saw a girl in a tan coat who stood hesitating before Palmer's door. Suddenly the girl ran toward the service stairs. Allyn, abruptly aware that she herself had on only a flimsy nightgown, had retired into her place again. But a few moments later a seething commotion in the hall persuaded her out again. Throwing a coat over her shoulders, she had followed the excitement down to Palmer's apartment, and offered her help to the distracted building manager. She hadn't seen the girl again, but she would know her anywhere. And in hesitant but unwavering tones, as one who must do her duty no matter how it hurts, she identified Martha Smith as the girl.

It was one right between the eyes for us. From the look they gave each other, I saw that Martha and Don had realized the full force of the blow. Martha seemed to come really awake. She swung round to Perry, her eyes enormous with horror. "She's lying! Mr.

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Mason, it isn't true—I never—"

"I know, I know." Perry's voice, necessarily low, was alive with excitement. "Sure she's lying. But why, why, why? Della—call Paul. Have him handy when court adjourns. This is what I've been waiting for—it's just too good."

When I slipped back into my seat a few moments later Perry had begun his cross-examination. To anyone else—the jury, for instance—his outward manner was as urbane and confident as always, but I sensed the wariness of his approach. He was circling around Allyn Whitlock like a jungle cat studying his prey looking for vulnerable places.

He took her through her story again. Right then I heard a subtle change in Perry's voice. He was going somewhere with each question.

I stopped breathing so I could hear better. Perry said easily, "And then, you heard noises in the hall?"

"Yes. Excited noises—as though something had happened."

"Will you tell the court once more, please, just what you did then?"

"Why, I stopped to put on a coat—"

Perry raised his hand. "One moment. You stopped to put on a coat. What kind of a coat, Miss Whitlock?"

"The handiest—my mink."

"Indulge me, Miss Whitlock." Perry smiled. "You don't see the importance of the coat? Well, perhaps... You threw your mink coat over your nightgown, then?" He went on casually, "Tell me, Miss Whitlock, why didn't you wear your tan coat?"

"Because I—" she said and then caught her breath and seemed to shrink against the back of the witness seat.

"You don't have a tan coat, Miss Whitlock? Perhaps that is what you were about to remark?"

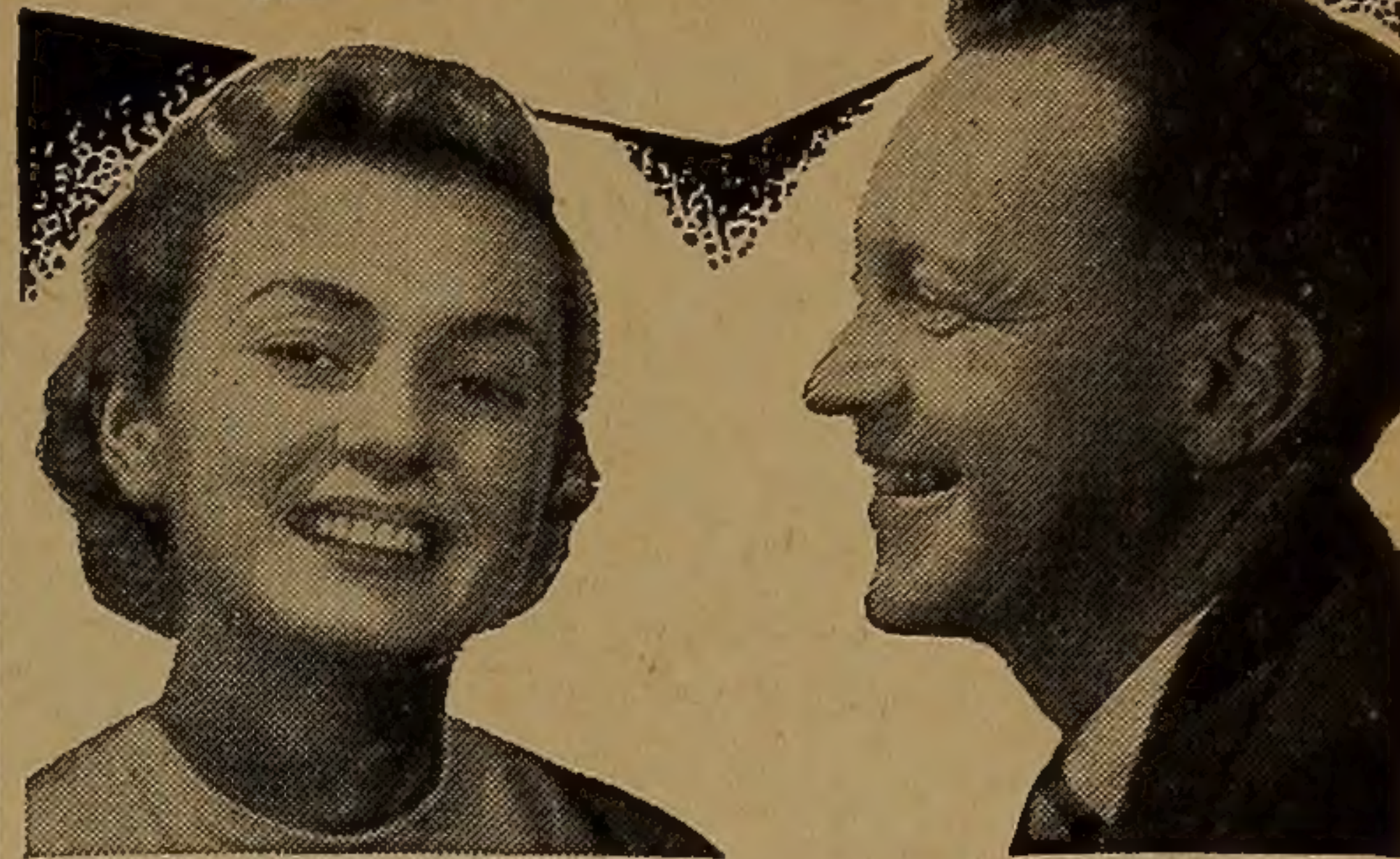
"No! No, I—" again Allyn stopped suddenly. She took a deep breath and some of her poise came back. "As a matter of fact I do have a tan coat." She even managed a laugh. "Every girl in the city has a tan coat this year, Mr. Mason."

Perry said with hypocritical warmth, "My congratulations, Miss Whitlock. You've suddenly recalled the penalty for perjury, perhaps? Yes... as you say..." he turned slightly toward the jury... "every girl in this town has a tan coat this year. You can scarcely tell one from another." Then, smoothly and swiftly, Perry dismissed Allyn. Unable to quiet the courtroom, Judge Neumann rapped angrily and adjourned for the day. I stopped for a word with Martha before following Perry out. She looked bewildered but more normal, and I was grateful that the day's events had at least shaken her out of that trance-like unconcern. "What's happening?" she whispered. "Who is this girl? I never heard of her before? Oh, Miss Street, she's lying!"

I squeezed her hand. "Perry'll figure it out. Keep hoping! I think he's got something."

Across the street in the Coffee House, Perry rehashed the Whitlock testimony. "What I can't see is why she'd do it," he muttered. "You say Don and Martha are strangers to her. So it's not personal—not personal that way. What's left." He gulped a steaming cupful of coffee and then absently spooned sugar into the empty cup and stirred it. "What's left? She's got more dough than even I could spend, so nobody's paying her off. Not in money. Of course she's a neurotic publicity hound." His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "She

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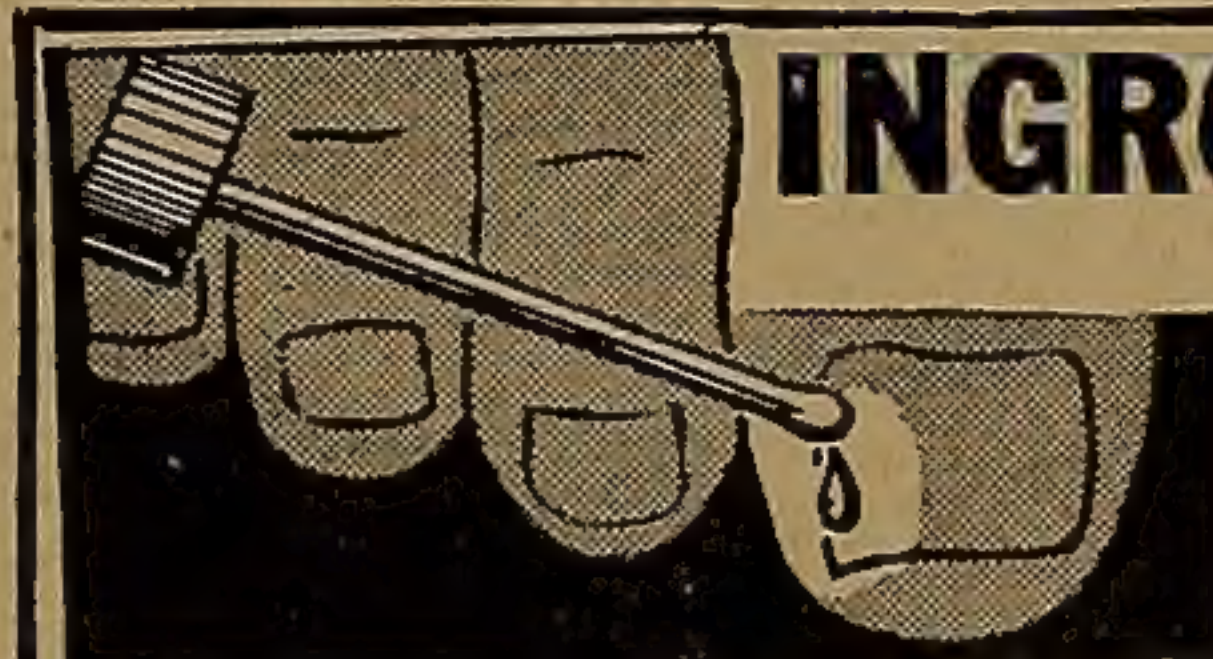
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could be doing it for kicks. Get up there and make a fool out of Bob Noble and the whole legal process, to say nothing of me. Yes . . . she's done almost everything else to collect thrills. Why not a huge lie told right up there in public, defying the whole world to catch her in it?"

I laughed incredulously. "A lie that might cost two other people their lives?"

"You don't get it, Della. I tell you that girl's not normal. Even neurotic is too mild a term. She's a thoroughly nasty, depraved specimen. I could feel it coming from her, up there on the stand—she was hating me, loathing me . . . and yet daring me to trap her. She was having the time of her life. I tell you, Della, that girl would do anything for a bigger thrill. Maybe . . . even murder."

I moistened my dry lips. "What—what about the coat, that question you asked her? Was that just a stunt?"

Perry shrugged. "Random shot. But I got more than I bargained. I think it's worth taking a risk for— Oh, Paul. Sit down, boy, we've got work ahead. Not you, Della," he added, looking suddenly worried. "You run along. See you tomorrow."

With a grin at me, Paul sat down. I hesitated. "Chief, you're going to do something you shouldn't. Please don't! At least let me get into trouble with you. If Paul—"

"You know I'd rather have you beside me, you being so much prettier than Paul, but it can't be helped. I don't want you mixed up in this. Go home," he said sternly, "and don't even think about anything. Scoot!"

Odd as it seems, that's about what I did do. I just shrugged and gave up. The next morning, at about six, my telephone raised the dickens right on my ear. It was Perry, with a hurried series of instructions. Just to be safe I jotted down what he wanted me to do, and when he rang off, with a curt warning to me not to be late at court, I sat staring at my pad stupidly, wondering what on earth was going on.

"Anyway," I mumbled aloud, "I'm glad I don't know what happened last night. Don't think I could stand it if this is a sample."

At a quarter to ten, I was walking up the courthouse steps, still bewildered but puffed with pride that I'd been successful in getting what Perry wanted. Early as I was, he was there ahead of me in the lobby, pacing impatiently. Paul was with him.

They bore down on me eagerly. "Got it?" Perry said. "Give it here, quick."

I handed over the box I was carrying. "Just the way you described it. What's up?" I looked from him to Paul. "You two look as if you hadn't slept."

"We haven't. Here, Paul—you know what to do. Rush, will you?"

"Yeah," said Paul, not wasting words. He grabbed the box and disappeared. I was beginning to feel hurt.

"This is no way to treat a trusted employee," I remonstrated. "Get me up at six a.m., send me out on the world's weirdest errand—"

"Darling!" Perry said. He took my arm and led me to the double doors that opened into the large courtroom. "It's just that there's no time now to talk. Solace yourself with the thought that you've helped to save the Smiths. I'll tell you all about it later on."

"I'm not sure I want to know," I said resentfully. But I did feel better. Something was certainly coming to a boil! Did he mean it—was there really a way to save Martha and Don? The sudden powerful surge of hope made me realize

just how discouraged, how apprehensive, I had been until now. When Martha and Don were led in I smiled radiantly at them, trying to communicate without words—that this was the day their lives might be given back to them. They smiled back—faintly at first, then with slowly growing eagerness.

When Perry strode in, he was carrying the box with him—the department-store box I had turned over to him in the lobby. He put it carefully before him on the table. Before I had time to ask any questions, Judge Neuman entered, and court was convened.

Without preamble, Perry asked that Allyn Whitlock be recalled to the stand. There was a brief remonstrance from Noble, but what could he do? Perry had a job to do and he wasn't going to be stopped. Noble gave way, and Allyn Whitlock, quietly dressed in about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of platinum mink, undulated to the stand, and sat down.

The chief didn't bother playing cat and mouse that day. He was brisk and to the point. He began by making her go back and restate her identification of Martha as the girl she had seen coming out of Palmer's apartment. Looking at her steadily, Perry asked, "Now—you do realize the implications of that statement, Miss Whitlock?"

Allyn said, "I'm afraid I do."

"Afraid? Why so?"

"Because I'm . . . I'm sorry I said it."

Perry leaned toward her eagerly. "You mean you want to withdraw that statement—correct it? You mean you didn't see Martha Smith at all?"

"Oh, no. I saw her." Allyn's hand clenched convulsively. "I saw her. I meant—I'm sorry to be the one who saw her. It's a terrible burden to bear witness. . . ."

"I'm sure it bothers you greatly," Perry said softly. "Now, back to that evening. You said, I think, that you came home early?" He checked some notes in his hand. "About five?"

Allyn appeared to consider. "Around five," she agreed.

"Do you happen to remember what you did between five and eight, when you heard the scream?"

"Not exactly. I've told all that—"

"Indulge me, Miss Whitlock. These legal technicalities . . . Well. You don't remember. Ah—do you happen to recall what you were wearing when you came home?"

Allyn stirred uneasily. "Well, really, it was so long ago."

Noble was on his feet, objecting. "She doesn't remember, Mason. There's your answer. Now get on with something pertinent to the case!"

Perry bowed slightly. "I hope to show that Miss Whitlock's attire that night is pertinent. Extremely so." He faced the stand once more, and said with cold emphasis, "I also think I can refresh her memory. I heard she was wearing a tan coat when she came in."

Allyn said, too quickly, "No!"

Bob Noble shoved back his chair and slowly, deliberately, stood up. "You don't remember what you wore, Miss Whitlock?" he asked.

"No—I don't remember—"

"If she doesn't remember," Perry interposed, "how can she be sure it was not a tan coat?"

"Because I don't have a tan coat! Because I don't own—" Inarticulate with rage and confusion, Allyn stopped.

Perry said sadly, "I'm afraid Miss Whitlock's confused. You recall, Mr. Noble—her sworn testimony, yesterday, revealed she does have a tan coat."

"I remember," Noble said grimly. By this time everyone in the room was aware that something unprecedented had just taken place. A prosecuting attorney had halted in midstream, forced to turn against his own witness. The room was spellbound, waiting.

Perry didn't let it go on too much longer. He played her for a little while

Allyn tried to claim she had lost the coat in a theater. She changed that, and said her maid had stolen it. She began to go to pieces right before our eyes, and the spectacle was ghastly.

"Your maid stole the coat, Miss Whitlock. What a shame! Della—that box, please." Stiff with excitement, I handed it to him. Very slowly he began to untie the cord. "Yes. In that case you'll be thrilled when you see what I have here, Miss Whitlock. Thrilled and . . . delighted . . ." Perry whipped aside the paper and drew out the tan polo coat which, that morning on the phone, he had ordered me to buy, giving me a detailed description of what he wanted.

Allyn stared wildly, unbelievably, at the coat. Her lips moved, but no sound came. Perry advanced, holding the coat with the right sleeve outstretched. No matter how she turned, she had to look at it . . . at the brown-red splotches that disfigured the light fabric.

"Here it is, Miss Whitlock! Your tan coat—the coat you wore when you took a knife and plunged it down—down—into Wilfred Palmer's rotten heart!"

Allyn Whitlock took her hands away from her mouth. Her face was distorted. "It's a lie, a lie," she screamed. "That's not my coat! You'll never find my coat—it's gone, burnt. Nobody can find it! It's a trick!"

"Quite right, Miss Whitlock." Perry dropped the coat lightly into its box. He stepped down from the stand and dusted his hands together. "As you say, a trick. Unfortunately for you, it worked. Mr. Noble, do you wish to take over?"

Well—that was it. It was all over. Dazed with joy, the Smiths were acquitted. And Allyn Whitlock was held on suspicion of murder.

And Perry explained about the coat. He and Paul had burgled Allyn's apartment, found the coat—a hunch that paid off!—and rushed it to a laboratory to test the stains for blood type. Either they were seen, or in some other way made themselves too obvious, for they discovered next morning that the coat had been stolen. "It seems Allyn Whitlock's been keeping company no nice girl should keep," Perry said ruefully. "Experienced thugs pulled that one off. Her current boy friend must be someone pretty high up in the underworld! I realized the real coat was gone forever. So, with customary brilliance—" he grinned, "—I conceived the plan of having you purchase a duplicate coat. Paul then stained it, and it was my devout hope that it would deceive the Whitlock woman long enough to shock the truth out of her." He waved his hand airily. "The rest you know."

"Oh—just one thing, Della," he added as I started to enter Blake's, where he had said he'd buy me a steak dinner to celebrate. He pulled me back. "I think I deserve a special reward for this case. Do you suppose it would be cricket if I kissed you, just once—on the forehead, say?" He looked down at me for a long moment. "On second thought, no," he said. "You're too pretty. You might confuse me—and in my work I need a clear head at all times. Shall we dine?"

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• Look the loveliest you’ve ever looked—the minute you use Solitair cake make-up! Solitair brings exciting new beauty to even the loveliest skin—does wonders for just ordinary complexions. Hides each little blemish . . . gives enchanting poreless-looking beauty . . . yet never looks heavy, caked or mask-like. Solitair is a special *feather-weight* make-up that stays fresh for hours without retouching.

New beauty for your lips!

*FASHION-POINT LIPSTICK

Try Solitair “Fashion-Point”—first and only lipstick with the point actually curved to fit the lips! Applies creamy-smooth color evenly—quicker. 39¢ and 1.00

*U. S. Pat. No. 2162584

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS!**

YES, THESE WERE THE FINDINGS OF NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS AFTER A TOTAL OF 2,470 WEEKLY EXAMINATIONS OF THE THROATS OF HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO SMOKED CAMELS—AND ONLY CAMELS—FOR 30 CONSECUTIVE DAYS!



COLLEGE STUDENT Anne Hogan: "My doctor's report after my 30-day test proved what my own throat told me from the start—Camels are wonderfully *mild*."



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD COLE of Fresh Meadows, N.Y., made the test under observation of a throat specialist. Both agree, "Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette!"



PERSONNEL DIRECTOR R. R. Lamkie: "Camel mildness agreed with my throat right from the start. I like everything about Camels—they're my cigarette!"



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Smoke Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own throat tell you about Camel's cool, cool mildness. Let your own taste tell you about Camel's wonderful flavor.